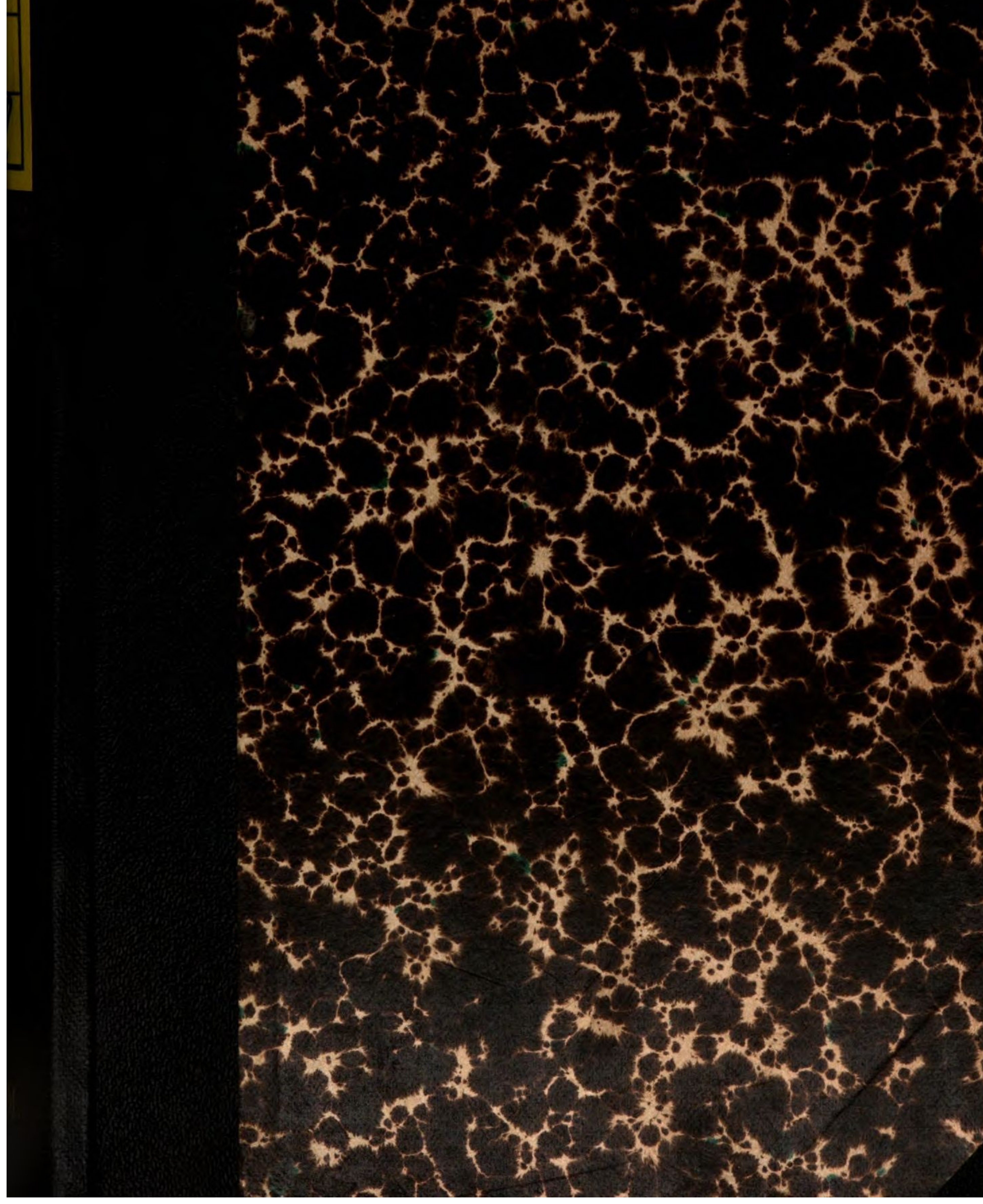




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HOUSEHOLD WORDS BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. 33.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.
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VOL. CCCXLIII.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. XXXIII.

LEIPZIG
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FOR XXIII

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

"Familiar in their Mouths as *Household Words*."
Shakespeare.

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VOL. XXXIII.

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1856.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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"Familiar in their mouths as household words."
Shakespeare.

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VOL. XXIII

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BERNARD TAUCHNITZ

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. XXXIII.

BACK AT TRINITY.

I AM the rector of a little parish in the wilds of Cumberland, and have been so this ten years; my parishioners live upon hill-sides, and in secluded vallies, over a space of many score square miles; but their number is not over fifty souls: I have also just fifty pounds a year for curing them. When I say that my churchwarden and myself — the best informed men in the parish, and the fountain-head of information to the dalesmen — have differed within the last fortnight about the capacity of ministers, and the management of the war, it may be concluded that Wasteland folk are somewhat behind public opinion. Were I met, as I go about my duties, over the hills, with my dog and my long crook, I might well be taken for a literal shepherd of my flock. It was not always thus with me. There is an old three-cornered cap, the wonder of the ancient dame who “does” for me, which,

broken and battered as it is, looks disdainfully at its neighbour of black straw that now forms my pastoral covering. Amidst the simple clothing in my old oak wardrobe, there hangs, tattered and torn enough, a long blue Trinity gown; and among the homely crockery of my cupboard, there shines resplendent, with the college arms on one side, and a glass at the bottom, a “pewter” that was the reward of victory upon the silver Cam.

I had failed to get my fellowship, and spent most of my little capital in dear — too dear — old Cambridge, but the memory of my college days seemed worth it all. When my daily work was over, and my evening pipe was lit, I loved to recline in the chimney-corner of my sitting room, and recall the ancient days; and the scenes of that happy time, though they grew dimmer and dimmer with every backward glance, shone not less glorious through the haze. I had always a vague longing to revisit the

fading halls and "lessening towers" once more, and, this last May, having received an invitation, hospitable and kind as only a college friend's can be, it fairly overset all considerations of economy, and down to Trinity, like an escaped bird I flew; that being a poetical expression for the state of my feelings, rather than the speed of my journey, for Wasteland is over forty miles from the railway station, across the mountain by-roads, and I accomplished them in a gig like Doctor Syntax's.

I came through London, and so by the Eastern Counties' line, and as we drew near the low flat country with "the Brobdignags" — I used to think so high before I came to Cumberland — I thought I recognised the roads and walks about, and coupled each with some remembrance of old. There was the windmill whereat Jones' skewbald shied and threw him; and there were the post and rails over which Brown, in scarlet, thought to have escaped from the sporting proctor; and there the broad bright stream where we three ducked the gamekeeper. I would rather it had been the coaching days again, to have lingered a little longer on our way, to have driven the four grays into Trumpington, and to have sat beside Jack Hall. Jack had the road between the two universities, and used to be a noted character; he artfully contrived to sympathise now with one, and now with the other, as

his box companion happened to be Cantab or Oxonian, but I remember one mistake of his. Robinson of Trinity had been staying up at Christchurch, and was taken by Jack to be of that college; after some conversation, tending still more to strengthen that impression, Jack observed: — "Well, sir, I dinna' how it is, but I can allus tell a Hoxford from a Cambridge gent. The Hoxford gent says, 'Hall' when he speaks to me, as you do, sir, and asks me to take a glass of wine here (as it may be), and another there, and 'your health Hall,' says he, and when he gets off, says he, 'here's half-a-crown, Hall (at least), for you.' But your Cambridge chap says, 'Jack, my boy, a pot o' beer?' and 'I look towards you,' and gives me a beggarly shilling to end with." When Robinson, therefore, got down at Trinity, he said with emphasis, "Jack, my boy, here's a shilling for you — I'm a Cambridge man." Poor Jack is dead now, and we came through the town in an omnibus; through the town that is being all rebuilt, and by way of Pembroke, Corpus, and Cat's Hall, past the long screen of King's College, through which the organ peals, and close by the stately Senate House where my heart beat high and hopefully for days, and where at last it sank to zero; when the long list came out, and wrangler after wrangler was called forth, and I, the last, was called — the Golden Spoon!

Show me thine ancient front, old Caius, I pray, for brick thou art behind, but three months piled, and hide thy next door neighbour's fresh red face; the street is new too, I dare say improved, but I would rather have the tumbling shops and all their storeys nodding overhead. Thank Heaven, the grand old gate is where it was, and the old martin builds in Harry's crown, and still makes entry hazardous; the porter looks the same, but not so, I; he does not know me from a chorister, or credulous father bringing up a son to first matriculation — for the Porson prize and all the rest — or haply from some dun importunate, passing his days without the "sported"* oaks; "in the middle leaps the fountain," shaking coolness through the court, and the pigeons tamely trot upon the level shaven lawns, and from the ancient clock turret peals forth the passing hour "in the male and female voice" as was wont to be of old; up the stone steps past the butteries and the great dark swinging doors, and into Neville's Court, unchanged and fair, with echoing cloisters upon either side, and through its open gates the pleasant stream —: but here is a new wonder; groups of men — so strangely like the friends of mine own days, I scarce can think them quite unknown to me, with the same

bright hopeful faces and the same light grace of limb — with photographic apparatus and the favouring sun limning each other's features: thus may these portrait galleries be formed of all whom it may please them to keep fresh in memory; ah me, I would before death and distant climes had taken them I had made me such a book in my blithe college days! This man, my cheery host, seems stouter, older, and, by my life! not quite untinged with gray, but still the same frank smile, warm grip, and the good heart within all sound and young! A man who never misused his time here; a Fellow of his Colleges, M.A., Lecturer, Don; with vasty rooms, oak-paneled, hung with pictures, stored with books, a palace of a place; my name, alas is not upon the board — my poverty, indeed, not will, prevented it, and so beneath his wing I dine at the "high table" with the reverend deans, and hobnob with professors. The grand old hall is filled from end to end with sounds of feasting; the undergraduates have not learnt to carve, but hack and hew as in the olden time; the B.A.s criticise their food and frown as usual on their caterer; and in the oaken gallery stare the dames, or young or old, in wonder at the scene, while through the painted panes the Mayday sun chequers with rainbow hues the pictures old and dim. In Combination Room, where once I sat at *vivâ voce*, wretched, ignorant, the wine goes

* The outer door of University rooms, when closed (or sported) stands for a sort of material "not at home" to all comers.

round, and wit, and pleasant talk, and everywhere beams kindness and a friend; a saint's day this, so from the upper rows in chapel where the magnates sit, I see the white-robed youths come breathless in, the whispered talk of some behind their books, with one eye watchful lest the outraged dean swoop from his eyrie on their dove-like forms, and

Hear once more in college fanes
One storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music rolling shake
The prophets blazon'd on the panes.

Next night is a race night on the Cam, and hurrying to the barge which every evening toils down the narrow stream, I stand amidst the crowd about her bows, and mark the crews as they pass. No eight-oars are there, elsewhere, such as these; their stroke together, and the bending backs together, as they run before the wind; and he with the tiller ropes, who also bends, albeit standing on the frailest plank, overbalanced by an ounce on either side; the thin keel cleaves the stream as an arrow-head cleaves the "viewless air," and the music dies away from their oars, in distance lost at half a score of strokes, which presently some rival boat takes up, and so the linked sweetness is drawn out through all the voyage. We leap upon the bank, and join the walkers to the starting-point. Thence at the third gunfire the racers spring — two dozen at full speed. Then twice four hundred feet tumultuously start upon the

path; and "Now you're gaining!" or "Well pulled — well pulled!" is shouted like one voice. Ah, Trinity, First Trinity, it is vain. The long keen prow o'erlaps you even now. See, your victor sets up his conquering flag, nor wastes his strength, but leisurely draws on, or hugs the river bank on rested oars, and marks the panting rivals racing by — a long, long line, with gaps made here and there, where other conquerors and conquered strove — of flashing oars and foam and coloured caps, and forms half-naked striving for their lives; while on the waters floats triumphal music, and falls and rises the increasing cheer. So eve by eve alternate through the May, the measured pulse of racing oars beats on beside the willows, and the great throng returns on barge or horseback, or winds home on foot along the meadows.

Every day some joyous plan awaited me. I breakfasted with jovial undergraduates, on dishes with strange names and stranger tastes, and drank the cup of Cossas like a boy. I heard old talk of men as bats and oars — a clever bat, a first-rate oar, they said; of Smith's (young Smith's, of Corpus) last good thing; of Unionic speakers eloquent; the red-hot Chartist speaker Robinson (as in my time were Smiths and Robinsons); of Lord Claude Lollypops who beard the deans; of Admirable Crichtons, great at beer, greater at classics; new

modes of cutting chapels were discussed, excuses new, as, "Trying on my boot on the wrong foot, dear Mr. Dean, I could not get it off, and so was late for service:" and for the next day, "Tightness of left boot still, Mr. Dean, continues," with quite a racy smack about them yet, though ancient as the everlasting hills.

Adown the Backs, the stream behind the town, where half the College gardens bloom on either side and half the lawns slope down, we floated dreamily:

One friend pulled stroke, another bow,
And I, I steered them anyhow.

We played on many a hidden college plat, fast barred from me in undergraduate days, at grand old games — at quoits and Bacon's game of bowls, turned Heaven knows how many centuries ago, with half the bias dropped out and the numbers dim with cobwebs and time. The long loud laugh I learnt in Westmoreland rang out and echoed round the monkish walls most strangely. It seems to me, your fellows sooner age in mouldy cloisters than we dwellers on the windy hills do. And yet they are a glorious set. Their dinners every day are like a king's; but when they have their audit! — ah me! here in this unfruitful valley, as I eat my mutton and my oatmeal cake alone, I think upon those audits with a sigh.

Fish, flesh, fowl, fruit — in shoals, herds, flocks, and gardens-full: wine, of what dim

vice-chancellorship in blythe King Harry's time I know not; and (as my northern fancy ill-concealed) far better than all wine, old audit ale. The dinner prefaced and concluded by a grace, read by two scholars in dramatic parts in the best Latin; the tankards and the salt-cellars of gold presented by the foundress. There she stands, albeit she looks white and stern enough, and, as it is said, repented of her love to this good college, and left her wealth to others ere she died. "I look towards you, madam, Your health!" Indeed, the master's self did put his lips to a huge golden goblet full of port, and the rest all rose up after him with solemn bow, one after one, three standing at a time, and drank her memory: "In piam memoriam fundatricis." Well for me I had not first to quote the Latin, or surely I had mauled the long penultimate! So, after that the rosewater and graces, and then in Milton's garden we wandered, and kept his mulberry free enough from blight, I warrant it, with good tobacco smoke.

Thus my last day at Alma Mater. Mayhap, I shall not see her any more: but while old friends find harbour in my heart, and recollections of blythe days are dear, to her in piam memoriam will I drink, and towards her will I look with loving eyes.

RICE.

THOSE who have only seen rice as exposed for sale in grocers' windows, or who have tasted it in no other shape than as puddings, may with truth be said to know nothing of it as an article of food. In this country, indeed, little is understood of the important part this grain performs in employing and feeding a large portion of the human family. Cultivated in all four quarters of the globe, but chiefly in America and Asia, it is no exaggeration to say that it forms the food of three-fourths of the human race: in other words, of between six and seven hundred millions of the population of the world.

It is not merely that the densely-packed inhabitants of China, Siam, British India, and the Eastern islands, employ this grain in lieu of wheat. It stands them in place of all the varied food of European countries: of bread, vegetables, flesh, and fowl. The ricedealer is at once their baker, greengrocer, butcher, and poulterer. It is impossible to enter the most remote village in the East without seeing piles of rice stored in half-open granaries, or heaped up for sale in bazaars in such boundless profusion as to bewilder a traveller from the west, who is apt to wonder what will become of it all. Three-fourths of the warehouses in town and country the traveller may depend on being rice stores: three-fourths of the

lumbering native craft that steal along the coast, and quite that proportion of the lazy bullock-carts that are to be met with toiling over Indian roads, are certain to be laden with rice.

Of rapid growth, and easily adapting itself to many varieties of soils, irrespective of culture, rice appears to be the most suitable for the countries in which it is found. The abundant rains which periodically fall within and about the tropics, are precisely what is needed by this semi-aquatic plant. Sometimes, however, the rainy season ceases before its time, or fails altogether: in which case the crops will assuredly perish, should there exist no means of procuring a supply from elsewhere, by aqueducts and dams, or bunds, as they are termed. The construction of works of irrigation has, from the earliest periods occupied the attention of Indian monarchs, who spared no efforts to keep their subjects well supplied with water. It long formed a reproach to the British government of India, that whilst the Hindoo and Mahometan rulers of Hindostan had been alike mindful to spend a portion of the taxes on works of this kind, they allowed the bunds and canals to fall into neglect and ruin.

The want of those means of irrigation has often been fatally felt in some districts of India. A sudden and severe drought will destroy the growing crops; and when, as is unfortunately

the case in some parts, there are no roads by which to convey grain from more fortunate districts, the consequences are frightful. In this way we read that in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-three, fifty thousand persons perished in the month of September, in Lucknow: at Kanpore twelve hundred died of want: in Guntoor, two hundred and fifty thousand human beings, seventy-four thousand bullocks, a hundred and sixty thousand cows, and an incredible number of sheep and goats, died of starvation: fifty thousand people perished from the same cause in Marwa; and in the north-west provinces half a million of lives are supposed to have been lost. During that year a million and a half of human beings are believed to have perished from want of food.

In some parts of India the monsoon rains fall heavily for a short period, and very slightly at other times, yielding a greater supply than is needed in the first instance, and too little afterwards. To meet this irregularity, and store up the too copious rains of the early monsoon, bunds were built across valleys to form artificial lakes, often of vast extent, whence the adjacent country was irrigated by means of water-courses carried frequently for many miles along the flanks of mountains, across gorges and valleys, and through the most difficult country; operations, which would have sorely

puzzled our best European engineers to have accomplished without a great and ruinous outlay.

We have been long accustomed to regard the magnificent ruins yet remaining in the prostrate land of the mighty Pharaohs, with feelings of mingled awe and admiration, looking upon them as the crumbling types of a by-gone reign of architectural and engineering greatness. Further eastward, still nearer the rising of the sun, there are, however, ruins quite as vast; monumental vestiges of former greatness fully as astounding. The remains of ancient works of irrigation in the island of Ceylon alone, are sufficient to fling into the shade the boasted labours of the old Egyptian kings, to dwarf to the flimsiest insignificance the proudest engineering works of the present rulers of India.

Situated amidst the wildest solitudes, or in the depths of unhealthy jungle districts, these ruins have remained almost unknown to Europeans. Surrounded by stagnant swamps or dense forests and jungle, where once were fertile plains or luxurious valleys, rich with waving rice-fields, that in those remote ages fed a vast population, those ruined bunds are now the resort of wild elephants, buffaloes, and innumerable waterfowl. Here and there a cluster of miserable huts, termed out of mere courtesy a village, may be seen vegetating in the less overgrown corners of

this great jungle-water plain, like islands in some oriental Dead Sea, but how they came there, or what their inmates do is not easily defined.

Of the extent of these tanks some idea may be formed from the fact of there being at the present day not fewer than fifteen villages within the dried up bed of one of them. The dilapidated wall of this great artificial lake is fifteen miles in length, extending as it did at one time completely across the lower end of a spacious valley. Built up of huge blocks of stone strongly fixed with cement work, and covered with turf, it formed a solid barrier of one hundred feet in width at the base, shelving off to forty feet wide at the top. The magnitude of these works bears ample testimony not only to the ability of the former craftsmen of this island, but to the extent of the then population; and the resources and public spirit of the Cinghalese monarchs, who could successfully undertake works of such magnitude and utility. In the early period of the Christian era, when Britain was in a semi-barbarous state, when her nobles dwelt in rude edifices but little removed from huts, and when her navigators had not learnt to tempt the perils of an over-sea commerce, Ceylon, then known as "the utmost Indian isle, Taprobane," possessed cities of vast extent — as large as the present London — and housed her monarchs and priests in edifices that

would astonish the architects of our modern Babylon, that would leave our proudest palaces far behind, that would need a Milton to describe and a Martin to delineate. She was also a liberal exporter of rice to distant countries. In the present day, with but a fourth of her former population, Ceylon is compelled to purchase grain from Indian producers in consequence of the decay of her works of irrigation.

It must not be supposed by European readers, that rice, in the larger acceptation of the word, is represented by "the finest Carolina," or even "the best London Cleaned Patna." There is no more affinity between those white artificial cereals, and the "real, original" staple food of India and the East, than is to be found between a sponge-cake and a loaf of genuine farm-house bread. The truth is, people in this part of the world, have no conception of what good rice is like. If they had, there would not be such a lively demand for the produce of the Southern American States. But such is prejudice, that if a merchant were to introduce into any port of Great Britain, or Ireland, a cargo of the real staple food of orientals, he would not find a purchaser for it, so inferior is it in appearance, in its colour, shape, and texture, to the better-known and tempting looking grain of South Carolina.

Perhaps, no greater fallacy exists, than the common belief in the poverty of the nutritive qua-

lities of rice. That may hold good in regard to the rice consumed in this country, but certainly not, if applied to the common rice of many parts of the East. A hard-working Indian labourer would not make a meal on our "Finest Carolina," if he could get it as a present: he would know that he could not do half-a-day's work on it, even though he swallowed a full Indian allowance, and that is saying a good deal: an Englishman in the West, can have no conception of the prodigious quantities of rice a working-man in the eastern tropics will dispose of at one sitting. A London alderman might well envy him his feeding capacity.

Perhaps, it may be thought, that there is no such thing as a hard day's work in India; and that, therefore, there can be no good grounds for vouching for the nutritive properties of the grain of those countries. If so, it makes another of the rather long list of popular modern fallacies. I have seen as hard work, real bone and muscle work, done by citizens of the United Kingdom in the East, as was ever achieved in the cold West, and all upon rice and curry — not curry and rice — in which the rice has formed the real meal, and the curry has merely helped to give it a relish, as a sort of substantial Kitchener's Zest, or Harvey's Sauce. I have seen, likewise, Moormen, Malabars, and others of the Indian labouring classes perform a day's work that would terrify a London

porter, or coal-whipper; or a country navvy, or ploughman; and under the direct rays of a sun, that has made a wooden platform too hot to stand on, in thin shoes, without literally dancing with pain, as I have done many a day, within six degrees of the line.

It would be a matter of no little difficulty, and, perhaps, of doubtful interest, to tell how many varieties exist of the rice family, in eastern lands, from the whitest, most delicately-formed table-rice of Bengal, to the bold, red, solid grain of the Madras coast, and the sickly-looking, transparent, good-for-nothing-but-starch rice of Arracan. Making a rough guess at their number, there cannot be less than two hundred varieties. These may be thrown into two great, widely-different classes, viz., field rice and hill rice: the distinctive features of which are, that the former is grown in cultivated fields by the aid of water, the latter on dry hill slopes, without irrigation. The one yields a rich, nutritious grain, in great abundance, the other, a thin, and husky rice, fit only for the food of cattle, or the very poorest class of natives. With this last-mentioned description of grain, there is scarcely any attempt at cultivation, in a European sense of the word, nor is there any feature about it, worthy of notice; so that the reader will readily excuse me for passing to the more interesting subject of the ordinary field rice of the East.

A corn field in the ear, a hop plantation in bud, a cherry orchard in full blossom, a bean field in flower, are lovely sights to look upon; yet, I have beheld one more beautiful. A rice field half grown in age, but fully developed in the rich velvet beauty of its tropic green, bending to the passing sea-breeze, amidst a cooling bath of limpid water, with topes of cocoa-palms clustering about its banks, and here and there groves of the yellow bamboo sweeping its bosom with their feathery leaves; above, flights of gaily plumaged paroquets, or gentle-voiced doves, skimming in placid happiness across the deeply rich azure of the tropical sky, is a scene worth all the toils and privations of an eastern voyage to gaze upon.

A more unpromising or uninviting prospect can scarcely be imagined than the same fields when being prepared for the grain, at the usual sowing time, just as the first rains of the changing monsoon begin to fall. Saturated with water, the soil wears all the attributes of slushiness. Far as the eye can reach along the ample valley lays one dull, unbroken vista of rice-land, ankle-deep in rich alluvial mud. No cheerful hedgerows; nothing by which, at a distance, one can distinguish one field from another. Here and there a long, irregular earth-mound, crowned with rambling stones, marks the boundary-line of Abrew Hickrema Apooamey, and divides his

humble forty ammomuns of rice-land from the princely domains of Adrian Hejeyrasingha Seneratane Modliar.

Heavy showers have fallen; the fat, thirsty soil has drunk deep of the welcome down-powerings from above, and thus, whilst it is in rich unctuous humour, the serving-men of the humble Apooamey, and the lordly Modliar, ply it liberally with potations of the buffalo-plough. It is quite as well that the stranger traveller is informed of the nature of the operation which is going on before his perplexed eyes, otherwise he would be sorely puzzled to know what it all meant: why the pair of sleepy-looking buffaloes were so patiently wading, up to their portly stomachs, in regular straight walks, through the sea of slushy quagmire, and why the persevering native followed them so closely, holding a crooked piece of stick in his hand, and urging them, occasionally, with a few oriental benedictions. On drawing near to the muddy, nude agriculturist, you perceive that the buffaloes are tied, with slight pieces of string, to the further end of a long, rambling, qucer-looking slip of wood, which they are dragging deliberately through the slimy ground, a few inches below the surface, and at the other end of which appears to be tied likewise, the apathetic Indian ploughman.

It needs all the faith one can muster to believe that this actually constitutes the ploughing opera-

tion of eastern countries. You have no doubt about the man, nor the buffaloes; it is the plough that is so intensely questionable. It bears no likeness to any kind of implement — agricultural, manufacturing, or scientific — in any part of the world. Still, there is a faint, glimmering, indistinct impression that you have somewhere met with something of the sort, or that you have dreamed of something like it. A sudden light bursts upon you, and you recognise the thing, — the entire scene — man, buffaloes, and sticky plough. You have seen them represented in plates of Belzoni's discoveries in Egypt, and in Layard's remains of Nineveh. There they all are — as veritable, as formal and as strange — as were the Egyptian and Ninevite agriculturists, I'm afraid to say how many centuries ago. It was precisely the same set of cattle, man, and plough, that sowed the corn that Joseph's brethren went down from the land of Canaan for, when they heard there was corn in Egypt. It was just such culture as this, thousands of years since, that raised the ears of corn that were found entombed in the mummy's hand, by Mr. Pettigrew, some few years ago.

There is nothing peculiar in the Cinghalese mode of sowing their grain, further than that, like other orientals, they blend a certain portion of superstition and religious observance with every operation of their primitive agriculture. The village priest must be

consulted as to the lucky day for scattering the seed; and an offering at the shrine of Buddha is necessary to secure the protection of his Indian godship; in addition to which, small bouquets of wild flowers, and the tender leaflets of the cocoa palm are fastened on sticks, at each corner of the newly-sown field, in order to scare away any evil spirits that might otherwise take it into their mischievous heads to blight the seed.

In an incredibly short space of time, the rice-blades, of a lovely pale green, may be seen peeping above the slushy soil, and, in a few more days, the tiny shoots will be some inches high. Then they are treated to a cold bath, from the nearest tank, bund, or river, as the case may be, the supply of water necessary to cover the field as high as the tops of the growing corn being brought to it by means of water-courses, or mud-and-stone aqueducts. In the hilly country of the interior, as before stated, these water-courses even as now existing, and of a comparatively humble description, are marvellously made and managed. For many miles the tiny gurgling stream flows on through the wildest parts of the country; and the traveller on his horse may ride a good day's journey without reaching the end and destination of one of those simple but most useful aqueducts.

In hilly country the field paddy is often grown on steep ground

cut into narrow terraces, which rise prettily above each other, often to a considerable height. In such situations the plough, small and light though it be, cannot be used, and the loosening and turning up of the ground has to be performed by hand-labour. Weeding, by women and children, takes place whilst the rice plants are but a few inches in height; after which the growth and maturity of the corn becomes very rapid.

The period which elapses between the sowing and the harvesting varies according to the particular kind of rice that may be under cultivation. From three to five months is the usual time; and, in this way, two harvests are secured during each year in favourable situations, though in much of the poor light soil of the sea-board not more than one crop can be taken, and then only after manuring, or the ground must lie fallow for an entire year. I have known many fine fields, in elevated positions, where the supply of water was abundant, yield two full crops every year in succession without the aid of manure, and this they had continued to do since the earliest recollection of that universal patriarch, the oldest inhabitant.

The harvest-home of Indian farmers is, as with us, an important operation, though carried on in a widely different manner. Here, again, a lucky day must be found; and, when obtained, the prior cuttings of the ripe field

are carefully set aside for an offering of thankfulness to Buddha. There is not any attempt at stacking up the corn in the straw: it is removed to the threshing-floor as fast as cut — the said threshing-floor being neither more nor less than a very dry, smooth, and hard corner of the nearest meadow. There the operation of threshing goes on in precisely the same ancient fashion as the ploughing. The cattle that tread out, unmuzzled, the corn of the Cinghalese cultivation, in the reign of Queen Victoria, are employed precisely in the same manner as the cattle were during the sway of King Cheops of the Nile; and, for aught we know, may be lineal descendants of the same cattle. It is quite certain that the agricultural societies eastward of the Pyramids have accomplished very little in the improvement of farming implements and processes during the last few thousand years.

When trodden out by the hoofs of cattle, the grain is winnowed from the chaff by simply letting it fall from a light shallow basket raised to some height from the ground. The wind blows the chaff away whilst the corn falls in a heap below. It is then stored in dry rooms, or buried in pits below the ground, under cover, till required. In that state it is called "paddy," having a rough husk, which must be removed before it becomes rice, and is fit for cooking. This removal is ac-

completed by simply pounding the grain in a large wooden mortar, after which it is again winnowed and transformed into edible rice.

It was during one of my long rides through an exclusive rice producing district of the interior of Ceylon that I encountered a most unexpected and remarkable object — a white coolie. I was walking my horse towards the nearest halting-place through a beautifully wooded valley intersected with running streams, rice-grounds, and bamboo topes, when, at some distance below me, I perceived, staggering along under a load of ripe plantains, swung in the ordinary native manner by means of a "pingo," or yoke across the shoulders, a white man dressed in the common garb of the country, and in every way resembling a native, save in the colour of his skin. He was soon lost in the distance, and I rode on pondering over the strange sight. Half-an-hour took me to a little plateau at the extremity of one of the many gorges in that wild country, in the midst of which was one of the prettiest little cottages and gardens it would be possible to see in any country. Half hidden amidst waving, green clusters of plantains and pomegranates, the little white cottage might have belonged to some Cinghalese Paul and Virginia, some oriental Savoyards, so sweetly picturesque was it, amidst that savage but fertile country.

I made my way to it; and, pulling up at the little verandah in front for a cup of water, was startled at being addressed by a young English woman clad in the loose, flowing robe of the Kandyan females. There were one or two dusky-white, sunburnt little children gambolling about under some shady bread-fruit trees in the rear of the house, playing with a motley assemblage of young pigs, kids, dogs, and no end of long-legged, tail-less fowls. My new acquaintance was very reserved, and apologised for the absence of her husband, who, she said, had gone to the next bazaar for supplies. A good draught of milk satisfied my thirst; and, flinging a handful of small coin amongst the children and farmyard inhabitants, I bade the mother good morning, and rode on my way pondering how it could be that these fellow countrymen were thus singularly placed amongst the Cinghalese peasantry of the land.

I learnt from the keeper of the nearest rest-house for travellers, the little history of this couple; and, touching as it was, I felt glad that I had not put any questions on the subject to the young woman at the cottage — the real heroine of the brief story. She had been engaged to her present husband for some years before he came out to Ceylon as a coffee planter. He was prosperous, and wrote home for her to join him, which she did; but, to her sorrow, found that he had given way to

the bane of the East—drink. Her love for him, however, underwent no change: strongly reliant on her persuasive and guiding influence over him, she became his wife in the full hope of saving him from degradation and early death. The sacrifice was made in vain. His career was soon run: from one situation to another he passed, down and down, still lower, though many would have helped and saved him for his wife's sake and his children's. At length there was no refuge for them but to try and cultivate a plot of ground, and rear food for themselves. A friendly chief gave them a field for rice, a garden, and a cottage, and the wife still clinging to her old fond faith of saving him from evil, followed him to the jungle, and with her own hands tended his wants. My informant told me that the "white master" had left off drinking arrack, and was, in fact, a sober, hard-working man, but so beaten down, so cowed, and hopeless of his future, that he cared for nothing beyond his present life. They grew all they needed, and, from time to time, he carried a load of fruit to the nearest bazaar to barter it for salt, or a piece of cotton cloth. And so they lived in the midst of their gardens and their rice-fields.

TWO NEPHEWS.

At the parlour window of a pretty villa, near Walton-on-

Thames, sat, one evening at dusk, an old man and a young woman. The age of the man might be some seventy; whilst his companion had certainly not reached nineteen. Her beautiful, blooming face, and active, light, and upright figure, were in strong contrast with the worn countenance and bent frame of the old man; but in his eye, and in the corners of his mouth, were indications of a gay self-confidence, which age and suffering had damped, but not extinguished.

"No use looking any more, Mary," said he; "neither John Meade nor Peter Finch will be here before dark. Very hard that, when a sick uncle asks his two nephews to come and see him, they can't come at once. The duty is simple in the extreme, — only to help me to die, and take what I choose to leave them in my will! Pooh! when I was a young man, I'd have done it for *my* uncle with the utmost celerity. But the world's getting quite heartless!"

"Oh, sir!" said Mary.

"And what does 'Oh, sir!' mean?" said he. "D'ye think I sha'n't die? I know better. A little more, and there'll be an end of old Billy Collett. He'll have left this dirty world for a cleaner — to the great sorrow (and advantage) of his affectionate relatives! Ugh! Give me a glass of the doctor's-stuff."

The girl poured some medicine into a glass, and Collett, after having contemplated it for a mo-

ment with infinite disgust, managed to get it down.

"I tell you what, Miss Mary Sutton," said he, "I don't by any means approve of your 'Oh, sir!' and 'Dear sir,' and the rest of it, when I've told you how I hate to be called 'sir' at all. Why you couldn't be more respectful if you were a charity-girl and I a beadle in a gold-laced hat! None of your nonsense, Mary Sutton, if you please. I've been your lawful guardian now for six months, and you ought to know my likings and dislikings."

"My poor father often told me how you disliked ceremony," said Mary.

"Your poor father told you quite right," said Mr. Collett. "Fred Sutton was a man of talent — a capital fellow! His only fault was a natural inability to keep a farthing in his pocket. Poor Fred! he loved me — I'm sure he did. He bequeathed me his only child — and it isn't every friend would do that!"

"A kind and generous protector you have been!"

"Well, I don't know; I've tried not to be a brute, but I dare say I have been. Don't I speak roughly to you sometimes? Hav'n't I given you good, prudent, worldly advice about John Meade, and made myself quite disagreeable, and like a guardian? Come, confess you love this penniless nephew of mine."

"Penniless indeed!" said Mary.

"Ah, there it is!" said Mr. Col-

lett. "And what business has a poor devil of an artist to fall in love with my ward? And what business has my ward to fall in love with a poor devil of an artist? But that's Fred Sutton's daughter all over! Hav'n't I two nephews? Why couldn't you fall in love with the discreet one — the thriving one? Peter Finch — considering he's an attorney — is a worthy young man. He is industrious in the extreme, and attends to other people's business, only when he's paid for it. He despises sentiment, and always looks to the main chance. But John Meade, my dear Mary, may spoil canvas for ever, and not grow rich. He's all for art, and truth, and social reform, and spiritual elevation, and the Lord knows what. Peter Finch will ride in his carriage, and splash poor John Meade as he trudges on foot!"

The harangue was here interrupted by a ring at the gate, and Mr. Peter Finch was announced. He had scarcely taken his seat when another pull at the bell was heard, and Mr. John Meade was announced.

Mr. Collett eyed his two nephews with a queer sort of smile, whilst they made speeches expressive of sorrow at the nature of their visit. At last, stopping them,

"Enough, boys, enough!" said he. "Let us find some better subject to discuss than the state of an old man's health. I want to know a little more about you both. I hav'n't seen much of you

up to the present time, and, for anything I know, you may be rogues or fools."

John Meade seemed rather to wince under this address; but Peter Finch sat calm and confident.

"To put a case now," said Mr. Collett: "this morning a poor wretch of a gardener came begging here. He could get no work, it seems, and said he was starving. Well, I knew something about the fellow, and I believe he only told the truth; so I gave him a shilling, to get rid of him. Now, I'm afraid I did wrong. What reason had I for giving him a shilling? What claim had he on me? What claim has he on anybody? The value of his labour in the market is all that a working man has a right to; and when his labour is of no value, why, then he must go to the Devil, or wherever else he can. Eh, Peter? That's my philosophy—what do you think?"

"I quite agree with you, sir," said Mr. Finch; "perfectly agree with you. The value of their labour in the market is all that labourers can pretend to—all that they should have. Nothing acts more perniciously than the absurd extraneous support called charity."

"Hear, hear!" said Mr. Collett. "You're a clever fellow, Peter. Go on, my dear boy, go on!"

"What results from charitable aid?" continued Peter. "The value of labour is kept at an unnatural level. State charity is

state robbery: private charity is public wrong."

"That's it, Peter!" said Mr. Collett. "What do you think of our philosophy, John?"

"I don't like it! I don't believe it!" said John. "You were quite right to give the man a shilling: I'd have given him a shilling myself."

"Oh, you would—would you?" said Mr. Collett. "You're very generous with your shillings. Would you fly in the face of all orthodox political economy, you Vandal?"

"Yes," said John: "as the Vandals flew in the face of Rome, and destroyed what had become a falsehood and a nuisance."

"Poor John!" said Mr. Collett. "We shall never make anything of him, Peter. Really, we'd better talk of something else. John, tell us all about the last new novel."

They conversed on various topics, until the arrival of the invalid's early bed-time parted uncle and nephews for the night.

Mary Sutton seized an opportunity, the next morning, after breakfast, to speak with John Meade alone.

"John," said she, "do think more of your own interest—of our interest. What occasion for you to be so violent, last night, and contradict Mr. Collett so shockingly? I saw Peter Finch laughing to himself. John, you must be more careful, or we shall never be married."

"Well, Mary dear, I'll do my

best," said John. "It was that confounded Peter, with his chain of iron maxims, that made me fly out. I'm not an iceberg, Mary."

"Thank heaven, you're not!" said Mary; "but an iceberg floats — think of that, John. Remember — every time you offend Mr. Collett, you please Mr. Finch."

"So I do!" said John. "Yes; I'll remember that."

"If you would only try to be a little mean and hard-hearted," said Mary; "just a little, to begin with. You would only stoop to conquer, John, — and you deserve to conquer."

"May I gain my deserts, then!" said John. "Are you not to be my loving wife, Mary? And are you not to sit at needle-work in my studio, whilst I paint my great historical picture? How can this come to pass if Mr. Collett will do nothing for us?"

"Ah, how indeed?" said Mary. "But here's our friend, Peter Finch, coming through the gate from his walk. I leave you together." And, so saying, she withdrew.

"What, Meade!" said Peter Finch, as he entered. "Skulking in-doors on a fine morning like this! I've been all through the village. Not an ugly place — but wants looking after sadly. Roads shamefully muddy! Pigs allowed to walk on the foot-path!"

"Dreadful!" exclaimed John.

"I say — you came out pretty

strong last night," said Peter. "Quite defied the old man! But I like your spirit."

"I have no doubt you do," thought John.

"Oh, when I was a youth, I was a little that way myself," said Peter. "But the world — the world, my dear sir — soon cures us of all romantic notions. I regret, of course, to see poor people miserable; but what's the use of regretting? It's no part of the business of the superior classes to interfere with the laws of supply and demand; poor people must *be* miserable. What can't be cured must be endured."

"That is to say," returned John, "what we can't cure, they must endure?"

"Exactly so," said Peter.

Mr. Collett this day was too ill to leave his bed. About noon he requested to see his nephews in his bedroom. They found him propped up by pillows, looking very weak, but in good spirits, as usual.

"Well, boys," said he, "here I am, you see: brought to an anchor at last! The doctor will be here soon, I suppose, to shake his head and write recipes. Humbug, my boys! Patients can do as much for themselves, I believe, as doctors can do for them: they're all in the dark together — the only difference is that the patients grope in English, and the doctors grope in Latin!"

"You are too sceptical, sir," said John Meade.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Collett. "Let us change the subject. I want your advice, Peter and John, on a matter that concerns your interests. I'm going to make my will to-day — and I don't know how to act about your cousin, Emma Briggs. Emma disgraced us by marrying an oilman."

"An oilman!" exclaimed John.

"A vulgar, shocking oilman!" said Mr. Collett, "a wretch who not only sold oil, but soap, candles, turpentine, black-lead, and birch-brooms. It was a dreadful blow to the family. Her poor grandmother never got over it, and a maiden aunt turned methodist in despair. Well! Briggs the oilman died last week, it seems; and his widow has written to me, asking for assistance. Now, I have thought of leaving her a hundred a-year in my will. What do you think of it? I'm afraid she don't deserve it. What right had she to marry against the advice of her friends? What have I to do with her misfortunes?"

"My mind is quite made up," said Peter Finch, "no notice ought to be taken of her. She made an obstinate and unworthy match — and let her abide the consequences!"

"Now for your opinion, John," said Mr. Collett.

"Upon my word I think I must say the same," said John Meade, bracing himself up boldly

for the part of the worldly man. "What right had she to marry — as you observed with great justice, sir. Let her abide the consequences — as you very properly remarked, Finch. Can't she carry on the oilman's business? I dare say it will support her very well."

"Why, no," said Mr. Collett; "Briggs died a bankrupt, and his widow and children are destitute."

"That does not alter the question," said Peter Finch. "Let Briggs's family do something for her."

"To be sure!" said Mr. Collett. "Briggs's family are the people to do something for her. She mustn't expect anything from us — must she, John?"

"Destitute, is she?" said John. "With children, too! Why this is another case, sir. You surely ought to notice her — to assist her. Confound it, I'm for letting her have the hundred a-year."

"Oh, John, John! What a break-down!" said Mr. Collett. "So you were trying to follow Peter Finch through Stony Arabia, and turned back at the second step! Here's a brave traveller for you, Peter! John, John, keep to your Arabia Felix, and leave sterner ways to very different men. Good bye, both of you. I've no voice to talk any more. I'll think over all you have said."

He pressed their hands and

they left the room. The old man was too weak to speak next day, and, in three days after that, he calmly breathed his last.

As soon as the funeral was over, the will was read by the confidential man of business, who had always attended to Mr. Collett's affairs. The group that sat around him preserved a decorous appearance of disinterestedness; and, the usual preamble to the will having been listened to with breathless attention, the man of business read the following in a clear voice:

"I bequeath to my niece, Emma Briggs, notwithstanding that she shocked her family by marrying an oilman, the sum of four thousand pounds; being fully persuaded that her lost dignity, if she could even find it again, would do nothing to provide her with food, or clothing, or shelter."

John Meade smiled, and Peter Finch ground his teeth — but in a quiet, respectable manner.

The man of business went on with his reading.

"Having always held the opinion that woman should be rendered a rational and independent being, — and having duly considered the fact that society practically denies her the right of earning her own living — I hereby bequeath to Mary Sutton, the only child of my old friend, Frederick Sutton, the sum of ten thousand pounds, which will enable her to marry,

or to remain single, as she may prefer."

John Meade gave a prodigious start upon hearing this, and Peter Finch ground his teeth again — but in a manner hardly respectable. Both, however, by a violent effort, kept silent.

The man of business went on with his reading.

"I have paid some attention to the character of my nephew, John Meade, and have been grieved to find him much possessed with a feeling of philanthropy, and with a general preference for whatever is noble and true over whatever is base and false. As these tendencies are by no means such as can advance him in the world, I bequeath him the sum of ten thousand pounds — hoping that he will thus be kept out of the workhouse, and be enabled to paint his great historical picture — which, as yet, he has only talked about.

"As for my other nephew, Peter Finch, he views all things in so sagacious and selfish a way, and is so certain to get on in life, that I should only insult him by offering an aid which he does not require; yet, from his affectionate uncle, and entirely as a testimony of admiration for his mental acuteness, I venture to hope that he will accept a bequest of five hundred pounds towards the completion of his extensive library of law-books."

How Peter Finch stormed, and called names — how John Meade

broke into a delirium of joy — how Mary Sutton cried first, and then laughed, and then cried and laughed together; all these matters I shall not attempt to describe. Mary Sutton is now Mrs. John Meade; and her husband has actually begun the great historical picture. Peter Finch has taken to discounting bills, and bringing actions on them; and drives about in his brougham already.

THE YELLOW MASK.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT a century ago, there lived in the ancient city of Pisa a famous Italian milliner, who, by way of vindicating to all customers her familiarity with Paris fashions, adopted a French title, and called herself the Demoiselle Grifoni. She was a wizen little woman, with a mischievous face, a quick tongue, a nimble foot, a talent for business, and an uncertain disposition. Rumour hinted that she was immensely rich; and scandal suggested that she would do anything for money.

The one undeniable good quality which raised Demoiselle Grifoni above all her rivals in the trade was her inexhaustible fortitude. She was never known to yield an inch under any pressure of adverse circumstances. Thus the memorable occasion of her life on which she was threatened with ruin was also the occasion

on which she most triumphantly asserted the energy and decision of her character. At the height of the demoiselle's prosperity, her skilled forewoman and cutter-out basely married and started in business as a rival. Such a calamity as this would have ruined an ordinary milliner; but the invincible Grifoni rose superior to it almost without an effort, and proved incontestably that it was impossible for hostile Fortune to catch her at the end of her resources. While the minor milliners were prophesying that she would shut up shop, she was quietly carrying on a private correspondence with an agent in Paris. Nobody knew what these letters were about until a few weeks had elapsed, and then circulars were received by all the ladies in Pisa, announcing that the best French forewoman who could be got for money was engaged to superintend the great Grifoni establishment. This master-stroke decided the victory. All the demoiselle's customers declined giving orders elsewhere until the forewoman from Paris had exhibited to the natives of Pisa the latest fashions from the metropolis of the world of dress.

The Frenchwoman arrived punctual to the appointed day, — glib and curt, smiling and flip-pant, tight of face and supple of figure. Her name was Mademoiselle Virginie, and her family had inhumanly deserted her. She was set to work the moment she

was inside the doors of the Grifoni establishment. A room was devoted to her own private use; magnificent materials in velvet, silk, and satin, with due accompaniment of muslins, laces, and ribbons, were placed at her disposal; she was told to spare no expense, and to produce, in the shortest possible time, the finest and newest specimen-dresses for exhibition in the show-room. Mademoiselle Virginie undertook to do everything required of her, produced her portfolios of patterns and her book of coloured designs, and asked for one assistant who could speak French enough to interpret her orders to the Italian girls in the work-room.

"I have the very person you want," cried Demoiselle Grifoni. "A workwoman we call Brigida here — the idlest slut in Pisa, but as sharp as a needle — has been in France, and speaks the language like a native. I'll send her to you directly."

Mademoiselle Virginie was not left long alone with her patterns and silks. A tall woman, with bold black eyes, a reckless manner, and a step as firm as a man's, stalked into the room with the gait of a tragedy-queen crossing the stage. The instant her eyes fell on the French forewoman, she stopped, threw up her hands in astonishment, and exclaimed, "Finette!"

"Teresa!" cried the Frenchwoman, casting her scissors on the table, and advancing a few

steps.

"Hush! call me Brigida."

"Hush! call me Virginie."

These two exclamations were uttered at the same moment, and then the two women scrutinised each other in silence. The swarthy cheeks of the Italian turned to a dull yellow, and the voice of the Frenchwoman trembled a little when she spoke again.

"How, in the name of Heaven, have you dropped down in the world as low as this?" she asked. "I thought you were provided for when —"

"Silence!" interrupted Brigida. "You see I was not provided for. I have had my misfortunes; and you are the last woman alive who ought to refer to them."

"Do you think I have not had my misfortunes, too, since we met?" (Brigida's face brightened maliciously at those words.) "You have had your revenge," continued Mademoiselle Virginie coldly, turning away to the table and taking up the scissors again.

Brigida followed her, threw one arm roughly round her neck, and kissed her on the cheek. "Let us be friends again," she said. The Frenchwoman laughed. "Tell me how I have had my revenge," pursued the other, tightening her grasp. Mademoiselle Virginie signed to Brigida to stoop, and whispered rapidly in her ear. The Italian listened eagerly, with fierce suspicious eyes fixed on the door. When the whispering ceased, she loosen-

ed her hold; and, with a sigh of relief, pushed back her heavy black hair from her temples. "Now we are friends," she said, and sat down indolently in a chair placed by the work-table.

"Friends," repeated Mademoiselle Virginie, with another laugh. "And now for business," she continued, getting a row of pins ready for use by putting them between her teeth. "I am here, I believe, for the purpose of ruining the late forewoman, who has set up in opposition to us. Good! I *will* ruin her. Spread out the yellow brocaded silk, my dear, and pin that pattern on at your end, while I pin at mine. And what are your plans, Brigida? (Mind you don't forget that Finette is dead, and that Virginie has risen from her ashes.) You can't possibly intend to stop here all your life? (Leave an inch outside the paper, all round.) You must have projects? What are they?"

"Look at my figure," said Brigida, placing herself in an attitude in the middle of the room.

"Ah!" rejoined the other, "it's not what it was. There's too much of it. You want diet, walking, and a French staymaker," muttered Mademoiselle Virginie through her chevaux-de-frise of pins.

"Did the goddess Minerva walk, and employ a French staymaker? I thought she rode upon clouds, and lived at a period before waists were invented."

"What do you mean?"

"This — that my present pro-

ject is to try if I can't make my fortune by sitting as a model for Minerva in the studio of the best sculptor in Pisa."

"And who is he? (Unwind me a yard or two of that black lace.)"

"The master sculptor, Luca Lomi, — an old family, once noble, but down in the world now. The master is obliged to make statues to get a living for his daughter and himself."

"More of the lace — double it over the bosom of the dress. And how is sitting to this needy sculptor to make your fortune?"

"Wait a minute. There are other sculptors besides him in the studio. There is, first, his brother, the priest — Father Rocco, who passes all his spare time with the master. He is a good sculptor in his way — has cast statues and made a font for his church — a holy man, who devotes all his work in the studio to the cause of piety."

"Ah, bah! we should think him a droll priest in France. (More pins.) You don't expect *him* to put money in your pocket surely?"

"Wait, I say again. There is a third sculptor in the studio — actually a nobleman! His name is Fabio d'Ascoli. He is rich, young, handsome, an only child, and little better than a fool. Fancy his working at sculpture, as if he had his bread to get by it — and thinking that an amusement! Imagine a man belonging to one of the best families in Pisa mad enough to want to make a

reputation as an artist! — Wait! wait! the best is to come. His father and mother are dead — he has no near relations in the world to exercise authority over him — he is a bachelor, and his fortune is all at his own disposal; going a-begging, my friend; absolutely going a-begging for want of a clever woman to hold out her hand and take it from him.”

“Yes, yes — now I understand. The goddess Minerva is a clever woman, and she will hold out her hand and take his fortune from him with the utmost docility.”

“The first thing is to get him to offer it. I must tell you that I am not going to sit to him, but to his master, Luca Lomi, who is doing the statue of Minerva. The face is modelled from his daughter; and now he wants somebody to sit for the bust and arms. Maddalena Lomi and I are as nearly as possible the same height, I hear, — the difference between us being that I have a good figure and she has a bad one. I have offered to sit, through a friend who is employed in the studio. If the master accepts, I am sure of an introduction to our rich young gentleman; and then leave it to my good looks, my various accomplishments, and my ready tongue, to do the rest.”

“Stop! I won’t have the lace doubled, on second thoughts. I’ll have it single, and running all round the dress in curves — so. Well, and who is this friend of yours employed in the studio? A fourth sculptor?”

“No! no! the strangest, simplest little creature —”

Just then a faint tap was audible at the door of the room.

Brigida laid her finger on her lips, and called impatiently to the person outside to come in.

The door opened gently, and a young girl, poorly but very neatly dressed, entered the room. She was rather thin, and under the average height; but her head and figure were in perfect proportion. Her hair was of that gorgeous auburn colour, her eyes of that deep violet blue, which the portraits of Giorgione and Titian have made famous as the type of Venetian beauty. Her features possessed the definiteness and regularity, the “good modelling” (to use an artist’s term), which is the rarest of all womanly charms, in Italy as elsewhere. The one serious defect of her face was its paleness. Her cheeks, wanting nothing in form, wanted everything in colour. That look of health, which is the essential crowning-point of beauty, was the one attraction which her face did not possess.

She came into the room with a sad and weary expression in her eyes, which changed, however, the moment she observed the magnificently-dressed French forewoman, into a look of astonishment, and almost of awe. Her manner became shy and embarrassed; and after an instant of hesitation, she turned back silently to the door.

“Stop, stop, Nanina,” said

Brigida, in Italian. "Don't be afraid of that lady. She is our new forewoman; and she has it in her power to do all sorts of kind things for you. Look up, and tell us what you want. You were sixteen last birth-day, Nanina, and you behave like a baby of two years old!"

"I only came to know if there was any work for me to-day," said the girl, in a very sweet voice, that trembled a little as she tried to face the fashionable French forewoman again.

"No work, child, that is easy enough for you to do," said Brigida. "Are you going to the studio to-day?"

Some of the colour that Nanina's cheeks wanted began to steal over them as she answered "Yes."

"Don't forget my message, darling. And if Master Luca Lomi asks where I live, answer that you are ready to deliver a letter to me; but that you are forbidden to enter into any particulars, at first, about who I am, or where I live."

"Why am I forbidden?" inquired Nanina, innocently.

"Don't ask questions, Baby! Do as you are told. Bring me back a nice note or message to-morrow from the studio, and I will intercede with this lady to get you some work. You are a foolish child to want it, when you might make more money, here and at Florence, by sitting to painters and sculptors; though what they can see to paint or mo-

del in you I never could understand."

"I like working at home, better than going abroad to sit," said Nanina, looking very much abashed as she faltered out the answer, and escaping from the room with a terrified farewell obeisance, which was an eccentric compound of a start, a bow, and a curtsey.

"That awkward child would be pretty," said Mademoiselle Virginie, making rapid progress with the cutting out of her dress, "if she knew how to give herself a complexion, and had a presentable gown on her back. Who is she?"

"The friend who is to get me into Master Luca Lomi's studio," replied Brigida, laughing. "Rather a curious ally for me to take up with, isn't she?"

"Where did you meet with her?"

"Here, to be sure. She hangs about this place for any plain work she can get to do; and takes it home to the oddest little room in a street near the Campo Santo. I had the curiosity to follow her one day, and knocked at her door soon after she had gone in, as if I was a visitor. She answered my knock in a great flurry and fright, as you may imagine. I made myself agreeable, affected immense interest in her affairs, and so got into her room. Such a place! A mere corner of it curtained off to make a bedroom. One chair, one stool, one saucepan on the fire. Before the

hearth, the most grotesquely-hideous, unshaven poodle-dog you ever saw; and on the stool a fair little girl plaiting dinner-mats. Such was the household — furniture and all included. 'Where is your father?' I asked. — 'He ran away and left us, years ago,' answers my awkward little friend who has just left the room, speaking in that simple way of hers, with all the composure in the world. 'And your mother?' — 'Dead.' — She went up to the little mat-plaiting girl, as she gave that answer, and began playing with her long flaxen hair. 'Your sister, I suppose,' said I. 'What is her name?' — 'They call me La Biondella,' says the child, looking up from her mat (La Biondella, Virginie, means The Fair). — 'And why do you let that great, shaggy, ill-looking brute lie before your fireplace?' I asked. — 'O!' cried the little mat-plaiter, 'that is our dear old dog, Scarammuccia. He takes care of the house when Nanina is not at home. He dances on his hind legs, and jumps through a hoop, and tumbles down dead when I cry Bang! Scarammuccia followed us home one night, years ago, and he has lived with us ever since. He goes out every day by himself, we can't tell where, and generally returns licking his chops, which makes us afraid that he is a thief; but nobody finds him out, because he is the cleverest dog that ever lived!' — The child ran on in this way about the great beast by the

fireplace, till I was obliged to stop her; while that simpleton Nanina stood by, laughing and encouraging her. I asked them a few more questions, which produced some strange answers. They did not seem to know of any relations of theirs in the world. The neighbours in the house had helped them, after their father ran away, until they were old enough to help themselves; and they did not seem to think there was anything in the least wretched or pitiable in their way of living. The last thing I heard when I left them that day, was La Biondella crying 'Bang!' then a bark, a thump on the floor, and a scream of laughter. If it was not for their dog, I should go and see them oftener. But the ill-conditioned beast has taken a dislike to me, and growls and shows his teeth whenever I come near him."

"The girl looked sickly when she came in here. Is she always like that?"

"No. She has altered within the last month. I suspect our interesting young nobleman has produced an impression. The oftener the girl has sat to him lately, the paler and the more out of spirits she has become."

"O! she has sat to him, has she?"

"She is sitting to him now. He is doing a bust of some Pagan nymph or other; and he prevailed on Nanina to let him copy from her head and face. According to her own account the little fool

was frightened at first, and gave him all the trouble in the world before she would consent."

"And now she has consented, don't you think it likely she may turn out rather a dangerous rival? Men are such fools, and take such fancies into their heads —"

"Ridiculous! A thread-paper of a girl like that, who has no manner, no talk, no intelligence; who has nothing to recommend her but an awkward babyish prettiness! — Dangerous to me? No! no! If there is danger at all, I have to dread it from the sculptor's daughter. I don't mind confessing that I am anxious to see Maddalena Lomi. But as for Nanina, she will simply be of use to me. All I know already about the studio and the artists in it, I know through her. She will deliver my message, and procure me my introduction; and when we have got so far, I shall give her an old gown and a shake of the hand; and then, good-bye to our little Innocent!"

"Well, well, for your sake I hope you are the wiser of the two in this matter. For my part, I always distrust innocence. Wait one moment and I shall have the body and sleeves of this dress ready for the needlewomen. There, ring the bell, and order them up; for I have directions to give, and you must interpret for me."

While Brigida went to the bell the energetic Frenchwoman began planning out the skirt of the

new dress. She laughed as she measured off yard after yard of the silk.

"What are you laughing about?" asked Brigida, opening the door and ringing a hand-bell in the passage.

"I can't help fancying, dear, in spite of her innocent face and her artless ways, that your young friend is a hypocrite."

"And I am quite certain, love, that she is only a simpleton."

CHAPTER II.

THE studio of the Master-Sculptor, Luca Lomi, was composed of two large rooms, unequally divided by a wooden partition, with an arched doorway cut in the middle of it.

While the milliners of the Grifoni establishment were industriously shaping dresses, the sculptors in Luca Lomi's workshop were, in their way, quite as hard at work shaping marble and clay. In the smaller of the two rooms the young nobleman (only addressed in the studio by his Christian name of Fabio) was busily engaged on his bust, with Nanina sitting before him as a model. His was not one of those traditional Italian faces from which subtlety and suspicion are always supposed to look out darkly on the world at large. Both countenance and expression proclaimed his character frankly and freely to all who saw him. Quick intelligence looked brightly from his eyes; and easy good-humour laughed out pleasantly

in the rather quaint curve of his lips. For the rest, his face expressed the defects as well as the merits of his character, showing that he wanted resolution and perseverance just as plainly as it showed also that he possessed amiability and intelligence.

At the end of the large room, nearest to the street-door, Luca Lomi was standing by his life-size statue of Minerva, and was issuing directions, from time to time, to some of his workmen who were roughly chiselling the drapery of another figure. At the opposite side of the room, nearest to the partition, his brother, Father Rocco, was taking a cast from a statuette of the Madonna; while Maddalena Lomi, the sculptor's daughter, released from sitting for Minerva's face, walked about the two rooms and watched the work that was going on in them. There was a strong family likeness of a certain kind between father, brother, and daughter. All three were tall, handsome, dark-haired, and dark-eyed; nevertheless, they differed, in expression, strikingly as they resembled one another in feature. Maddalena Lomi's face betrayed strong passions, but not an ungenerous nature. Her father, with the same indications of a violent temper, had some sinister lines about his mouth and forehead which suggested anything rather than an open disposition. Father Rocco's countenance, on the other hand, looked like the personification of abso-

lute calmness and invincible moderation; and his manner, which, in a very firm way, was singularly quiet and deliberate, assisted in carrying out the impression produced by his face. The daughter seemed as if she could fly into a passion at a moment's notice, and forgive also at a moment's notice. The father, appearing to be just as irritable, had something in his face which said, as plainly as if in words, "Anger me, and I never pardon." The priest looked as if he need never be called on either to ask forgiveness or to grant it, for the double reason that he could irritate nobody else, and that nobody else could irritate him.

"Rocco," said Luca, looking at the face of his Minerva, which was now finished; "this statue of mine will make a sensation."

"I am glad to hear it," rejoined the priest drily.

"It is a new thing in art," continued Lucca enthusiastically. "Other sculptors, with a classical subject like mine, limit themselves to the ideal classical face, and never think of aiming at individual character. Now I do precisely the reverse of that. I get my handsome daughter, Maddalena, to sit for Minerva, and I make an exact likeness of her. I may lose in ideal beauty, but I gain in individual character. People may accuse me of disregarding established rules — but my answer is, that I make my own rules. My daughter looks

like a Minerva, and there she is exactly as she looks."

"It is certainly a wonderful likeness," said Father Rocco, approaching the statue.

"It is the girl herself," cried the other. "Exactly her expression, and exactly her features. Measure Maddalena, and measure Minerva, and, from forehead to chin, you won't find a hair's breadth of difference between them."

"But how about the bust and arms of the figure, now the face is done?" asked the priest, returning, as he spoke, to his own work."

"I may have the very model I want for them to-morrow. Little Nanina has just given me the strangest message. What do you think of a mysterious lady-admirer who offers to sit for the bust and arms of my Minerva?"

"Are you going to accept the offer?" inquired the priest.

"I am going to receive her to-morrow; and if I really find that she is the same height as Maddalena, and has a bust and arms worth modelling, of course I shall accept her offer; for she will be the very sitter I have been looking after for weeks past. Who can she be? That's the mystery I want to find out. Which do you say, Rocco — an enthusiast, or an adventuress?"

"I do not presume to say, for I have no means of knowing."

"Ah! there you are, with your moderation again. Now, I do presume to assert, that she mus

be either one or the other — or she would not have forbidden Nanina to say anything about her, in answer to all my first natural inquiries. Where is Maddalena? I thought she was here a minute ago."

"She is in Fabio's room," answered Father Rocco, softly. "Shall I call her?"

"No, no!" returned Luca. He stopped, looked round at the workmen, who were chipping away mechanically at their bit of drapery; then advanced close to the priest, with a cunning smile, and continued in a whisper: "If Maddalena can only get from Fabio's room here to Fabio's palace over the way, on the Arno — come, come, Rocco! don't shake your head. If I brought her up to your church-door, one of these days, as Fabio d'Ascoli's betrothed, you would be glad enough to take the rest of the business off my hands, and make her Fabio d'Ascoli's wife. You are a very holy man, Rocco, but you know the difference between the clink of the money-bag and the clink of the chisel, for all that!"

"I am sorry to find, Luca," returned the priest coldly, "that you allow yourself to talk of the most delicate subjects in the coarsest way. This is one of the minor sins of the tongue which is growing on you. When we are alone in the studio I will endeavour to lead you into speaking of the young man in the next room and of your daughter in terms more becoming to you, to

me, and to them. Until that time, allow me to go on with my work."

Luca shrugged his shoulders and went back to his statue. Father Rocco, who had been engaged during the last ten minutes in mixing wet plaster to the right consistency for taking a cast, suspended his occupation, and, crossing the room to a corner next the partition, removed from it a cheval-glass which stood there. He lifted it away gently, while his brother's back was turned, carried it close to the table at which he had been at work, and then resumed his employment of mixing the plaster. Having at last prepared the composition for use, he laid it over the exposed half of the statuette with a neatness and dexterity which showed him to be a practised hand at cast-taking. Just as he had covered the necessary extent of surface, Luca turned round from his statue.

"How are you getting on with the cast?" he asked. "Do you want any help?"

"None, brother, I thank you," answered the priest. "Pray do not disturb either yourself or your workmen on my account."

Luca turned again to the statue; and, at the same moment, Father Rocco softly moved the cheval-glass towards the open doorway between the two rooms, placing it at such an angle as to make it reflect the figures of the persons in the smaller studio. He did this

with significant quickness and precision. It was evidently not the first time he had used the glass for purposes of secret observation.

Mechanically stirring the wet plaster round and round for the second casting, the priest looked into the glass, and saw, as in a picture, all that was going forward in the inner room. Maddalena Lomi was standing behind the young nobleman, watching the progress he made with his bust. Occasionally she took the modelling-tool out of his hand, and showed him, with her sweetest smile, that she, too, as a sculptor's daughter, understood something of the sculptor's art; and, now and then, in the pauses of the conversation, when her interest was especially intense in Fabio's work, she suffered her hand to drop absently on his shoulder, or stooped forward so close to him that her hair mingled for a moment with his. Moving the glass an inch or two so as to bring Nanina well under his eye, Father Rocco found that he could trace each repetition of these little acts of familiarity by the immediate effect which they produced on the girl's face and manner. Whenever Maddalena so much as touched the young nobleman — no matter whether she did so by premeditation, or really by accident — Nanina's features contracted, her pale cheeks grew paler, she fidgetted on her chair, and her fingers nervously twisted and untwisted

the loose ends of the ribbon fastened round her waist.

"Jealous," thought Father Rocco; "I suspected it weeks ago."

He turned away, and gave his whole attention, for a few minutes, to the mixing of the plaster. When he looked back again at the glass, he was just in time to witness a little accident which suddenly changed the relative positions of the three persons in the inner room.

He saw Maddalena take up a modelling-tool which lay on a table near her, and begin to help Fabio in altering the arrangement of the hair in his bust. The young man watched what she was doing earnestly enough for a few moments; then his attention wandered away to Nanina. She looked at him reproachfully, and he answered by a sign which brought a smile to her face directly. Maddalena surprised her at the instant of the change; and, following the direction of her eyes, easily discovered at whom the smile was directed. She darted a glance of contempt at Nanina, threw down the modelling-tool, and turned indignantly to the young sculptor, who was affecting to be hard at work again.

"Signor Fabio," she said, "the next time you forget what is due to your rank and yourself, warn me of it, if you please, beforehand, and I will take care to leave the room." While speaking the last words she passed through

the doorway. Father Rocco, bending abstractedly over his plaster mixture, heard her continue to herself in a whisper, as she went by him: "If I have any influence at all with my father, that impudent beggar-girl shall be forbidden the studio!"

"Jealousy on the other side," thought the priest. "Something must be done at once, or this will end badly."

He looked again at the glass, and saw Fabio, after an instant of hesitation, beckon to Nanina to approach him. She left her seat, advanced half-way to his, then stopped. He stepped forward to meet her, and, taking her by the hand, whispered earnestly in her ear. When he had done, before dropping her hand, he touched her cheek with his lips, and then helped her on with the little white mantilla which covered her head and shoulders out of doors. The girl trembled violently, and drew the linen close to her face as he walked into the larger studio, and, addressing Father Rocco, said:

"I am afraid I am more idle, or more stupid, than ever to-day. I can't get on with the bust at all to my satisfaction, so I have cut short the sitting, and given Nanina a half holiday."

At the first sound of his voice, Maddalena, who was speaking to her father, stopped; and, with another look of scorn at Nanina, standing trembling in the doorway, left the room. Luca Lomi called Fabio to him as she went

away, and Father Rocco, turning to the statuette, looked to see how the plaster was hardening on it. Seeing them thus engaged, Nanina attempted to escape from the studio without being noticed; but the priest stopped her just as she was hurrying by him.

"My child," said he, in his gentle, quiet way, "are you going home?"

Nanina's heart beat too fast for her to reply in words — she could only answer by bowing her head.

"Take this for your little sister," pursued Father Rocco, putting a few silver coins in her hand; "I have got some customers for those mats she plaits so nicely. You need not bring them to my rooms — I will come and see you this evening, when I am going my rounds among my parishioners, and will take the mats away with me. You are a good girl, Nanina — you have always been a good girl — and as long as I am alive, my child, you shall never want a friend and an adviser."

Nanina's eyes filled with tears. She drew the mantilla closer than ever round her face as she tried to thank the priest. Father Rocco nodded to her kindly, and laid his hand lightly on her head for a moment, then turned round again to his cast.

"Don't forget my message to the lady who is to sit to me to-morrow," said Luca to Nanina, as she passed him on her way out of the studio.

After she had gone, Fabio returned to the priest, who was still busy over his cast.

"I hope you will get on better with the bust to-morrow," said Father Rocco, politely; "I am sure you cannot complain of your model."

"Complain of her!" cried the young man, warmly; "she has the most beautiful head I ever saw. If I were twenty times the sculptor that I am, I should despair of being able to do her justice."

He walked into the inner room to look at his bust again — lingered before it for a little while — and then turned to retrace his steps to the larger studio. Between him and the doorway stood three chairs. As he went by them, he absently touched the backs of the first two, and passed the third; but just as he was entering the larger room, stopped, as if struck by a sudden recollection, returned hastily, and touched the third chair. Raising his eyes, as he approached the large studio again after doing this, he met the eyes of the priest fixed on him in unconcealed astonishment.

"Signor Fabio!" exclaimed Father Rocco, with a sarcastic smile; "who would ever have imagined that you were superstitious?"

"My nurse was," returned the young man, reddening, and laughing rather uneasily. "She taught me some bad habits that I

have not got over yet." With those words he nodded and hastily went out.

"Superstitious!" said Father Rocco softly to himself. He smiled again, reflected for a moment, and then, going to the window, looked into the street. The way to the left led to Fabio's palace, and the way to the right to the Campo Santo, in the neighbourhood of which Nanina lived. The priest was just in time to see the young sculptor take the way to the right.

After another half-hour had elapsed the two workmen quitted the studio to go to dinner, and Luca and his brother were left alone.

"We may return now," said Father Rocco, "to that conversation which was suspended between us earlier in the day."

"I have nothing more to say," rejoined Luca, sulkily.

"Then you can listen to me, brother, with the greater attention," pursued the priest. "I objected to the coarseness of your tone in talking of our young pupil and your daughter — I object still more strongly to your insinuation that my desire to see them married (provided always that they are sincerely attached to each other) springs from a mercenary motive."

"You are trying to snare me, Rocco, in a mesh of fine phrases; but I am not to be caught. I know what my own motive is for hoping that Maddalena may get an offer of marriage from this

wealthy young gentleman — she will have his money, and we shall all profit by it. That is coarse and mercenary, if you please: but it is the true reason why I want to see Maddalena married to Fabio. You want to see it, too — and for what reason, I should like to know, if not for mine?"

"Of what use would wealthy relations be to me? What are people with money — what is money itself — to a man who follows my calling?"

"Money is something to everybody."

"Is it? When have you found that I have taken any account of it? Give me money enough to buy my daily bread and to pay for my lodging and my coarse cassock — and though I may want much for the poor, for myself I want no more. When have you found me mercenary? Do I not help you in this studio for love of you and of the art without exacting so much as journeyman's wages? Have I ever asked you for more than a few crowns to give away on feast-days among my parishioners? Money! money for a man who may be summoned to Rome to-morrow, who may be told to go at half an hour's notice on a foreign mission that may take him to the ends of the earth, and who would be ready to go the moment when he was called on! Money to a man who has no wife, no children, no interests outside the sacred circle of the church! Brother! do you see the dust and

dirt and shapeless marble-chips lying around your statue there? Cover that floor instead with gold — and, though the litter may have changed in colour and form, in my eyes it would be litter still.”

“A very noble sentiment, I dare say, Rocco, but I can’t echo it. Granting that you care nothing for money, will you explain to me why you are so anxious that Maddalena should marry Fabio? She has had offers from poorer men — you knew of them — but you have never taken the least interest in her accepting or rejecting a proposal before.”

“I hinted the reason to you, months ago, when Fabio first entered the studio.”

“It was rather a vague hint, brother — can’t you be plainer to-day?”

“I think I can. In the first place, let me begin by assuring you, that I have no objection to the young man himself. He may be a little capricious and undecided, but he has no incorrigible faults that I have discovered.”

“That is rather a cool way of praising him, Rocco.”

“I should speak of him warmly enough if he were not the representative of an intolerable corruption and a monstrous wrong. Whenever I think of him I think of an injury which his present existence perpetuates, and if I do speak of him coldly it is only for that reason.”

Luca looked away quickly from his brother, and began kicking absently at the marble chips

which were scattered over the floor around him.

“I now remember,” he said, “what that hint of yours pointed at. I know what you mean.”

“Then you know,” answered the priest, “that while part of the wealth which Fabio d’Ascoli possesses is honestly and incontestably his own; part, also, has been inherited by him from the spoilers and robbers of the church —”

“Blame his ancestors for that; don’t blame him.”

“I blame him as long as the spoil is not restored.”

“How do you know that it was spoil, after all?”

“I have examined more carefully than most men the records of the Civil Wars in Italy; and I know that the ancestors of Fabio d’Ascoli wrung from the church, in her hour of weakness, property which they dared to claim as their right. I know of titles to lands signed away, in those stormy times, under the influence of fear, or through false representations of which the law takes no account; I call the money thus obtained, spoil — and I say that it ought to be restored, and shall be restored to the church from which it was taken.”

“And what does Fabio answer to that, brother?”

“I have not spoken to him on the subject.”

“Why not?”

“Because, I have, as yet, no influence over him. When he is married, his wife will have influ-

ence over him; and she shall speak."

"Maddalena, I suppose? How do you know that she will speak?"

"Have I not educated her? Does she not understand what her duties are towards the church, in whose bosom she has been reared?"

Luca hesitated uneasily, and walked away a step or two before he spoke again.

"Does this spoil, as you call it, amount to a large sum of money?" he asked in an anxious whisper.

"I may answer that question, Luca, at some future time," said the priest. "For the present, let it be enough that you are acquainted with all I undertook to inform you of when we began our conversation. You now know that if I am anxious for this marriage to take place, it is from motives entirely unconnected with self-interest. If all the property which Fabio's ancestors wrongfully obtained from the church, were restored to the church to-morrow, not one paulo of it would go into my pocket. I am a poor priest now, and to the end of my days shall remain so. You soldiers of the world, brother, fight for your pay — I am a soldier of the church, and I fight for my cause."

Saying these words, he returned abruptly to the statuette; and refused to speak, or leave his employment again, until he had taken the mould off, and had carefully put away the various

fragments of which it consisted. This done, he drew a writing-desk from the drawer of his working-table, and taking out a slip of paper, wrote these lines:

"Come down to the studio to-morrow. Fabio will be with us, but Nanina will return no more."

Without signing what he had written, he sealed it up, and directed it to — "Donna Maddalena." Then took his hat, and handed the note to his brother.

"Oblige me by giving that to my niece," he said.

"Tell me, Rocco," said Luca, turning the note round and round perplexedly between his finger and thumb, "Do you think Maddalena will be lucky enough to get married to Fabio?"

"Still coarse in your expressions, brother!"

"Never mind my expressions. Is it likely?"

"Yes, Luca, I think it is likely."

With these words he waved his hand pleasantly to his brother, and went out.

CHAPTER III.

FROM the studio, Father Rocco went straight to his own rooms, hard by the church to which he was attached. Opening a cabinet in his study, he took from one of its drawers a handful of small silver money — consulted for a minute or so a slate on which several names and addresses were written — provided himself with a portable inkhorn and some strips of paper, and again went out.

He directed his steps to the

poorest part of the neighbourhood; and entering some very wretched houses, was greeted by the inhabitants with great respect and affection. The women, especially, kissed his hands with more reverence than they would have shown to the highest crowned head in Europe. In return, he talked to them as easily and unconstrainedly as if they were his equals; sat down cheerfully on dirty bed-sides and rickety benches; and distributed his little gifts of money with the air of a man who was paying debts rather than bestowing charity. Where he encountered cases of illness, he pulled out his inkhorn and slips of paper, and wrote simple prescriptions to be made up from the medicine-chest of a neighbouring convent, which served the same merciful purpose then that is answered by dispensaries in our days. When he had exhausted his money and had got through his visits, he was escorted out of the poor quarter by a perfect train of enthusiastic followers. The women kissed his hand again, and the men uncovered as he turned, and, with a friendly sign, bade them all farewell.

As soon as he was alone again, he walked towards the Campo Santo; and passing the house in which Nanina lived, sauntered up and down the street thoughtfully, for some minutes: when he at length ascended the steep staircase that led to the room occupied by the sisters, he found the door

ajar. Pushing it open gently, he saw La Biondella, sitting with her pretty fair profile turned towards him, eating her evening meal of bread and grapes. At the opposite end of the room, Scaramuccia was perched up on his hind quarters in a corner, with his mouth wide open to catch the morsel of bread which he evidently expected the child to throw to him. What the elder sister was doing the priest had not time to see; for the dog barked the moment he presented himself; and Nanina hastened to the door to ascertain who the intruder might be. All that he could observe was that she was too confused, on catching sight of him, to be able to utter a word. La Biondella was the first to speak.

"Thank you, Father Rocco," said the child, jumping up, with her bread in one hand and her grapes in the other: "Thank you for giving me so much money for my dinner-mats. There they are tied up together in one little parcel, in the corner. Nanina said she was ashamed to think of your carrying them; and I said I knew where you lived, and I should like to ask you to let me take them home."

"Do you think you can carry them all the way, my dear?" asked the priest.

"Look, Father Rocco, see if I can't carry them!" cried La Biondella, cramming her bread into one of the pockets of her little apron, holding her bunch of grapes by the stalk in her

mouth, and hoisting the packet of dinner-mats on her head in a moment. "See, I am strong enough to carry double," said the child, looking up proudly into the priest's face.

"Can you trust her to take them home for me?" asked Father Rocco, turning to Nanina. "I want to speak to you alone; and her absence will give me the opportunity. Can you trust her out by herself?"

"Yes, Father Rocco, she often goes out alone." Nanina gave this answer in low, trembling tones, and looked down confusedly on the ground.

"Go then, my dear," said Father Rocco, patting the child on the shoulder. "And come back here to your sister, as soon as you have left the mats."

La Biondella went out directly in great triumph, with Scaramuccia walking by her side, and keeping his muzzle suspiciously close to the pocket in which she had put her bread. Father Rocco closed the door after them; and then, taking the one chair which the room possessed, motioned to Nanina to sit by him on the stool.

"Do you believe that I am your friend, my child; and that I have always meant well towards you?" he began.

"The best and kindest of friends," answered Nanina.

"Then you will hear what I have to say patiently; and you will believe that I am speaking for your good, even if my words

should distress you?" (Nanina turned away her head.) "Now, tell me; should I be wrong, to begin with, if I said that my brother's pupil, the young nobleman whom we call 'Signor Fabio,' had been here to see you to-day?" (Nanina started up affrightedly from the stool.) "Sit down again, my child; I am not going to blame you. I am only going to tell you what you must do for the future."

He took her hand; it was cold, and it trembled violently in his.

"I will not ask what he has been saying to you," continued the priest; "for it might distress you to answer; and I have, moreover, had means of knowing that your youth and beauty have made a strong impression on him. I will pass over, then, all reference to the words he may have been speaking to you; and I will come at once to what I have now to say, in my turn. Nanina, my child, arm yourself with all your courage, and promise me, before we part to-night, that you will see Signor Fabio no more."

Nanina turned round suddenly, and fixed her eyes on him, with an expression of terrified incredulity. "No more?"

"You are very young and very innocent," said Father Rocco; "but surely you must have thought, before now, of the difference between Signor Fabio and you. Surely you must have often remembered that you are low down among the ranks of the poor, and that he is high up

among the rich and the nobly-born?"

Nanina's hands dropped on the priest's knees. She bent her head down on them, and began to weep bitterly.

"Surely you must have thought of that?" reiterated Father Rocco.

"O, I have often, often thought of that!" murmured the girl. "I have mourned over it, and cried about it in secret for many nights past. He said I looked pale, and ill, and out of spirits to-day; and I told him it was with thinking of that!"

"And what did he say in return?"

There was no answer. Father Rocco looked down. Nanina raised her head directly from his knees, and tried to turn it away again. He took her hand, and stopped her.

"Come!" he said; "speak frankly to me. Say what you ought to say to your father and your friend. What was his answer, my child, when you reminded him of the difference between you?"

"He said I was born to be a lady," faltered the girl, still struggling to turn her face away, "and that I might make myself one if I would learn and be patient. He said that if he had all the noble ladies in Pisa to choose from on one side, and only little Nanina on the other, he would hold out his hand to me, and tell them, 'This shall be my wife.' He said Love knew no difference

of rank; and that if he was a nobleman and rich, it was all the more reason why he should please himself. He was so kind, that I thought my heart would burst while he was speaking; and my little sister liked him so, that she got upon his knee and kissed him. Even our dog, who growls at other strangers, stole to his side and licked his hand. O, Father Rocco! Father Rocco!" The tears burst out afresh, and the lovely head dropped once more, wearily, on the priest's knee.

Father Rocco smiled to himself, and waited to speak again till she was calmer.

"Supposing," he resumed, after some minutes of silence, "supposing Signor Fabio really meant all he said to you —"

Nanina started up, and confronted the priest boldly for the first time since he had entered the room.

"Supposing!" she exclaimed, her cheeks beginning to redden, and her dark blue eyes flashing suddenly through her tears. "Supposing! Father Rocco, Fabio would never deceive me. I would die here at your feet, rather than doubt the least word he said to me!"

The priest took her by the hand, and drew her back to the stool. "I never suspected the child had so much spirit in her," he thought to himself.

"I would die," repeated Nanina, in a voice that began to

falter now. "I would die, rather than doubt him."

"I will not ask you to doubt him," said Father Rocco, gently; "and I will believe in him myself as firmly as you do. Let us suppose, my child, that you have learnt patiently all the many things of which you are now ignorant, and which it is necessary for a lady to know. Let us suppose that Signor Fabio has really violated all the laws that govern people in his high station, and has taken you to him publicly as his wife. You would be happy, then, Nanina; but would he? He has no father or mother to control him, it is true; but he has friends — many friends and intimates in his own rank — proud, heartless people, who know nothing of your worth and goodness; who, hearing of your low birth, would look on you, and on your husband too, my child, with contempt. He has not your patience and fortitude. Think how bitter it would be for him to bear that contempt — to see you shunned by proud women, and carelessly pitied or patronised by insolent men. Yet all this, and more, he would have to endure, or else to quit the world he has lived in from his boyhood — the world he was born to live in. You love him, I know —"

Nanina's tears burst out afresh. "O, how dearly! — how dearly!" she murmured.

"Yes, you love him dearly," continued the priest; "but would

all your love compensate him for everything else that he must lose? It might, at first; but there would come a time when the world would assert its influence over him again; when he would feel a want which you could not supply — a weariness which you could not solace. Think of his life, then, and of yours. Think of the first day when the first secret doubt whether he had done rightly in marrying you would steal into his mind. We are not masters of all our impulses. The lightest spirits have their moments of irresistible depression; the bravest hearts are not always superior to doubt. My child, my child, the world is strong, the pride of rank is rooted deep, and the human will is frail at best! Be warned! For your own sake and for Fabio's, be warned in time."

Nanina stretched out her hands towards the priest, in despair.

"O, Father Rocco! Father Rocco!" she cried, "why did you not tell me this before?"

"Because, my child, I only knew of the necessity for telling you, to-day. But it is not too late, it is never too late, to do a good action. You love Fabio, Nanina? Will you prove that love by making a great sacrifice for his good?"

"I would die for his good!"

"Will you nobly cure him of a passion which will be his ruin, if not yours, by leaving Pisa to-morrow?"

"Leave Pisa!" exclaimed Na-

nina. Her face grew deadly pale: she rose and moved back a step or two from the priest.

"Listen to me," pursued Father Rocco. "I have heard you complain that you could not get regular employment at needlework. You shall have that employment, if you will go with me — you and your little sister too, of course — to Florence to-morrow."

"I promised Fabio to go to the studio," began Nanina, affrightedly. "I promised to go at ten o'clock. How can I —"

She stopped suddenly, as if her breath were failing her.

"I myself will take you and your sister to Florence," said Father Rocco, without noticing the interruption. "I will place you under the care of a lady who will be as kind as a mother to you both. I will answer for your getting such work to do as will enable you to keep yourself honestly and independently; and I will undertake, if you do not like your life at Florence, to bring you back to Pisa after a lapse of three months only. Three months, Nanina. It is not a long exile."

"Fabio! Fabio!" cried the girl, sinking again on the seat, and hiding her face.

"It is for his good," said Father Rocco calmly; "for Fabio's good, remember."

"What would he think of me if I went away? O, if I had but learnt to write. If I could only write Fabio a letter!"

"Am I not to be depended on to explain to him all that he ought to know?"

"How can I go away from him? O, Father Rocco, how can you ask me to go away from him?"

"I will ask you to do nothing hastily. I will leave you till to-morrow morning to decide. At nine o'clock I shall be in the street; and I will not even so much as enter this house, unless I know beforehand that you have resolved to follow my advice. Give me a sign from your window. If I see you wave your white mantilla out of it, I shall know that you have taken the noble resolution to save Fabio and to save yourself. I will say no more, my child; for, unless I am grievously mistaken in you, I have already said enough."

He went out, leaving her still weeping bitterly. Not far from the house, he met La Biondella and the dog on their way back. The little girl stopped to report to him the safe delivery of her dinner-mats; but he passed on quickly with a nod and a smile. His interview with Nanina had left some influence behind it which unfitted him just then for the occupation of talking to a child.

Nearly half-an-hour before nine o'clock on the following morning, Father Rocco set forth for the street in which Nanina lived. On his way thither he overtook a dog walking lazily a few paces

a-head in the road-way; and saw, at the same time, an elegantly-dressed lady advancing towards him. The dog stopped suspiciously as she approached, and growled and showed his teeth when she passed him. The lady, on her side, uttered an exclamation of disgust; but did not seem to be either astonished or frightened by the animal's threatening attitude. Father Rocco looked after her with some curiosity, as she walked by him. She was a handsome woman, and he admired her courage. "I know that growling brute well enough," he said to himself, "but who can the lady be?"

The dog was Scarammuccia, returning from one of his marauding expeditions. The lady was Brigida, on her way to Luca Lomi's studio.

Some minutes before nine o'clock, the priest took his post in the street, opposite Nanina's window. It was open; but neither she nor her little sister appeared at it. He looked up anxiously as the church-clocks struck the hour; but there was no sign for a minute or so after they were all silent. "Is she hesitating still?" said Father Rocco to himself.

Just as the words passed his lips, the white mantilla was waved out of the window.

WHITTINGTON IN SERVIA.

THE fact that the Londoners have no right to monopolise

Richard Whittington was proved long ago by Grimm's Popular Stories, where we find the happy owner of the cat flourishing in Germany, as the third of three lucky brothers, and making his fortune by precisely the same means as those that brought wealth and civic honour to him who discovered prophetic meaning in the sound of Bow bells.

It certainly gives symmetry to the legend of Whittington to make him the youngest of three brothers. A German proverb declares that "all good things are three," and throughout the whole course of Teutonic legends we find that three adventurers are usually necessary to carry out any great purpose; and that those are usually achieved by a third son, who has previously been an object of contempt to his stronger seniors. Even the English Whittington is connected with the mystical number. Not only was he thrice Lord Mayor of London, but — what is not generally known — he was thrice buried. "This Richard Whittington," says an old history of the city, "was three times buried; first, by his executors, under a fine monument; then, in the reign of Edward VI., the parson of the Church (St. Michael, Paternoster) thinking some great riches to be buried with him, caused his monument to be broken, his body to be spoiled of his leaden sheet, and again the second time to be buried; and in the reign of

Queen Mary, the parishioners were forced to take him up to lap him in lead as before, to bury him a third time, and to place his monument, or the like, over him again; which remained, and so he rested, till the great fire of London violated his resting-place again."

Whittington is not only to be found in Germany, but in Servia — a land of wild legends — and there, though, as with us, he is a brotherless individual, his moral aspect is completely changed. With us the lesson taught by the triple mayoralty is that of hopefulness under misfortune. Whittington holds a lowly position in the social scale, and is ill-used by the tyrannical cook; but, the prophecy of Bowbells, which he heard while he rested on his walk from London, calling to him to turn again, still rings in his ears, and cheers him through his troubles. There is, of course, a sort of fatality in the tale, but it is not of a sort that makes a person sit with his hands before him and do nothing. On the contrary, it brings with it that presentiment of success which is the stimulus to exertion, and the tone of the story is such as to justify it for the popular myths of an energetic and ambitious people like the citizens of London.

The Servian Whittington has nothing German or English in his nature, and it is singular to observe how a story nearly the same as that of the Lord Mayor

of London can be told with so complete a variation of moral purpose. The Servian Whittington bears the strongest marks of an Eastern origin. An utter prostration before the Supreme Will, as the fountain of all justice, and a thorough conviction of his own unworthiness, are his characteristics. He is described as a poor man, who has hired himself out as a labourer to a rich man, but makes no compact as to wages. Here, already, we find an indication of that same feeling which makes the Turk look upon insurance against fire as an act of impiety, proving a want of trust in the discriminating justice of Providence. The poor man makes no compact, firmly believing that a higher power will measure his reward by his deserts. At the end of a year he goes to his master, and requests him to pay what is due, without naming an amount. The churlish employer gives the poor fellow a penny, but so sensitive are the feelings of gratitude in the latter, that he will not venture to enjoy his miserable reward, until Heaven proves by a miracle that he has deserved it. He takes the coin with him to the margin of a brook, and then, after expressing his wonder that the labour of a year has rendered him possessor of so great a treasure as a penny, prays to Heaven to allow the coin to float on the surface of the brook if he be worthy to retain it. When his prayer is finished, he flings his

penny into the brook, and — naturally enough — it sinks at once to the bottom. He, accordingly, dives after it, fetches it up, returns it to his master with an avowal of his own unworthiness, and goes to work for another year on precisely the same principle as before. At the end of the second year he receives the same reward, and makes the same experiment with the same result. Indeed, it may be remarked that, through the whole course of legendary lore, a second trial is of no service, save as a stepping-stone to a third. However, the end of another year brings with it a change of fortune. The coin which he now receives, floats on the surface of the brook; therefore Heaven has plainly declared that a penny has been rightfully earned by the labour of three years.

After a while, the master sets out, like Lord Bateman, to see some foreign country, and the labourer gives him the hardly-earned penny, that he may lay it out to good advantage in parts beyond seas. The master promises to execute faithfully the important trust, but in his way to the ship meets a number of children on the sea-shore who are ill-using a cat. He rescues the unfortunate animal with the labourer's penny, and takes it on board. The value of the cat is soon manifested, exactly as in the London tale. A land is reached, where rats and mice are

the plague of the population, and where cats are unknown. The traveller produces his feline treasure, the vermin are destroyed, and a ship-load of gold and silver purchases the destroyer.

The London hero has simply to put the proceeds of his investment into his strong box, and become a great man at once; but they manage things otherwise in Servia. The Servian Whittington is not a mere instance of that eminently prosaic form of destiny, which goes by the name of luck. His piety and rectitude having been firmly established by his extreme conscientiousness in earning the penny, the tale would show that so indubitably righteous an acquisition could not under any circumstances be encroached upon by any human power. The feudal lord is less honest than the London merchant; and when he comes home he keeps the history of the cat to himself, and gives the labourer a piece of polished marble as the value of his penny. The poor fellow is delighted with his bargain; and certainly, when we find that it is large enough to serve him for a table, we must admit that he has no reason to be dissatisfied. On the following day, however, he finds his table turned into a mass of pure gold, so that it illumines his whole hut. True to his old character, he rushes to his master, describes the metamorphosis, and declares that he can

have no right to such a treasure. However, the master sees in the miracle an unmistakeable sign of Heaven's will. Confessing his own transgression, he gives to his honest labourer the ship-load of precious metal which he had received as the price of the cat.

We would not lose our relish for our old stories; but we think few of our readers will deny that the honest Servian peasant is a grander figure, and more effectually carries out a moral purpose, than the lucky Lord Mayor of London.

THE ANGEL.

WHY should'st thou fear the beautiful
angel, Death,
Who waits thee at the portals of the
skies,
Ready to kiss away thy struggling breath:
Ready with gentle hand to close thine
eyes.

How many a tranquil soul has pass'd
away,
Fled gladly from fierce pain and pleasures dim,
To the eternal splendour of the day,
And many a troubled heart still calls
for him.

Spirits too tender for the battle here
Have turn'd from life, its hopes, its
fears, its charms,
And children, shuddering at [a world so
drear,
Have smiling pass'd away into his
arms.

He whom thou fearest will, to ease its
pain,
Lay his cold hand upon thy aching
heart:
Will soothe the terrors of thy troubled
brain,
And bid the shadow of earth's grief
depart.

He will give back what neither time,
nor might,
Nor passionate prayer, nor longing
hope restore,
(Dear as to long blind eyes recover'd
sight)
He will give back those who are gone
before.

O, what were life, if life were all? Thine
eyes
Are blinded by their tears, or thou
would'st see
Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off
skies,
And Death, thy friend, will give them
all to thee.

MORE ALCHEMY.

It cannot, of course, be expected that in the course of a short article, we should be able to give our readers any deep insight into the writings of the alchemists — they were the life-long studies of men who gave themselves a living sacrifice to their art; each had to discover for himself his own knowledge, — for the writings left by the most revered adepts were all skilfully designed to conceal their secret. The books of Rhasis, by their subtle, perplexing, and intentionally misleading directions, nearly broke the heart of Bernard of Treviso, and of many another beside him. To compel the real intention of the writings of the alchemists was scarcely less difficult than the great work itself; and the fabled process of compelling Proteus to utter his oracles, was simple in comparison to getting at the meaning hidden in the

dark sayings of the masters of "holy alchemy," as it was called. If our readers find our extracts sometimes hard to be understood, they may have the comfort of assuring themselves that they find them — what they were originally intended to be! Elias Ashmole published in sixteen hundred and fifty-two a book which he called "Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum," containing the metrical works of the English philosophers who have written concerning Hermetic mysteries. The book is somewhat rare, and we wish we could transfer some of the wonderful woodcuts with which it is adorned to our pages. In the preface, speaking of himself, Ashmole says, — I must profess I know enough to hold my tongue, but not enough to speak, — and the no less Real than Miraculous Fruits I have found in my diligent inquiry into this arcana, lead me on to such degrees of admiration they command silence, and force me to lose my tongue. Howbeit there are few stocks that are fitted to inoculate the grafts of science upon; they are mysteries uncommunicable to all but adepts, and those that have been devoted from their cradle to serve and wait at this altar — and they, perhaps, were with St. Paul caught up into Paradise, and as he heard unspeakable words — so they wrought impossible works, such as it is not lawful to utter.

The first whose work he reprints is Thomas Norton, of Bristol; a man of high repute; whose family lived in great esteem under Henry the Eighth. He died in fifteen hundred and sixty-two, at the age of one hundred and thirteen. There were nine brothers named Norton, who lived much respected; one of them, Sir Sampson Norton, lies buried in Fulham Church; his tomb is adorned with Hermetic paintings. He was master of the horse to Henry the Eighth. "The Ordinal," Thomas Norton's chief work, which was written in fourteen hundred and seventy-seven, opens thus:

Maistryeful, mervelous, and Archimais-
trye

Is the tincture of holy alkimy.

A wonderful science, secrete philosophie,
A singular gift and grace of the Al-
mightie,

Which never was found by the labour of
mann;

But by teaching or revelacion begann.

It was never for money sold nor bought,
By any man which for it hath sought,

But given to an able man by grace,
Wrought with great cost, by long laisir
and space.

It helpeth a man when he hath neede;

It voideth vain-glory, hope, and also
dreade;

It voideth ambitiousness, extortion and
excesse;

It fenceth adversity that shee doe not
oppresse.

* * * * *

This science was never taught to man,

But he were proved perfectly with space

Whether he were able to receive this
grace,

For his trewth, vertue, and for his stable
witt,

Which if he fault he shall never have
it, —

Also no man could yet this science reach
But if God send a master him to teach;

For it is so wonderful, and so selcouth,
That it must needs be taught from mouth
to mouth.

Also he must (be he never so loath)
Receive it with a most secret dreadfull
oath,

That as we refuse great dignities and
fame,

So we must needs refuse the same.

Also that he shall not be so wilde

To teach this secret to his owne childe,
For nighness of blood, nor consanguinity
May not accepted be to this dignity.

* * * * *

So that noe man may leave this arte be-
hind,

But he an able and approved man can
finde

When age shall grieve him to ride or goe,
One, he may teach, but then never no
moe.

For this science must ever secret be,
The cause whereof is this, as ye may see:
All Christian pease he might hastily spill,
And with his pride he might pull downe
Rightful kings and princes of renowne.
Wherefore the sentence of perill and jeo-
pardy

Upon the teacher resteth dreadfully.

The following lines are curious.
What mines of treasure there
would be in old marine store shops
if Raymond Lully had only left
his secret, if he had a secret,
plainly written:

— In a city of Catilony
William Raymond Lully, knight, men
suppose,
Made in seven images the trewth to dis-
close;
Three were good silver, in shape like
ladies bright,
Everie each of four were gold, and like a
knight,
In borders of their clothing letters did
appear,
Signifying in sentences as it showeth
here:

1. Of old hobnails (said one) I was yre,
Now I am good silver as good as ye
desire.

2. I was (said another) iron, set from the
mine,
But now I am gold, pure, perfect, and
fine.

3. Whilome was I copper, of an old red
pann,

Now am I good silver, said the third
woman.

4. The fourth said, I was copper grown
in the filthy place,

Now am I perfect, God made by God's
grace.

5. The fifth said, I was silver, perfect
thro' fine,

Now am I perfect gold, excellent,
better than the prime.

6. I was a pipe of lead nigh two hundred
year,

And now, to all men, good silver I
appeare.

7. The seventh said, I leade, am gould
made for the maistrie,

But trewly my fellows are nearer
thereto than I.

Covetize and cunning, have discorde by
kinde,

Who lucre coveteth, this science shall
not find.

Norton is eloquent about the
piety, prudence, and temperance
a man must possess to study the
science with any probability of
success — which may perhaps
account for the fact that

Amongst millions millions of mankinde,
Scarcely seven men may this science
find.

The seven planets (all that
were known in those days) had
each an especial influence over
the corresponding seven metals.
Whether any of the more recent-
ly-discovered planets have ac-
cepted the character of presiding
spirits to the newly-discovered
metals, we do not know. The
stone passed through many
phases during the progress of the
great work — the adepts are
eloquent in their description of
the "great pleasure and delight"
it was to watch the "admirable
works of Nature within the

vessels." We are sorry that we cannot tell the reader what the matter, or substance was, upon which the masters set to work, at once so difficult and so indispensable; but the truth is, that this First Principle was the citadel of the great secret of nature, — the resting point upon which the lever might be fixed, which would be able to move the whole natural world. This secret each master religiously guarded; they all speak of it under different names — almost innumerable — as, The Green Lion, Litharge, Heavy Water, Dry Water, Burning Water, The Son blessed of the Fire, The Brother of the Serpent, The Egg, Mizadir, The Tears of the Eagle, Mozhacumia, Xit, Zaaf, Life, Mercury, and so forth. The masters speak freely of the subsequent processes to which this matter was subjected, but upon the method of acquiring this secret of secrets they maintained a silence like death. In a treatise that bears the candid title of *Secrets Revealed*, this encouraging sentence is found at the onset: "Having prepared our Sol and our Mercury, shut them in our vessel, and govern them with our fire, and within forty days thou shalt see, &c. * * but if thou be yet ignorant both of our Sol, and of our Mercury, meddle not in this our work, for expense only will be thy lot, and no gain nor profit." This is literally the first sentence; we fold our hands humbly, and follow the advice contained therein. Having thus cunningly locked up the secret, the master has no further scruple about becoming communicative — but always in emblematic language, and at great, indeed almost interminable length. We fear the reader would not derive any other profit than the trial of his patience, which, however, was the cardinal virtue called forth in alchemy. The Substance passed through various colours on its progress towards perfection; and these colours were the indications whether the workers were in the right track, and also whether the fires and furnaces were of the proper temperature. The first process was called Putrefaction — "the engendering of the crow," — and the matter became "black, blacker than black itself." Sometimes it appeared dry, but at the end of forty days it boiled like melted pitch; but it was essential to keep the vessel tightly closed. After this, for the space of three weeks there appeared all the colours that can possibly be imagined in the world; these at last gave place, and a whiteness showed itself at the sides of the vessel, most beautiful to behold — "like unto rays or hairs;" this was the second stage of the work. At the end of the fourth month the matter again assumed many beautiful colours, but momentary, and soon vanishing, and more akin to white than black. This stage of the process endured for about three weeks, during which, the matter began to change into many

forms; it melted and grew hard again many times a day; "sometimes," says one of the masters, "it will appear like to the eyes of a fish, — sometimes like a pure silver tree, shining with branches and leaves; in a word, about this season the hourly marvels shall overwhelm the sight, and at the last thou shalt have most pure and sparkling grains, like unto atoms of the sun, more glorious than which human eyes never saw." This, however, was not the end. The congealed mass — the White Stone, as it was called — was then taken out of the vessel, and put into a fresh one, an operation very difficult, and "only to be done by the will of God;" the least error would spoil the whole work, and to regulate the fire at this critical period required something like inspiration. This critical period — the progress from the White Stone to the Red — endured forty days, during every instant of which the philosopher was liable to see all his work spoiled. The white gradually assumed many transitory colours — green, at first, which was looked on as the sign of the animation and germinating virtue of the substance; purple, yellow, brown, successively followed; at length it assumed "the colours of the rainbow and the peacock's tail, which show most gloriously." At this period, the substance assumed many strange shapes. At the end of thirty days a citrine or golden colour began to tinge the mass within the vessel. The

work was now near the close. "Now," says the master, "to God, the giver of all good, you must render immortal thanks, who hath brought on this work so far, and beg earnestly of him that thy counsel may be so governed that thou mayest not endeavour to hasten thy work so as to lose all." After about fourteen days' further expectation, the golden colour was tinged with violet, and the substance, after taking various forms, and being congealed and liquefied again many times a day for the space of another month — the end came — within the space of three days the matter became converted into fine grains, "as fine as the atoms of the sun," and the colour the highest RED imaginable, like the soundest blood when it is congealed." This was the crown of the work — the "king that had triumphed over the horrors of the tomb." There still remained some further manipulation before projection, or the act of transmutation could be accomplished, but having attained thus far, the remainder was comparatively easy, and we conclude this portion of our chapter with the counsel of one of the masters: "Whosoever enjoyeth this talent, let him be sure to employ it for the glory of God, and the good of his neighbours, lest he be found ungrateful to God his creditor, who has blest him with so great a talent, and so be in the last day found guilty of misproving of it, and so condemned."

Amongst the hieroglyphics

with which Nicholas Flamel adorned the fourth arch of the Cemetery of the Holy Innocents in Paris, and which, as he declared, indicated both the truths of religion and the secrets of alchemy, there was the figure of a black man kneeling with a scroll coming from his mouth, upon which was written, "Take away my blackness." The true philosophers were recognised by the matter which they employed for the work of the magistracy. They spoke of their matter as "one, although it was found everywhere and in every thing, and it could only be drawn thence by its own virtue." It was the quintessence which contained the principle out of which all things are made. A modern German physiologist has declared that if we could understand the process of Nutrition, we should have seized upon the secret of Life. The alchemists worked in this idea. The aim they professed was to discover the seed or germinating principle of metals, and to discover the conditions under which this seed grew in the bowels of the earth, and became lead, silver, gold, &c. — and the different influences by which one metal became more precious and perfect than another; weary work they had with their meltings, and distillations, and coagulations, and fixations, and evaporations, and precipitations. It is quite in vain for any one to hope by following the directions left in the writings of the great masters, to perfect

the lower metals into the higher ones. They who possessed the secret—kept it! All that modern chemistry can say, is, that metals do certainly grow in the earth; but under what laws and conditions originated, is not known. As regards gems, which was also an object of alchemical research, modern science has recognised that it is absolutely practicable to make gems by art, although hitherto the result has not been perfect.

We are not writing a treatise upon alchemy; all we purpose to ourselves is to give the point of view from which the great old masters of the art contemplated it. To speak of alchemy flip-pantly and compendiously as a delusion, or an imposture, — and to speak of the adepts themselves only as either dupes or impostors, is to show a very small and narrow spirit, a spirit in which no sort of wisdom can take root and grow. "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit," says King Solomon, "there is more hope of a fool than of him." Basil Valentine's instructions to those about to address themselves to the Great Work show that alchemists were at least in earnest. "First, therefore, the name of God ought to be called on religiously with a pure heart and sound conscience, without ambition, hypocrisy, and other abuses, such as are pride, arrogance, disdain, worldly boasting, and oppression of our neighbours, and other tyrannies and enormities of that kind, all

which are to be totally eradicated out of the heart.... For, seeing that man hath nothing but what his most bounteous Creator bestows upon him ... it is most just that his first Father (who hath created the heaven and the earth, things visible and invisible) be with most inward humble prayers, sought to for the obtaining of them ... Whosoever, therefore, hath resolved within himself to seek the top of terrestrials, that is, the knowledge of the good lodging in every creature lying dormant, or covered in stones, herbs, roots, seeds, living creatures, plants, minerals, metals, and the like; let him cast behind him all worldly cares and other appurtenances, and expect release with his whole heart by humble prayer, and his hope shall not fail." Men who began and pursued their life-long toil in this spirit, are not to be spoken of without great respect.

The mixture in the works of the alchemists of religious analogies and fanciful allusions, with philosophical facts, would provoke a smile, so we will not go into their speculations upon the New Jerusalem as described in the Apocalypse. With its twelve gates of precious stones — its streets of gold, with the Tree of Life growing in the midst, "the leaves of which were for the healing of the nations," — the "sea of glass mingled with fire;" and the Fountain of the Water of Life, at which whosoever is athirst may hope to

drink. We will conclude our specimens and extracts from the alchemists, by the following scrap from Sir George Ripley, who wrote the Twelve Gates of Alchemy, in fourteen hundred and seventy-one, which he dedicated to King Edward the Fourth. He was Canon of Bridlington, in Yorkshire, and exempted from the rules of his cloister in order that he might travel in search of knowledge. He was dignified by the Pope, and enjoyed a great reputation; he died in fourteen hundred and ninety.

The Bird of Hermes* is my name,
Eating my wings to make me tame.
In the sea withouten lesse
Standeth the Bird is Hermes —
Eating his wings variable,
And thereby makete himself more stable.
When all his feathers be agone
He standeth still there as a stone;
Here is now both white and red,
And also the stone to quicken the dead;
All and some, withouten fable,
Both hard, and nesh, and malleable.
Understand now well aright,
And thanke God of this Light.

The following, which is signed W. D. D. REDMAN and is called an Enigma Philosophicum, is not one whit more easy to be understood than the clear and candid explanations; and with this we take leave of our readers.

ENIGMA PHILOSOPHICUM.

There is no light but what lives in the sun;
There is no sun but which is twice begott.
Nature and Arte the Parents; first begonne
By Nature 'twas, but Nature perfects not;

* The "Bird of Hermes" was one of the names by which the masters spoke of their matter or substance.

Arte, 'then, what Nature left, in hand
doth take,
And out of one, a twofold work dothe
make.

A twofold worke, but such a worke
As doth admit division none at all,
(See here wherein the secret most doth
lurk),

Unless it be a mathematical.
It must be two, yet make it one and one,
And you do take the way to make it none.

THE AUDIT BOARD.

THE Board of Audit has a history which — thanks to an official document — it will not cost us much trouble to tell.

Before the reign of Queen Elizabeth the accounts of the crown were examined by auditors specially constituted for the purpose, or by the auditors of the land revenue; or at times, as in the case of sheriffs, collectors of revenue, the customs, the mint, and the keeper of the wardrobe, by the auditors of the exchequer. Certain accounts, however, were examined in the office of the lord high treasurer, as some few accounts are to this day examined there.

In the second year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, two auditors of the imprests (an imprest is an advance of public money) were appointed, and these offices continued in existence till the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty-five. The auditors were paid by fees on the accounts they examined. The fees were at established rates, but were sometimes increased by the lord high

treasurer on a memorial from the auditors that the accounts were more voluminous than they had formerly been, or by a voluntary grant from the lord high treasurer for the pains which the auditors had been at in making up particular accounts. The accounts of the treasurer of the navy appear to have occasioned the first memorial from the auditors for an increased allowance. This was upwards of two hundred years ago.

The two auditors of the imprests, as originally appointed, had no power to call upon parties to render account, but were dependent on the treasury for getting them. This state of dependence on the treasury continued during the struggle with Charles the First; but, in the year sixteen hundred and forty-nine the auditors were empowered by the committee of public revenue, sitting at Westminster, to call before them all such persons as had received any moneys upon imprests or otherwise, to pass their accounts according to the usual course of the exchequer. Fees were abolished by the same committee, and the two auditors were allowed a fixed salary of five hundred a-year each for themselves, as it was stated; and their clerks, including all charges for house-rent, pens, ink, paper, and parchment, and all other incidental expenses.

With the restoration of Charles the Second, the two auditors returned to the former system of

payment by fees, and dependence on the treasury — a practice which remained in force until the abolition of their duties sixty years since. The accounts had by that time increased so much, however, both in number and bulk, that each of the auditors was receiving not less, but even more than sixteen thousand a-year, and retired when the office was abolished upon an annuity of more than half that sum. Each auditor had his deputy and staff of six or seven clerks; and, as an example of the scale of remuneration to the auditors of the imprests, the account of the chief cashier of the Bank of England may be quoted; for the audit of which there was allowed a hundred pounds for every million of capital stock managed by that company. The fees paid for auditing the bank account for the year seventeen hundred and eighty-four exceeded twenty thousand pounds.

The first attempt by the House of Commons to establish a control over the grants of parliament, and to check the appropriation of supplies was made in sixteen hundred and sixty-seven; when it was determined by the house, that the money voted for the Dutch war should be applied only to the purposes of the war. Commissioners for this purpose were appointed by an act for taking the accompts; and, by these commissioners the strictest scrutiny was made, as is observed by Pepys, who was minutely ex-

amined before them on the expenditure of the navy. "That supplies granted by parliament are only to be expended for particular objects specified by itself, became," says Mr. Hallam, "from this time an undisputed principle recognised by frequent and, at length, constant practice." This may be considered the first establishment of a parliamentary audit; or, in other words, of an audit to a certain extent independent of the government. The commissioners specially appointed in subsequent reigns under various acts, to take and state the public accounts of the kingdom, were independent of the treasury, and generally consisted of persons who were not members of parliament. The functions of these commissioners interfered in no way with the duties of the auditors of the imprests.

As yet, except by these temporary commissions, there was no general scheme of control or superintendence over the whole of the public accounts; and the system of allowing the office which regulated and controlled the issue of public money the power of separately auditing the expenditure, remained in force. Money was issued by the treasury, without account, apart from the control of parliament. By degrees, however, fresh attempts were made to obtain comprehensive audit of all public accounts. With this object the office of the commissioners for auditing the public accounts was

created at the suggestion of Pitt after the American war, on the abolition of the two auditors of the imprests, sixty years ago. The board consisted then of five commissioners (two of them being comptrollers of army accounts,) paid at fixed salaries; fees for auditing accounts having been abolished by the same act which appointed them.

But even by these improvements no uniform plan of audit was obtained; for there still existed other offices independent of one another, and responsible to the treasury. They were the following: — auditor of the exchequer; auditor of the land revenue; auditor of excise; comptrollers of army accounts, and commissioners for the accounts of Ireland. Other offices subsequently arose out of the exigencies of war and other circumstances; namely, those of the commissioners for West India accounts, in eighteen hundred and six; and of the commissioners for colonial accounts, eight years later. The accounts of the subordinate officers of the army, navy, and ordnance were examined by the respective departments, to whom alone those officers were responsible, but no general account was made up for audit until twenty-two years ago in the case of the navy, and nine years ago in the case of the army and ordnance. Since that time an audited account of the appropriation of the votes of parliament for each service, and also for the

commissariat service, has been laid before the House of Commons by the commissioners of audit, under the act nine and ten Victoria, chapter ninety-two.

The disadvantage and expense attendant on a subdivided form of audit managed in so many unconnected offices — the want, in fact, of compact organisation, which is still felt more or less in all departments of the government — led from time to time to fresh consolidations. In the year eighteen hundred and thirteen one of the commissioners for auditing the public accounts was appointed auditor-general of accounts in the Peninsula. He returned from Lisbon six years afterwards, and his establishment was then reduced. The extraordinary expenditure arising out of the famine in Ireland, in eighteen hundred and forty-seven, rendered it necessary for the commissioners of audit to send two officers to Dublin, to examine the accounts of the relief commissioners during the progress of the expenditure. It was also at about the same time considered necessary by the government to appoint a special commission to sit in Dublin, to examine the accounts of the expenditure for the labouring poor in Ireland.

Various duties have from time to time been assigned to the commissioners for auditing the public accounts by the Lords of the Treasury, thereby making them general advisers of the govern-

ment in matters of account, in addition to their duties as auditors. The duty of making up and preparing an annual account of the transactions of the commissariat chest has also been assigned to the commissioners of audit, by treasury minute dating nine or ten years back. The Lords of the Treasury have expressed an opinion, that all accounts of the expenditure of public money should be audited by the commissioners for auditing the public accounts, and there are now not many exceptions to that rule.

The board of audit now consists of five commissioners; there were once nine. The chairman has a salary of fifteen hundred a-year; the four others, twelve hundred a-year each. They are appointed by the crown; but, with a view to secure their independence, the appointment is a patent one, and, having once been made, can only be revoked on an address from both Houses of Parliament to the Crown. The salaries of these national auditors are, for the same reason, settled as fixed charges upon the consolidated fund. Before entering on his duties, each commissioner swears that he will faithfully perform them; and he is, in his turn, authorised to administer to all subordinates oaths in assurance of their true and faithful demeanour in all things relating to the performance of the trust reposed in them. No audit commissioner can sit in

parliament. Down to the year last expired, the cost of the whole establishment was charged on the consolidated fund. But, with a view to the annual revision of the main expenses of the department by the House of Commons, it has now to be provided for by annual estimate and vote of that assembly. The estimate voted last year was nearly fifty thousand pounds. The cost of the department, including the salaries of the commissioners, being about fifty-four thousand a-year.

The board, attended by its secretary, meet at least three times a week for the transaction of the higher kind of business. But, in addition to board meetings, the commissioners divide themselves into committees of two, for the despatch of details not requiring general consideration. Each of these committees takes under its more immediate control one or two of the interior departments into which the work is distributed, and the heads of those departments attend, to bring before the committees to which they are subject, all questions of doubt and difficulty.

The establishment consists of a secretary with eight hundred a-year rising to a thousand; an inspector of naval and military accounts with six hundred a-year, rising to eight; ten inspectors with five hundred a-year rising to six hundred and fifty; fifteen first-class senior exami-

ners with four hundred a-year rising to five; one book-keeper, with four hundred a-year rising to five hundred and fifty; one supernumerary first-class senior examiner with four hundred a-year rising to five hundred; twenty second-class senior examiners, and two supernumeraries, all with salaries of three hundred rising to three hundred and fifty pounds; moreover thirty junior examiners and two supernumeraries whose salaries amount from a hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty pounds; finally, thirty assistant examiners and one supernumerary, whose salaries rise from ninety pounds a-year to one hundred and forty.

The patronage of these officers is with the treasury; but, with two exceptions, all enter in the lowest rank, as assistant examiners, and rise according to a rule laid down by the commissioners. The exceptions are the secretary and the inspectors in charge of naval and military accounts. These two officers receive a direct appointment from the treasury, and do not rise by gradations through the lower ranks. The whole establishment is divided into twelve branches or departments:—

1. The secretary's department. This conducts the general business of the board, such as the preparation of minutes, reports, correspondence, and is the department through which all the business transacted by the other

departments may be said to be filtered in its passage to the Board. The appropriation audit of the commissariat chest account, for presentation to parliament, is compiled under the secretary's superintendence. This leading branch consists of the secretary, the book-keeper, the chief clerk, three senior second-class, and six assistant examiners.

2. Naval and military accounts.

3. Revenue accounts branch; for auditing the customs, post-office, inland revenue, and sheriffs' accounts.

4. The public debt and pay-office accounts branch. This takes cognisance of the accounts of the Bank of England, of the national debt, of the paymaster-general, the pay-master of the civil service in Ireland, and the queen and lord treasurer's remembrancer in Scotland.

5. The woods and works account branch.

6. The first section of the commissariat branch. This attends to commercial affairs at and beyond the Cape of Good Hope, namely, at the Cape and at Ceylon, Hong Kong, the Mauritius, New South Wales, New Zealand, South Australia, Western Australia, and Van Diemen's Land.

7. The second section of the commissariat branch. This deals with the business of the commissariat on this side of the Cape.

8 and 9. Are formed by a like division into two sections of the colonial account branch.

10. The police and prisons branch. Attends to the accounts of the London and Dublin police, the Irish constabulary, county-courts, the convict service, and all prisons.

11 and 12. Are the first and second section of the miscellaneous account branch. The business of the first includes the accounts of all poor-law commissions, of Irish lunatic asylums, hospitals and infirmaries, of the board of trade, the diplomatic and the secret service. The other section of this branch takes cognisance of all other small accounts of the public service, some thirty or forty in number, and is manned with one inspector, one senior first-class, two senior second-class, three junior and two assistant examiners, and one temporary clerk.

The number of persons in the establishment averages one hundred and fifty persons. The temporary clerks receive according to their standing, from five to eleven shillings a-day. The retiring allowances are the same as in other departments of the civil service.

Against every one who receives public money a charge of the amount imprested to him is entered on the books of the audit board, and the board then calls on the receiver to discharge himself of the sum — first, by showing proper vouchers for the

money he has spent, and then by proof that he was duly authorised to spend it.

When the examination of an account is completed at the audit office, the commissioners make what is called a "state of the account," which briefly includes the charge and discharge. This they transmit to the treasury, which, if satisfied therewith, grants a warrant to prepare it for declaration. The state of the account so warranted is then made into a declared account, declared by the commissioners of audit, and signed by the chancellor of the exchequer. A record of it is entered at the treasury; but it is in the audit office that the document is finally deposited. The fact is then notified to the accountant. If there is no balance in his hands, the account is pronounced even and quit. If there be a balance, it is notified that the charge against the accountant is so much and the discharge so much, and the accountant is declared to be indebted to the amount of whatever the balance may be. This is the accountant's formal acquittance to the extent stated. On the other side, for balances improperly detained in the accountant's hands the board of audit has power to charge him interest; and both it and the treasury have large and prompt remedies at law against all debtors to the crown.

The duties and powers of the audit office are partially enacted

by various statutes, and partly the result of treasury orders. In those of its duties for which authority is derived by statute the audit board acts independently of the treasury, and will not admit of its interference; but in all other respects the audit board is subject to the treasury as its superior power. At present, the laws under which the board acts are confused and dispersed; but it is intended shortly to consolidate and bring them all into one general statute. It is probable that these changes will tend to render the audit board more independent of the treasury than it now is.

THE OLD BOAR'S HEAD.

IN no history of London that has ever been written, from the remote time of the old author, Fitz-Stephen, up to that of our present Peter Cunningham, has the gradual downfall of any ancient house been so minutely described as that of the Old Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap, by Shakspeare. GOLDSMITH and WASHINGTON IRVING have, each in his own delightful way, treated of the Old Boar's Head. Let me follow its decline and fall, through Shakspeare.

It was, and for years had been, a respectable and well-to-do house at the time Prince Hal and his boon companions frequented it; for the host, Quickly, was a thorough man of business, and

had everybody's good word, even that of his wife; but after his death there was a great change for the worse, and, in the end, utter ruin. Falstaff and his followers got into the widow's debt. He borrowed money of her, and even got her to sell her goods and chattels; introduced such characters as Doll Tear-sheet into the house, promised to marry her, then went off into the country to beat about for recruits, and when he returned found her in prison. The character of the old tavern sank lower and lower; a man was killed during a brawl in the house; Widow Quickly took in common lodgers; married that bouncing, cowardly, "swaggering rascal," Pistol. Then Falstaff died in it. Her new husband left her and went to the wars; and finally she died in the hospital.

It stood in a commanding situation — the high road from the Tower to Westminster. All the royal processions — and there were a many in its palmy days — passed the door of the Old Boar's Head, before turning into Grasschurch Street, and on to the Conduit and Standard on Cornhill. Behind it and near at hand was the river, old London Bridge, Billingsgate, with its fishermen and watermen, who had only to step a few yards up the gradual ascent, and in at the back door of the tavern to obtain whatever they pleased to call for, from those obliging drawers, Tom, Dick, and Francis; and from the

latter they were sure to obtain a civil "Anon, anon, sirs," however busy he might be. Nor was it any great distance from Leadenhall Market, where the artificers worked who prepared the pageants; and these, we may be sure, often dropped in to pick up what news they could from the followers of the Prince, and to ascertain when they were likely to have a job to repaint the Nine Worthies, silver the angels, and gild the dragons, which had been but little used during the reign of Richard the Second, who passed the old tavern when he was led a prisoner to the Tower by Hal's father, the ambitious Bolingbroke. Host Quickly was a man of business, and would never lose an opportunity of contributing to these pageants, and of showing his loyalty — whoever might be king — by throwing over the balustrades of his gallery the tapestry that decorated his dining chambers, which would hang down as low as the "red-lattice," where Bardolph often stood to cool his nose, which was of the same colour as the painted casement. He would not even allow his business to be interrupted by so coveted a customer as Prince Hal; for when he and Poins were both calling the drawer at the same time, and simple sugar-stick-loving Francis stood amazed, not knowing which way to go, Host Quickly stepped up with a brief sharp "What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within." Then as if he had not seen their mad pranks with the drawer, he politely acquainted the Prince that Falstaff and some half-dozen more are at the door, and asked if it was his pleasure that they should be let in. Such a man was sure to get on, and deserved the encouragement he received; for, the Prince when speaking of him to Dame Quickly, said, "I love him well; he is an honest man." And when Falstaff complained of having had his pocket picked in the tavern, he indignantly said, "the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before." He allowed no Doll Tear-sheets, or swaggering Pistols, or butchers' wives to come in and "borrow vinegar," hang about the tavern, or be familiar with his wife, while he was alive; but made the Old Boar's Head one of the most respectable houses in the City of London, while his wife was known far and wide as "a most sweet wench," and was compared, by Hal himself, no mean authority, to the "honey of Hybla." His Pomegranate-room was always kept a rich warm orange colour, where, by the winter fire, such guests as Smooth the silkman loved to congregate; while the Halfmoon-parlour had a cool look in the hottest day of summer, with its silver white walls; and in the Dolphin-chamber you might sit for the long hour together, and admire the tapestry, on which Arion sat on the sea-green monster's back, while the waves

looked almost as natural as those which were ever rolling about the confined arches of old London Bridge. No marvel that such a man had parcel-gilt cups, plate of every description, rooms hung with arras, and "noblemen of the court at the door." He lived in days when the City was the West-end, and the neighbourhood of the Tower was covered with the mansions of the nobility; and many of those, no doubt, like Prince Hal, "loved him well," and knew him to be an "honest man," though he did occasionally, like the hosts of the present day, adulterate his liquors, and put "lime in his sack." He died before Prince Hal ascended the throne, and, though the heir-apparent still used the house occasionally, the Old Boar's Head was never again what it had been during the lifetime of Mine Host Quickly.

After his death there was a great change in the Old Boar's Head. Falstaff, who seldom let slip the opportunity of ingratiating himself in the good graces of Dame Quickly, even in her husband's lifetime, called her his "tristful queen," when enacting the part of the king before Prince Hal, and other ways complimented her on many similar occasions; and now he not only lived at "rack and manger" himself, but quartered his lawless followers on the too-easy widow. After his exploits at Shrewsbury, about which he used to tell as many untruths as he formerly had told of

the men in buckram at Gadshill, he sat where he liked, and not only called for what he pleased without paying for it, but getting the fond foolish woman into the Dolphin-chamber, he would, while sitting at the round table, at a sea-coal fire, borrow her money, and talk about marrying her, then spend it before her face on such disreputable characters as Doll Tear-sheet. Then she became irritable, maudlin, and fond to foolishness; at one hour abusing him, the next sueing him for what he owed her, and almost in the same breath offering to pawn her very gown to support him in his extravagance: though at the same time, as she said, "he was eating her out of house and home." Worse than all, she sat down and drank with the disreputable company Falstaff brought to the tavern, talked sad nonsense over her cups about what Master Tisick the deputy and Master Dumb the minister said of her honesty and respectability; and this to the very persons who made her house infamous. As for Falstaff, instead of pitying and protecting her, he added insult to injury; spoke of her before the chief justice as having become distraught, said that she had been in "good case" once, but that poverty had distracted her; and then before that dignitary's face took the poor fond weak-minded creature aside, and persuaded her to pawn her plate and arras, which he told her was only "bed-hangings and

fleabitten tapestry," and that any "slight drollery" in water-works was worth a thousand of these ancient heirlooms; while glass was better than those parcel-gilt cups, which had so long been the pride of the Old Boar's Head. The master's eye was no longer there to overlook; the master-mind that reduced all to order was gone. Smooth the silkman would fight shy of the house, for the rumoured change would soon reach Lombard Street. Tisick the deputy would shun it. Dumb the minister, after a few sharp remonstrances, in which Falstaff would laugh him to scorn, would cross over the way whenever he went past; and even Keech the butcher's wife would steal in at the back door, for but few of the female neighbours would care to claim acquaintanceship with a woman who drank canary with Mistress Tear-sheet; and was continually having the city-watch at her door to quell some brawl. Francis the drawer had, no doubt, long before things came to this pass, taken Prince Hal's advice, shown his indentures a fair pair of heels, and left some other to cry "Anon, anon, sir," through the deafening clinking of pewter. The plate was melted, the tapestry pawned; the Pomegranate-room was the colour of a November fog, the Half-moon parlour a dead dirty white. Arion and his dolphin had gone — having been carried off and sold. The green ceiling, which gave such a cool sea-like look to the apartment,

was peeling off; the quaintly-carved mantel-piece clogged with dust; and instead of that look of cleanliness which gave such a charm to the Old Boar's Head, nothing would be seen but neglect, decay, and dirt. Falstaff, as he told Shallow, still saw old Jane Nightwork; she was then very old, and it could only have been as charwoman at the tavern in East-cheap where he met her; for, the Windmill in St. George's Fields went to the dogs after old John Nightwork died. And now old Jane went out to clean, ate broken victuals in the scullery, and ran errands, perhaps for Doll Tear-sheet, hunting up Sneak the street musician when he was wanted, or running for Fang to arrest some customer who kicked up a disturbance, and refused to pay his reckoning. "Oh, what a falling off was there!"

The large chair in which Falstaff sat to enact the part of king, when he drank a cup of sack to make his eyes look red, before rebuking Prince Hal, was by this time either broken up or sold. The cushion which he placed on his head for a crown, had long lain under one of the benches; and many a cur had coiled itself up, and slept on it for hours together unheeded. Bardolph's nose now stood boldly out in its fiery crimson from the weather-stained and unpainted lattice; and as for Nell, as Mistress Quickly was too familiarly called, she would sit neglecting her business, sipping with Doll Tear-

sheet, and telling her "that she had known Falstaff twenty-nine years come peascod-time; and that an honester or truer-hearted man never lived." Jack meantime, with Nym and Pistol, were having the run of the house, while that villainous boy was ever plaguing Bardolph about his nose; and the poor old man, the truest friend Falstaff had, and who had served him faithfully "forty years," would sit apart, and sigh over the good old times which had departed never to return again: sometimes saying to his master, "you cannot live long," though such kindly warnings were unheeded by the gormandising knight: while as for Nell Quickly she sat with closed eyes, and went drifting headlong to ruin.

Lower and lower fell the character of the Old Boar's Head; almost every hour of the day and night would the maudlin widow, in hopes of quelling the riot, brawling, and drunkenness, "for-swear keeping house, rather than be in those tirrits and frights." Falstaff and Bardolph were "on his Majesty's service" in the country, making all the money they could for themselves, out of the Mouldys and Bullcalfs they were enlisting, and living on the fat of the land, in Gloucestershire, with Justice Shallow: while at home those thorough-paced rascals, Pistol and Nym, were quarrelling for the hand of Dame Quickly, like wreckers over a salvage. The old tavern had now become a

common lodging-house, "there had been a man or two killed in it," and it had become dangerous to go into the place. A watch was set about the dark courts and alleys which lay around the spot, especially such as led to the foot of the bridge, for there were suspicious whisperings afloat, dark hints of foul play, and dead bodies that had been thrown into the river, to shoot the bridge, and be drawn by the boiling eddies deep down, never more to arise until the sound of Doom. The gallery from which Quickly used to hang out his tapestry on gala-days, was now broken and dangerous, and looked as if it would, at any hour, topple down upon the heads of the passengers below; the round table which stood on it and had formerly been the ornament of the Dolphin-chamber, was covered with dust and the marks of muddy ale, while one broken leg was spliced with unsightly rope, the work of some waterman. Low fellows, employed on the wharves and river, porters, costardmongers, and fishmongers, and such as plied in the streets, now occupied it, playing at shovel-grote, drinking, and quarrelling all day long, and insulting every passenger in the street. Doors were hanging half-off the hinges, balustrades were broken, windows patched and stopped up with paper and rags, behind which sat women — even a grade lower than Doll Tear-sheet, who had run her race, and was then in the hospital. It was

a bad house, shunned by every one who respected himself, and only frequented by those who had no character to lose. Nym and Pistol, when not quarrelling were gambling, then disputing about their bettings; and, though both arrant cowards, threatening to "scour their rapiers" on each other, then compounding in money and drink; and patching up a hollow peace, while Dame Quickly was ever threatening to shut up the house. Even she had been dragged off to prison to account for the death of some customer, and what little she possessed had gone to obtain her liberty. After this, she fell so low, that she married Pistol: a fellow whom Doll had many a time called "cut-purse cheat, and juggler." And, now, she could no longer lift up her head, and say with pride, as when Quickly was alive, "I am an honest man's wife;" for, a greater cur, and a more thorough-grained rogue than Pistol, had never set foot on the causeway of Eastcheap.

Last scene of all — amid all this vice, wretchedness, poverty, and misery — poor, broken-hearted Falstaff, was one day brought in from the Fleet prison, by Bardolph, to die. Prince Hal was now king, and had not only shaken off all his old companions, but had threatened them with punishment, if they came a-near him. Poor Jack was lying upstairs in a dilapidated chamber, on a bed, the hangings of which, had long before been sold by

Nell, to supply him with money. On that April day, when his old boon companion rode by on his way from the Tower, to be crowned king at Westminster, Bardolph, his nose paler than in former days, stood on the broken balcony, and sighed as the procession passed, while he thought of his kind old master, dying neglected within. Even the young king, after raising his eyes for a moment to glance at the house where he had held so many of his mad merrymakings, seemed saddened when he beheld its altered condition; nor did he raise his head again, until his attention was roused by the surrounding nobles, to the gaudy pageant which stretched across Grass-church Street.

There was a smell of May in the "simple market of Bucklersbury," and whenever Falstaff sat amid the buzzing of flies in his stifling chamber, "babbling of green fields," thither faithful Bardolph would go, if he could either beg, or borrow, a groat, and purchase flowers to deck and sweeten his apartment; for, they set the poor invalid talking of the summer-arbour in which he had eaten last year's pippins with Shallow, and of the pleasant head-lands that were then waving with red wheat. And now his clothes were a world too wide for him; he could have buckled that villainous boy within his belt, who had no pity for him, but when he complained of feeling cold, would with a grin, bid

Bardolph "put his nose between the sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan." The low lodgers were ever running in and out, slamming the doors all day long. Pistol was constantly quarrelling with Nym, and his own wife, and begrudging every little kindness she showed to Falstaff; and she, in her half-crazed way, muddled with drink, and ill-clad, would, every now and then, come hurrying in, with her hair hanging about her face; fond, foolish, and maudlin; telling him how she should never be happy any more, since she couldn't have him; and he, feeling that he had brought her to that state, would sit and wish that he had his life to live over again, while he vowed within himself, if such a thing could be, how differently he would act. Sometimes Sneak, the street musician, would half madden him, by the horrible noise he made, while playing to the drunken guests in the broken balcony: and old Jane Nightwork, would be constantly moving about him in her dirt and ugliness. Sometimes he would repeat to himself the words Prince Hal uttered, when he thought he was dead, while lying beside Percy on the battle-field of Shrewsbury, and say with a sigh, "I could have better spared a better man." Then Nell would bid him be of good cheer, and as he "fumbled with the sheets, and played with the flowers," would, poor simple soul, try to amuse him, by telling him of the mad

pranks he and Hal played in her younger days, unconscious that the awakening of such recollections pierced him like the wound of a dagger. All those hollow friends, who had buzzed about him like summer flies in the sunshine of his prosperity, had now forsaken him, leaving only Nell and Bardolph behind, while the nose of the latter paled and grew sharper, through weary vigils, and affectionate offices, smoothing his pillow, straightening his white hair, and holding the sack-cup to his lips. When he expired, true-hearted Bardolph, with the tears in his eyes, exclaimed — "Would, I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell." A godless prayer, which the accusing angel would see recorded with a sigh, for there must have been something loveable about poor Jack, to have awakened such a wish.

They would bury him in the old City churchyard, at the foot of the bridge, for he would be too heavy a corpse to carry far. Bardolph and Nell would be chief mourners at the funeral, though Nym and Pistol would make some pretended show of grief. Even by the grave-side, that evil boy would keep on jesting about Bardolph's nose; and the good-natured fellow, who had served Falstaff faithfully for near forty years, would answer, that "the fuel was gone that maintained that fire," for his drink "was all he riches he got in his service."

Keech the butcher's wife, and Smooth the silkman, would, in remembrance of the many merry dinners he and the deceased had enjoyed at the Lubber's-head in Lombard Street, follow; and Dumbleton, who would not — with Bardolph for security — trust him satin enough to make a cloak, would be a looker-on. Dumb, the minister, would read the solemn burial service, and between the pauses would be heard the roaring of the river, as it rushed through the narrow arches of old London Bridge. Old Jane Nightwork, in her shabby attire, would mingle with the assembled crowd. Then the funeral procession would return, and that would be the last time a respectable company assembled in the Old Boar's Head.

On an after day, Henry the Fifth would ride by, with the plaudits of assembled thousands ringing in his ears, after the great victory he had won at Agincourt. Perhaps he would look at the old house, as he passed, then shut up, and in ruins, and would think of his old hostess, who had died in the hospital — of Falstaff, who slept his long sleep in the green churchyard by the river-side — of the happy days, when he played the part of drawer, within those decaying walls — and sigh for the sound sleep he enjoyed there, before he found his kingly crown a

Polished perturbation, golden care,
That kept the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night,

and bringing troubles he never dreamed of while he was called “a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,” by every drawer in the Old Boar's Head.

ROUTINE.

WHAT is this ROUTINE, of which we hear so many loud complaints? It is merely a fixed order of managing the details of any business, and is not only harmless, but useful in its proper subordinate place. Then what do we mean by stupid, mischievous, fatal Routine. The greatest disorder carried on under an appearance of order; the culture of forms with a neglect of realities; the employment of means without a reference to the end; the part setting up itself as independent of the whole to which it belongs; the automaton imitating the work of the living, thinking man; these are so many contributions to a full definition of bad routine. It is the work of grave fools employed

“In dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up.”

He was an old routinier who locked the stable-door, after the horse had been stolen. Another of the same family started a slow-coach to compete with the rail. Routine, when he wears the black gown, goes on mumbling to Thirteenthly, while the congregation snores. In other characters, he plays the organ while nobody blows the bellows;

marches up the hill in order to march down again; fixes pumps where there is no water; sinks shafts where there is no coal; serves out rations of beef to vegetarians; and has always a good supply of heavy clothing, and Witney blankets ready for hot weather.

The ancestry of Routine is respectable, and may generally be traced to some relationship with reality. As an example — it is said that among the Mongol Tatars, prayers are offered to Buddha by means of small wheels placed across streams, and turned by the water. So many turns; so many prayers! The devout routinier sets his little wheel in motion, then smokes his pipe, or goes to sleep, and wakes with a consciousness of having prayed so long. Most probably, in earlier times, the water-wheel served as a rosary, or as an accompaniment to some real act of piety. The reality was forgotten; the form, or routine, remained. Would the reader understand how the kernel may perish while the shell is carefully hoarded; how the life, the informing spirit may depart, and leave in good preservation all the red tape, parchment, and other integuments of the body; let him read our simple parable of the Water Carriers.

THE WATER CARRIERS.

In the land of Routine — a rather extensive region — the

people had long suffered from a scarcity of pure water, and it was well-known that diseases and deaths were caused by drinking from polluted streams. To remedy the evil, a few benevolent and laborious explorers devoted themselves to the work of bringing down pure water from a neighbouring hilly country. The results of their enterprise were hailed with the greatest delight, and men, women, and children, who were dying of thirst, revived when they caught a glimpse of the sparkling fluid. The original water-carriers were decked with badges and honoured as saviours of the people; while the yokes and buckets used in the first journey to the springs were preserved among national trophies.

Thus the original Guild of Water Carriers was founded. It became numerous and powerful, and, in the course of time, made great improvements in its resources. Instead of the simple means first used, pipes and cisterns were laid down, to conduct water from the hills into the dwelling of every man in the land, and reasonable rates for the use of these advantages were cheerfully paid by the people. The water company was, indeed, the chief organ of life, industry, and progress all over the country.

But when public spirit had declined, and indolence had followed success, the members of the guild began to regard

their own welfare as something separate from that of the people. They preserved their badges, made a parade of the original buckets, and asserted their own exclusive right of supplying water throughout the land of Routine. Meanwhile, they allowed their works to fall into a ruinous condition. Fountains were choked, pipes burst, and cisterns became leaky; but the old rates for expenses of buckets, badges, and other insignia of the guild were still levied; and, indeed, increased in amount, proportionately as the supply of water diminished. The so-called watermen, extended their organisation, and appointed each other as chief overseers, surveyors of cisterns, inspectors of pipes, and other officials, too numerous to be mentioned. They met together, dined, made speeches on the fine qualities of their water, and defined the proper shapes and sizes of buckets. As they enjoyed wealth and leisure, they became scientific and metaphysical; they analysed water, discussed the conditions of its purity, and found that the most essential was, that it should be supplied by the men who wore the badges. They instituted a course of lectures on buckets, held discussions on the modes of wearing the badge; and, at last, carried their refinements so far as to assert, that the people wanted, not more water, but a grand, original, decorated water-company. So, in talk, at least,

there was a plentiful supply of the fluid. It was —

“Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink!”

But, while the guild was flourishing, the people were again suffering from thirst, and drinking from muddy streams. Several adventurers went out to find the pure fountains in the hilly country. They were simple, practical men, rather rudely dressed, without badges; and, having no permission to use the original buckets, they carried the precious fluid in all kinds of vessels — rude crockery, tins, pans — anything that would hold water. These irregularities offended the brethren of the guild, who commenced actions of trespass against the adventurers, criticised the new buckets, laughed at the inelegant shapes of the crockery, and cited several cases of extremely old people, who had died some few years after drinking the heterodox water.

It would be unfair to represent that the old routiniers had been altogether idle and indifferent during the time of general distress from drought. It is true, they did not mend their pipes and cisterns; but they found employment of another kind. Beside their common quarrel with the Irregular Watermen, they had among themselves a family-feud between the two parties of Blue and Yellow, so named from the colours of their respective empty buckets; and it unfortunately happened that, just in

the time of the great drought, this quarrel had become curiously complicated and highly interesting. On the outside of the Guild Hall, nothing could be heard but loud complaints of the want of water, and the ruinous condition of the aqueducts: while, in the chamber, the blue and yellow controversy seemed interminable. In the street it was common to see some irregular watermen, stopping a routinier to inquire if anything had been done for the works, and the latter would reply by giving the latest news of a sub-division among the yellows. By some chance, an irregular man gained admission to the hall, and asked the president to fix a time when the state of the public waterworks would be considered. The president — a jocular old gentleman — replied, that that question must be postponed *sine die*, or until the "yellow buckets shall have ended their dispute;" and he added, with a smile, "Though now in good health and spirits, I can hardly hope to survive that day." The complaints of the people at last compelled the guild to go through the form of a discussion on the state of the waterworks; but it was so managed as to lead to nothing more than the old question of blue and yellow. The dwellers in the Land of Routine rose in the morning, after the grand debate, and eagerly perused their papers, hoping to find some plan for mending pipes and cisterns; but

they found nothing better than a blue speech of five columns — all about yellow buckets!

Here ends our parable; for it describes the present state of the water-question in the Land of Routine. If any reader doubts it, let him visit the country (it is not far off), and there, in the time of sultry weather, he will see the broken pipes and leaking cisterns; while, among these ruins, he will observe how numerous are "the true original" (but very dry) watermen, who wear badges, carry empty buckets, and go about declaiming against all irregular proceedings.

THE TERRACES.

IN a certain colony, the land was arranged in terraces, or as steps, one rising a few feet above another. The base was a level, having a subsoil of clay, which received the drainage from the terraces, and was, consequently, very unwholesome. The safety of the whole colony depended on the firmness of the dikes or embankments, which held back an immense body of water, and in old times had been so well constructed that it was supposed they would last for ever.

Each terrace was occupied by a certain class of settlers: the people on the Clay Level lived in mean cottages; above them, the settlers on the first platform, styled Comfort Terrace, inhabited rather small but convenient houses, and were mostly employed in trade. On the higher

ground, Golden Terrace had its mansions, gardens, carriage-roads, and other signs of opulence. Above, Rank Terrace was, in reality, not better than the golden platform; but its occupiers were allowed to wear certain badges, greatly coveted by the Goldeners. On the highest platform, Government Terrace, by its august symbols of power and dignity, cast a shade over all inferior grandeur.

It was the main feature of society throughout the colony, that, on every terrace, the residents visited among themselves, refused to associate with the lower orders, and industriously strove to find certain zigzag paths up to the next higher platform. Upward — ever upward! This was the constant movement of the terrace-people — from Comfort to Gold, from Gold to Rank, and from this (by a very easy flight of stairs) to Government Terrace. Everywhere, it was a point of etiquette to avoid allusions to the Clay Level — excepting some special occasions, when it was recognised as an inevitable nuisance. But, in almost every country, we find some remarkable anomaly in the customs of society. In the terrace-colony there was a strange ceremony, now and then performed by the higher classes, when they descended from their terraces, entered the cottages of the dwellers on Clay Level, shook hands with the lower orders, fondled their dirty children, and distributed

sums of money. It was a farce, acted in commemoration of certain institutions otherwise forgotten.

In ordinary times the terrace-people were all so busy in climbing, or finding out the zigzag paths leading upward, that they almost forgot the fact that, in former ages, the dikes had been sometimes broken down by inundations, and had required for their repair the labour of every man in the colony. Once, there had been a spade in every house; but on the terraces the rude implement had been exchanged for a tiny toy-spade, made of gold or silver, and tied as a badge to a button-hole.

Meanwhile, the higher people boasted of the glorious constitution of the dikes which were leaking at their foundations. The water, flowing through subterraneous channels, found its way down to the Clay Level, and made that district very unwholesome. For a time, this served only as a stimulant to the climbing process. Every one endeavoured to go upward, as far as possible, from the malaria of the swampy land. But the water rose, higher, and still higher, until the people of Comfort Terrace began to complain of their damp houses. Up from Clay Level to Golden Terrace rose the stream of stagnant pools, and even Rank complained of an oppressive quality of the air. Then came plans of reform; but the little silver spades could do no-

thing. Many theories were propounded. Waterproof floors were laid down for the comfort of the higher classes, "But," said one, "it is not the rising of the water that hurts us; it is the bad evaporation from the Clay Level." — "We must pump back the water into the Level," said another. A coal-merchant recommended large fires; a practical man, who hated all new and comprehensive measures, advocated mops! "Let it come, and mop it up as it comes!" said this genius. Another man, of a merry disposition, declared that the evil was partly imaginary. A melancholy man asserted, that it was, like many other grievances, simply inevitable. Many, however, traced symptoms to their causes, and complained that "the dikes had been neglected;" but the complainants had formerly voted in favour of the scheme of setting aside the real workmen with the real spades, and giving the custody of the dikes into the hands of the idlers on Rank Terrace, who wore silver-spades at their button-holes. The question of the dike-system could hardly be mooted without recalling unpleasant recollections; for example: that A. B. and C., on Comfort Terrace, had voted for the infant son of D. on Rank Terrace, when he was appointed as Grand Dike Conservator and High Guardian of the Silver Spade. All the terraces had combined in enacting a law, that none of the men of Clay Level, however well they

might handle real spades, should meddle with the structure of the dikes.

In the neighbourhood of the colony, there lived an eccentric, old hermit — a student of geology—who loved to pore beneath the surfaces of things. From time to time, he had sent warnings to the dwellers on the terraces, telling them that the embankments were in an unsound condition; but his theories had been commonly rejected as too wide and impracticable. In the present emergency, he repeated his admonitions: "Your plan of separate interests on your several terraces," said he, "is very pretty, and the silver spades are neat decorations; but — the dikes are leaking! Their repair requires the united efforts of the whole colony. Forget Comfort Terrace, Golden Terrace, and Rank Terrace. Ask not on what platform a man may dwell; but demand, as the great qualification in every public officer, that he shall handle well *a real spade*. Throw away the silver toys, with the ribbons and other trumpery, and march away — shoulder to shoulder — fine broad-cloth and fustian, to the repair of the dikes; or, as surely as water finds its level, you will be all drowned!" — "He is a revolutionist!" said the men of Rank Terrace; and the old man's counsel was rejected.

So the leak continued, growing wider and wider, from day to day, and sapping the foundations of the dike. There it stood under-

mined, wearing away, trembling with every pulsation of the great mass of water, until, at last, it fell, and down came the roaring flood, covering the Clay Level and dashing wave after wave, higher and higher, on the terraces. Now, from Comfort, Gold and Rank Terraces the people ran to the old hermit, begging for advice. But his calm admonition was changed to bitter mockery. "Why come to me?" said he, "it is too late for philosophy. Words can do nothing now. But never despair! Pull your pretty little silver spades from your button-holes, and stop the inundation!"

MR. PHILIP STUBBES.

The new palace at Westminster is a very magnificent building, in (I am quite willing to believe Sir Charles Barry), the purest style of Gothic architecture; and the large, not to say extravagant, sums of money which have been, and will be for the next half-century or so, expended in its erection, speak highly for the wealth and resources of this favoured empire. The Horse Guards Blue, also, are a splendid body of men. I scarcely know what to admire most in their equipment: their black horses with the long tails, their bright helmets — likewise with long tails — their jack-boots, or their manly moustachios. Among the officers of this superb corps are to be found, I have been told, some of the

brightest ornaments of our juvenile aristocracy. But, admiring them, I cannot quite withhold my meed of admiration for the Queen's beefeaters — for the Royal coachman, the Royal footmen, the Royal outriders, and the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. In all these noble and expensively-dressed institutions, I am proud to recognise signs of the grandeur and prosperity of my country. Likewise in the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, the Lord Mayor's barge and the Lord Mayor's court; the loving cup, the Old Bailey black cap, the Surrey Sessions, St. George's Hall at Liverpool, the Manchester Athenæum, the Scott Monument at Edinburgh, special juries, the Board of Health, and the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. What a pity it is that, in the face of all these grand and flourishing establishments, there should be an inevitable necessity for the existence of Model Prisons, Reformatories, Ragged Schools, Magdalen Hospitals, and Administrative Reform Associations! What a pity it is that, with our fleets and armies that cost so many millions of money, and look — and are — so brave and serviceable, there should be incompetent commanders, ignorant administrators, and imbecile subordinates!

How many other pities need to be recounted to show that we are in a bad way? Need we turn to the collective wisdom assembly, the house of Parler and Mentir,

with its feeble jokes, logic-chopping, straw-splitting, tape-tying, tape-untying to tie again; double-shuffling, word-eating, quipping-quirking, and wanton-wileing? Need we notice the recurrence of that, to me, fiendishly-insolent word "laughter," that speckles parliamentary debates like a murrain? Are we not in a bad way while we have Chancery suits sixty years old, and admirals and generals on active service, eighty? Are we not in a bad way when working people live in styres like hogs, and, with little to eat themselves, have always a knife and fork laid (by the chief butler, Neglect) for the guest who may be expected to dine with them from day to day — the cholera? Is it not to be in a bad way to be at war, to pay double income tax, to be afflicted with a spotted fever in the shape of gambling that produces a delirium — sending divines from their pulpits to stockjobbing, and turning English merchants and bankers, whose integrity was once proverbial, into cheats and swindlers? Surely, too, it must be a bad way to be in, to see religion painted upon banners, and temperance carted about like a wild-beast show, and debauchery in high places; to have to give courts and church, arts and schools, laws and learning, youth and age, the lie; and as the old balladist sings in the "Soul's Errand,"

"If still they should reply,
Then give them still the lie."

But bad as is the state of things now-a-days, it was an hundred times worse, I opine, in the days of the six acts, the fourpenny stamp, the resurrection men, the laws that were made for every degree, and so hanged people for almost every degree of crime. It was worse when there were penal enactments against Catholics, and arrests by mesne process. It was worse before steam, before vaccination, before the Habeas Corpus, before the Reformation; it was certainly an incomparably more shocking state of things in the days of Mr. Philip Stubbes.

And who was Mr. Philip Stubbes? Dames and gentles, he flourished circa Anno Domini fifteen eighty-five, in what have been hitherto, but most erroneously, imagined to be the palmy days, of Queen Elizabeth. Lamentable delusion! There never could, according to Mr. Stubbes, have existed a more shocking state of things than in the assumed halcyon age of Good Queen Bess. For what, save a profound conviction of the wickedness and immorality of the age, could have moved our author to write and publish, in the year eighty-five, that famous little twelvemo volume called — *The Anatomie of Abuses: being a Discourse or Brief Summarie of such Notable Vices and Corruptions as now raigne in many Christian Countreys in the Worlde: but (especially) in the Countrey of Ailgna: Together*

with most Fearful Examples of God's Judgements, executed upon the Wicked for the same, as well in Ailgna of late as in other Places elsewhere. Very Godlye: To be read of all True Christians everywhere, but most chiefly to be regarded in England. Made Dialoguewise. By Philip Stubbes.

Ailgna, it need scarcely be said, is England, and the abuses, vices, and corruptions anatomised and denounced are all English. Mr. Stubbes must have been a man of some courage, both moral and physical, for he has not hesitated to attack, not only the vices and follies of the day, but also some very ticklish matters of religion and government. That he did so with impunity is to be presumed as we hear nothing of the Anatomie of Abuses having been made a Star Chamber matter, or that Mr. Stubbes ever suffered in his own anatomy by stripes or imprisonment, the "little ease," the scavenger's daughter, the pillory, the loss of ears, or the loss of money by fine.

I must state frankly, that I have not been wholly disinterested in adverting to Mr. Stubbes in this place. Something like envy, something resembling democratic indignation, prompted me to make the old Elizabethan worthy a household word; for, Stubbes is very scarce. He has never, to my knowledge, been reprinted, and none but the rich can possess an original copy of the Anatomie

of Abuses. He sells — musty little twelvemo as he is — for very nearly his weight in gold; and it was the fact of a single Stubbes having fetched, a month since, at the sale of the Bakerian collection of rare books and autographs, no less a sum than nine pounds ten shillings sterling, that induced me to hie instanter to the reading-room of the British Museum; to search the catalogue anxiously; to find Stubbes triumphantly; to anatomise his Anatomie gaily, and with a will. May the shadow of the British Museum library never be less! I don't care for the defective catalogue; I can suffer the attacks of the Museum flea; I have Stubbes; and Lord Viscount Dives can't have any more of him, save the power of tearing him up to light his pipe with. I don't envy Dives. My library is as good as his, with all its Turkey carpets, patent reading-desks, busts, and red morocco trimmings to the shelves.

The interlocutors or speakers in the Anatomie of Abuses in Ailgna are Philoponus and Spudeus. Spudeus, Philoponus, and Stubbes to boot, being long since gone the way of all twelvemo writers, I need not trouble my readers with what they severally said. A summary of the substance of their discourse will be sufficient. I may premise, however, that Spudeus opens the dialogue by wishing Philoponus good morrow: adding to his salutation the pithy, though scarce-

ly appropriate, apophthegm that "flying fame is often a liar." To which answers Philoponus, that he wishes Spudeus good morrow, too, with all his heart. The interchange of civilities being over, Philoponus informs his friend that he has been lately travelling in a certain island, once named Ainabla, after Ainatib, but now presently called Ailgna, and forthwith launches out into a tremendous diatribe on the abuses of that powerful but abandoned country.

Ailgna, says Stubbes, through his eidolon Philoponus, is a famous and pleasant land, im-mured about by the sea, as it were with a wall; the air is temperate, the ground fertile, the earth abounding with all things for man and beast. The inhabitants are a strong kind of people, audacious, bold, puissant, and heroical: of great magnanimity, valiancy, and prowess, of an incomparable feature, an excellent complexion, and in all humanity inferior to none under the sun. But there is a reverse to this flattering picture. It grieveth Stubbes to remember their licences, to make mention of their wicked ways; yet, unaccustomed as he is to public abuse, he must say that there is not a people more corrupt, lying, wicked, and perverse, living on the face of the earth.

The number of abuses in Ailgna is infinite, but the chief one is pride. The Ailgnan pride is tripartite: pride of the heart,

pride of the mouth, and pride of apparel; and the last, according to our anatomiser, is the deadliest, for it is opposite to the eye, and visible to the sight, and enticeth others to sin.

Stubbes says little about pride of the heart, which he defines as a rebellious elation, or lifting oneself up on high. The worthy old reformer, probably remembered, and in good time, that pride of heart was an abuse, slightly prevalent among the princes and great ones of the earth: among brothers of the sun and moon, and most Christian kings, and defenders of faiths they had trampled on, and sovereigns by the grace of the God they had denied. The good man held his tongue, and saved his ears. But, on pride of the mouth — in less refined Ailgnian, bragging — he is very severe. Such pride, he says, is the saying or crying aperto ore, with open mouth, "I am a gentleman, I am worshipful, I am honourable. I am noble, and I cannot tell what. My father did this. My grandfather did that. I am sprung of this stock, and I am sprung of that; whereas Dame Nature, Philoponus Stubbes wisely remarks, bringeth us all into the world after one sort, and receiveth us all again into the womb of our mother — the bowels of the earth — all in one and the same manner, without any difference or diversity at all." It is somewhat strange that with these healthy notions of equality, and contempt of mere

rank, Philoponus should condescend to dedicate his book to "the Right Honourable, and his very singular good Lord, Philip, Earl of Arundel," and that he should conclude his dedication in this fashion. "Thus, I cease to molest your sacred ears any more with my rude speeches, beseeching your good Lordship, not only to admit this, my book, into your honour's patronage and protection, but also to persist, the first defender thereof, against the swinish crew of railing Zoilus and flouting Momus, with their complies of bragging Thrasoes, and barking Phormicons, to whom it is easier to deprave all things than to amend themselves." Oh! loaves and fishes! Oh! mighty power of a Lord's name! Sacred ears! Oh! vanity of heart, and mouth, and dress, and Stubbes, and all things human!

Circe's cups and Medea's pots, Mr. Stubbes pertinently, but severely remarks, have made England drunken with pride of apparel. Not the Athenians, the Spaniards, the Hungarians (known, as they are, according to Mr. Ingoldsby, as the proud Hungarians), the Caldeans, the Helvetians, the Zuitzers, the Moscovians, the Cantabrigians, the Africanes, or the Ethiopians — (Mercy on us! what a salad of nations!) — no people, in short, under the zodiac of heaven have half as much pride in exquisite bravery of apparel, as the inhabitants of Ailgna. No people is

so curious in new fangles, wearing, merely because it is new, apparel most unhandsome, brutish, and monstrous. Other countries esteem not so much of silks, velvets, taffeties, or grograms, but are contented with carzies, frizes, and rugges. Nobles, Philoponus Stubbes maintains, may wear gorgeous attire, and he gives the why; magistrates may wear sumptuous dresses, and he gives the wherefore; but he complains bitterly that it is now hard to know who is noble, who is worshipful, who is a gentleman; for those that are neither of the nobility, gentry, or yeomanry, no, nor yet any magistrate or officer of the commonwealth (not even a beadle, I suppose), go daily in silks, satins, damasks, and taffeties, notwithstanding that they be both base by birth, mean by estate, and servile by calling. And this, Mr. Stubbes counts a great confusion in a Christian commonwealth.

Of a different opinion to Philip Philoponus Stubbes regarding exquisite bravery of apparel, was Michel Equihem, Seigneur of Montaigne, who, at about the same time that Stubbes was fulminating his anathemas against pride of dress in England, was writing his immortal essays in his quiet home in France. Montaigne deprecates sumptuary laws in general; but he would seek to discourage luxury, by advising kings and princes to adopt simplicity. "As long," he says, "as it is possible only for kings to eat

turbot, and for kings' sons to wear cloth of gold, turbot and cloth of gold will be in credit, and objects of envy and ambition. Let kings abandon these signs of grandeur. They have surely enough without them. Or if sumptuary laws be needed, let them remember how Zeleucus purified the corrupted manners of the Locrians. These were his ordinances: That no lady of condition should have her train held up, or be accompanied by more than one page or chambermaid, unless she happened to be drunk; that no lady should wear brocades, velvet, or pearls, unless she happened to be disreputable; and that no man should wear gold rings on his fingers or a velvet doublet on his back, unless he could prove himself to be a cheat and cut-throat. It is astonishing how plain the Locrians dressed after these edicts."

After descanting awhile upon Adam and Eve, their mean attire — Diogenes, his austerity — and a certain Grecian who, coming to court in his philosopher's weed (query, a German meerscham), was repulsed therefrom, Mr. Stubbes favours us with an excellent apophthegm, concerning another philosopher who was invited to a king's banquet, and wishing for a spittoon, and seeing no place of expectoration (for every place was hanged with cloth of gold, cloth of silver tinsel, arase, tapestry, and the like), coolly expectorated in the king's face, saying: "It is meet,

O king, that I spit in the plainest place!" After this, Mr. Stubbes, taking the apparel of Ailgna in degrees, discharges the vials of his wrath upon the "diverses kinds of hats."

Sometimes, he says, they use them sharp on the crown, peaking up like the shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crowns of their heads — some more, some less, as pleases the phantasy of their inconstant minds: others be flat and broad, like the battlements of a house. These hats have bands — now black, now white, now russet, now red, now green, now yellow, now this, now that — never content with one colour or fashion, two days to an end. "And thus," says Philip, "they spend the Lord, his treasure — their golden years and silver days in wickedness and sin," — and hats. Some hats are made of silk, some of velvet, taffety, sarsenet, wool, or a certain kind of fine hair fetched from beyond seas, whence many other kind of vanities do come besides. These they call beuer (beaver) hats, of many shillings price. And no man, adds Philip, with melancholy indignation, is thought of any account, unless he has a beuer or taffety hat, pinched and cunningly carved of the best fashion. Wore Philip Philoponus Stubbes such a tile, I wonder — beuer or taffety — when he went to pay his respects to the sacred ears of his singular good lord, the Earl of Arundel?

Feathers in hats are sternly denounced, as sterns of pride and ensigns of vanity — as fluttering sails and feathered flags of defiance to virtue. And there are some rogues (sarcastic Philip!) that make a living by dyeing and selling these cockscombs, and many more fools that wear them.

As to ruffs, Philip Philoponus roundly asserts that they are an invention of the Devil in the fulness of his malice. For in Ailgna, look you, they have great monstrous ruffs of cambric, lawn, holland or fine cloth — some a quarter of a yard deep — standing forth from their necks, and hanging over their shoulder points like a veil. But if Æolus, with his blasts (malicious Stubbess!) — or Neptune, with his storms, chance to hit upon the crazy bark of their bruised ruffs, then they go flip-flap in the wind, like rags that go abroad; or hang upon their shoulders like the dishclout of a slut (ungallant Philip!). This is a shocking state of things enough, but this is not all. The arch enemy of mankind, not content with his victory over the children of pride in the invention of ruffs, has malignantly devised two arches or pillars to underprop the kingdom of great ruffs withal — videlicet, supportasses and STARCH. Now, supportasses are a certain device made of wires crested, whipped over with gold, silver thread, or silk, to be applied round the neck under the ruff, upon the outside of the band,

to bear up the whole frame and body of the ruff from hanging and falling down. As for starch, it is a certain liquid matter wherein the Devil hath willed the people of Ailgna to wash and dip their ruffs well, which being dry, will then stand stiff and inflexible about their necks. In another portion of the Anatomie, Stubbess calls starch the Devil's liquor.

This persistent denunciation of the harmless gluten of wheat flour, on the part of this quaint old enthusiast, is very curious to consider. How an educated Englishman — a scholar, too, as Stubbess undoubtedly was — could, in the Augustan age of Queen Elizabeth — in the very days when Shakspeare was writing his plays and Bacon his essays — gravely sit down and affirm that the Devil had turned clearstarcher, and lured souls to perdition through the medium of the washtub, passes my comprehension. I should be inclined to set Philip down at once as a crazy fanatic, did I not remember with shame, that in this present year of the nineteenth century there are educated Christian mistresses in our present Ailgna who look upon ringlets and cap-ribbons in their female servants as little less than inventions of the Evil One; that there are yet schoolmasters who sternly forbid the use of steel pens to their pupils as dangerous and revolutionary implements; that there are yet believers in witchcraft; and customers to fortune-tellers, and

takers of Professor Methusaleh's pills. I dare say Stubbes and his vagaries were laughed at as they deserved to be by the sensible men of Queen Elizabeth's time; but that, on the mass of the people, his fierce earnest invectives against the fopperies of dress made a deep and lasting impression. This book-baby twelvemo of Philip Philoponus is but a babe in swaddling-clothes now; but he will be sent anon to the school of stern ascetic puritanism, and Mr. Prynne's Unloveliness of Lovelocks will be his hornbook. Growing adolescent and advanced in his humanities, his soul will yearn for stronger meats, and the solemn league and covenant will be put into his hand. He will read that, and graduate a Roundhead, and fight at Naseby, and sit down before Basing House, and shout at Westminster, and clap his hands at Whitehall. So, Philip Stubbes' denunciations will be felt in their remotest consequences, and starch will stiffen round the neck till it cuts off King Charles the First's head.

Our reformer's condemnation of starch is clenched by a very horrible story—so fearsome that I scarcely have courage to transcribe it; yet remembering how many young men of the present day are giving themselves up blindly to starch as applied to all-round collars, and wishing to bring them to a sense of their miserable condition, and a knowledge of what they may reason-

ably expect if they persist in their present pernicious course of life and linen, I will make bold to tell the great starch catastrophe.

The fearful judgment showed upon a gentlewoman of Eprautna (?) (in the margin, Antwerp) of late, even the twenty-second of May, fifteen hundred and eighty-two. This gentlewoman, being a very rich merchantman's daughter, upon a time was invited to a wedding which was solemnised in that town, against which day she made great preparation for the "pluming of herself in gorgeous array" (this reads like Villikins and his Dinah), that, as her body was most beautiful fair, and proper, so that her attire, in every respect might be correspondent to the same. For the accomplishment of which she curled her hair, she dyed her locks, and laid them out after the best manner. Also she coloured her face with waters and ointments. But in no case could she get any (so curious and dainty was she) that would starch and set her ruffs and neckerchief to her mind; wherefore she sent for a couple of laundresses, who did their best to please her humours, but in any case they could not. Then fell she to swear and tear (oh! shocking state of things in Antwerp, when gentlewomen tore and swore!), and curse and ban, casting the ruffs under feet, and wishing that the devil might take her when she wore any of those ruffs again. In the meantime, the devil transforming himself

into a young man, as brave and proper as she in every point of outward appearance, came in, feigning himself to be a lover or suitor unto her. And seeing her thus agonised, and in such a "pelting chafe," he demanded of her the cause thereof. Who straightway told him (as women can conceal nothing that lyeth upon their stomachs) how she was abused in the setting of her ruffs, which hearing, he promised to please her mind, and thereto took in hand the setting of her ruffs, which he formed to her great contentation and liking, inso-much as she, looking at herself in the glass (as the devil bade her), became greatly enamoured of him. This done, the young man kissed her, and in doing whereof, he "writhe her neck in sonder:" so she died miserably, her body being metamorphosed into blue and black colours, (this black and blue metamorphosis has a suspiciously walking-stick appearance, and in these days would have simply rendered the young man amenable to six months' hard labour under the aggravated assaults act.) The gentlewoman's face, too, became "ogglesome to behold." This being known, preparations were made for her burial; a rich coffin was prepared, and her fearful body laid therein, covered up very sumptuously. Four strong men immediately essayed to lift up the corpse, but could not move it. Then five attempted the like, but

could not once stir it from the place where it stood. Whereat, the standers-by marvelling, caused the coffin to be opened, to see the cause thereof. "Where they found the body to be taken away, and a black cat, very lean and deformed, sitting in the coffin, a-setting of great ruffs, and frizzling of hair to the great fear and wonder of all the beholders." An ogglesome and fearful sight!

The next article of apparel to which Mr. Stubbes takes exception is the doublet. Oh! he cries; the monstrous doublets in Ailgna! It appears that it is the fashion to have them hang down to the middle of the thighs, and so hard-quilled, stuffed, bombasted, and sewed, that the wearers can neither work nor play in them. Likewise are there "bigbellied doublets," which betoken "gormandice, gluttony, riot, and excess." And he has heard of one gallant who had his doublet stuffed with four, five, or six pounds of Bombast. That kind of stuffing has not quite gone out among our gallants yet. He says nothing of what their doublets may be made, — velvet, satin, gold, silver, chamlet, or what not, but he lifts up his voice plaintively against the pinking, slashing, carving, jagging, cutting, and snipping of these garments. We almost fancy that we are listening to Petruchio rating the tailor in the Taming of the Shrew.

There is a "great excess in

hosen," Stubbess is sorry to remark in Ailgna. Some are called French hosen, some Venetian, and some Gally hosen. They are paned, cut, and draped out with costly ornaments, with cannons annexed, reaching down below the knees. And they cost enormous sums; Oh, shameless Ailgna! "In times past," says Mr. Stubbess, rising almost to sublimity in his indignation; "Kings (as old historiographers in their books yet extant do record) would not disdain to wear a pair of hosen of a noble, ten shillings or a mark-piece; but now it is a small matter to bestow twenty nobles, ten pounds, twenty, forty, fifty, nay a hundred pounds on one pair of breeches (Lord be merciful to us!) and yet this is thought no abuse neither." Add to these costly hosen the diversity of netherstocks in Ailgna; "corked shoes, pantoffles, and pinsnets;" the variety of vain cloaks, and jerkins; the "Turkish Impietie of costly clokes;" bugled cloaks, ruffling swords, and daggers, gilt and damasked, and you will have some idea of the shocking state of things in Ailgna in the year fifteen hundred and eighty-five, or, as Philip pathetically expressed it, the "miserie of these daies."

Presently comes this sumptuary censor to a particular description of woman's apparel in Ailgna. I have not space to follow him step by step through the labyrinthine region of female costume, and, indeed, he is often

so very particular that it would often be as inconvenient as difficult to follow him. Cursorily I may remark, that Philip is dreadfully severe upon the colouring of ladies' faces with oils, unguents, liquors, and waters; that he quotes St. Cyprian against face-painting; and Hieronymus, Chrysostom, Calvin, and Peter Martyr, against musks, civets, scents, and such-like "slibber-sauces." Trimmings of ladies' heads are the devil's nets. Nought but perdition can come to a people who make holes in their ears to hang rings and wells by, and who cut their skins to set precious stones in themselves. And is it not a glaring shame that some women in Ailgna wear doublets and jerkins, as men have, buttoned up the breast, and made with wings, welts, and pinions on the shoulders, as man's apparel is. Do you remember the ladies' paletots, the ladies' waistcoats of two years since? How little times do alter, to be sure! As for costly gowns, impudent rich petticoats and kirtles; stockings of silk, Tearnsey, Crewell, and fine cloth, curiously indented at every point with quirks, clockees, and open seams, cawked shoes, slippers powdered with gold, devil's spectacles in the shape of looking-glasses; sweeted gloves; nose-gays and posies; curious smells, that annubilate the spirits, and darken the senses; masks and visors to ride abroad in; fans, which are the devil's bellows,

and similar enormities of female attire, — the number of them is infinite, and their abomination utter.

I need scarcely say that the apparel of the people of Ailgna forms but one section of the abuses anatomised by old Stubbes. If my reader should have any curiosity to know aught concerning the vices and corruptions of hand-baskets, gardens, and covetousness; how meats bring destruction; the discommodities of drunkenness; what makes things dear; the manner of church ales; the tyranny of usurers; how a man ought to swear; the condemnation of stage plays; the observance of the sabbath, and the keeping of wakes in Ailgna — all as conducive to a shocking state of things — he may draw upon me at sight, and I will honour the draft.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

FROM GIURGEVO TO BUCHAREST.

My chief object in writing these papers is to furnish such useful information as I am able, to those who may be disposed to return to England from the Crimea by way of Varna and the Principalities. I have no more ambitious design in the present instance, and I venture to hope that the facts and incidents to which I may endeavour to call observation will not seem ob-

trusive or superfluous; because they will refer to a part of Europe comparatively little known, and record events such as are likely to happen to any traveller who may decide on making the same journey. If I shall sometimes set down trivial or unimportant matter, let me plead in extenuation that in such cases (and perhaps in such cases only) it is better to say too much than too little. A traveller is not always the best judge as to what may most interest his readers, or which part of his experiences may be of the most value to those who are to tread the same ground after him. Men travel with objects varying widely, and some little event which was deemed scarcely worthy of notice by one, may perhaps form the strongest link in a chain of argument by which another shall be able to prove some great and valuable fact. Most important discoveries and sound conclusions have, indeed, been based on a multitude of petty facts, most of them, taken separately, insignificant enough. Before, therefore, we condemn minute details and trifling, let us remember that perhaps every one taken in conjunction with others of a similar nature may hereafter serve to establish some new truth, and ultimately make mankind either wiser or happier.

To go on with my journey, let me say that the passport affair was settled at last; not easily, however, for the official charged

with that department was enjoying a siesta after the custom of the country, and a good deal of angry shouting and blustering was necessary to persuade him to give it up and attend to his duty. I really do believe that persons in the public service are very much the same all over the world; they seem licensed to be lazy, and paid to be indifferent.

Our hotel bill was moderate; and it is but fair to say, the principal hotel at Giurgevo is a very good one. It is kept by an Italian of robust and promising appearance. His wife is a fresh, brisk, good-natured German body, such as one may meet with often enough in the pleasant road-side inns of Bavaria and Saxony. He has also a mother-in-law, a lady with whom I enjoyed much improving discourse. She told me, however, that though Wallachia was a good country enough, she dared say, and the Wallachians were as canny folk as elsewhere, yet she could never get altogether reconciled to it, and she longed after the fatherland with a feeling very much resembling homesickness. It was not easy to realise the idea that the worthy old lady was a political refugee. What she could have done to incur the life-long vengeance of the Austrian government must be surely a mystery, only to be read by Austrian policemen; but I was given to understand, that both she and her whole family had been supposed, at some

former period, to entertain treasonable designs, and had fled from the homeland to escape a dungeon, or a shameful death. Heaven forbid that I should say anything against the Austrians. I have passed some of the happiest years of my life among them. There are many gentlemen of that nation for whom I feel the profoundest respect and the most affectionate esteem. I look on the political conduct of Austria merely as a mournful mistake. It seems to me that her rulers have been stricken of late years with a horrid unhealthy panic. That they are acting under the influence of a sickly dream, or strange delusion; and so that they start at shadows, and wage unseemly war with singers, actors, books, and feeble women! Mercy on us, are such worthy foes of the Royal and Imperial House of Hapsburg Lorraine! It sickens one to see their plumed pride; to hear their clashing cymbals, and their warrior's march, and then reflect on the Italian book and poor old woman, who are not beneath their enmity even here.

Now, the mode of travelling throughout Turkey is on horseback; but, the moment you pass the Danube, you have at once the option of carriages. To be sure they are carriages of rather a strange and unusual description at Giurgevo; and those which were brought to convey us to Bucharest presented an appearance anything but invi-

ting. There were three of them: one for my companion, one for myself, and one for the luggage. They were scarcely larger than wheelbarrows. They were insufferably dirty, dangerous and uncomfortable. It required considerable experience to sit in them at all. They had neither springs nor seats, nor anything to take hold of; while to each, four very vicious-looking ponies were attached, quite equal to ten miles an hour, and something over. Indeed, the Wallachian post is perhaps at this time the most expeditious mode of travelling (with horses) known in the world. It is not, however, agreeable, and the brief trial which I had of it was more than sufficient to prevent my ever again undergoing voluntarily the same pains and perils. Innocently supposing that to travel in a post-cart might, after all, be a less arduous undertaking than it seemed, I rashly entered mine, and having firmly wedged myself in among the loose sticks and boards of which it was composed, I courageously gave the word to start, and prepared to suffer patiently, trusting in Providence for the rest.

We went off at a furious gallop over ruts, stones, holes in the earth, anything that came in our way. I was bumped about like a tennis-ball in the hands of a juggler. When I literally dared not hold out any longer I shouted to the post-boy to stop. Unaccustomed to such a command at

the beginning of a journey, he misinterpreted it into an angry order to go on, and plied his whip with such vigour and good will, that we flew over the uneven ground faster than ever, and my shouts were drowned in wind and rain, with the clatter of hoofs, and the whirr of wheels. At last, however, when a little patch of mud deeper than the rest compelled a momentary halt, I made one more desperate effort to make myself heard, and succeeded. I really felt as if rescued from serious and certain danger when I got out of that rattling, chattering, abominable little cart. I do not even now believe that I could possibly have reached Bucharest alive in it. My companion, however (some fifteen years younger than I am), was of a different opinion, and leaving me to find my way back to Giurgevo, and look for a better carriage, he determined to go on in the post-cart. So, we parted, and I returned: making rather a sorry figure as I plodded on through mud and rain cloaked and great-coated to the chin.

And now I found the benefit of having formed so agreeable an acquaintance with mine host's mother-in-law. That excellent old lady received me with every demonstration of satisfaction at my return. She dried my clothes and condoled with me on my bumping: the more readily that it gave her an opportunity of contemptuously contrasting the mad little Wallachian post-carts, with

the dark, snug, slow, drowsy diligences of her own country. She invited me into the kitchen to enjoy a glass of kirsch wasser, and discuss these subjects more at large. I found it a perfect rendezvous for the gossips of the town. I had quite an invigorating talk with them, and soon learned all the scandal and private histories of the neighbourhood.

It appeared to me that the Wallachians considered scandalous gossip the great business of life. I never heard so much good-humoured laughing abuse of absent people. They used the strongest and bitterest language in the vocabulary, yet there was no spite in it. They would call a man a scoundrel in such a gay, pleasant, debonnaire, way, that if he were present even he could hardly feel offended at it. Perhaps the worst part of all this was, that no person's acts or words ever seemed, among them, to be fair evidence of his real intentions. Their quick penetrating minds, and lively imaginations were always straining to discover some hidden motive very far beyond the comprehension of ordinary people. Here, and here only, they resembled the Greeks. In fact, the Wallachians writhed so long under the disastrous rule of those amazing rogues the Greek Phanariote princes, that one can scarcely wonder they should have doubted the sincerity and honesty of all mankind ever since. Doubt, in-

deed, has become the natural habit of their minds; they doubt of everything merely because they really cannot help it.

Growing tired of my company at last, I set about hiring a more convenient carriage. There was no difficulty in this; a covered leathern conveniency, without springs, such as is used by the more substantial and well-to-do Wallachians, was soon obtained; but it was by no means an easy affair to get horses. The constant movement of troops in these countries has literally used up all the horses. Unhappily, the same wretched system of giving government orders for horses, and compelling the poor peasantry to furnish them at a price altogether beneath their fair value, exists here, as that which is called "vorspann" in Hungary. Every person of the smallest importance is furnished with one of these infamous orders for horses whenever he pleases to travel. The peasantry dare not disobey them, and so their horses are dragged from ploughing the land or carting home the harvest, to be harnessed to a traveller's carriage at an hour's notice, and are made to gallop over a rough country at such a pace, that they are often useless for days afterwards, while the remuneration fixed by law is shamefully inadequate. I mention this, because I trust that any of our countrymen who may obtain government orders for horses, will always consider it ab-

solutely their duty to pay at least double the price required of them. After spending the remainder of the afternoon, therefore, in a vain search for horses, a tradesman was at length induced to lend us his, on the distinct understanding that they should be fed and rested half-way. They were a sorry pair, all skin and bone and crookedness. It may be as well to mention that the Wallachian horses are smaller than those common in Turkey; and although they possess much endurance, and can live on the hardest and scantiest fare, have neither fire nor vigour. And, indeed, it is very notable that there is a general weakness and want of courage observable among all the animals of the Principalities. Even the Wallachian wolf, the wild boar, and the bear, are not the savage and ferocious animals which are found under corresponding names in other countries. Perhaps the damp climate, and the exhalations from the endless marshes, may have an enervating effect on them; at least, this is the cause to which Mr. Consul Wilkinson, I perceive, has traced this remarkable peculiarity.

It was evening when I set out from Giurgevo, at last. The rain still fell heavily, and the wind blew in wild gusts at intervals, making the leather sides of my carriage flutter as if beaten with a stick. I was much better off than in the post-cart, but I was still far from comfortable. The

carriage with which I was now provided was neither more nor less than a light waggon without springs, and covered over with a flat leathern roof. It had no seats, and the head being of course badly fixed, whenever I attempted to lean against it, it gave way or tore. It also speedily got wet through; and subsequently, when the rain ceased, froze, so that I might as well have been in an ice-house. Unluckily, also, though there was some damp straw at the bottom, the waggon was not long enough to lie down in. However, I huddled myself up in cloaks and furs; I was provided with some brandy, and some bread and cheese — all of which I found very useful; and I had no reason to complain.

It was not a pleasant journey. There appeared to be no road, and the whole country was under water. The wheels were always up to their tires in slosh and mud. It was quite dark, and it seemed to me really a marvel that we did not get out of the track, and so wander out into the bog, and come to grief. The cold was intense, and the only sound I could hear, save the downward rush of the rain and the wild wailing of the wind, was the groaning and sighing of my miserable post-boy, a poor half-starved lad of fifteen or sixteen years of age. I offered him my brandy flask very often to console him, but he would not drink, though he devoured some of my bread and cheese greedily enough.

So we went on. It was impossible to go faster than a walk — firstly, because we could not see three yards before us; and secondly, because the horses were so thoroughly used up, that no whip, rein, or cheering hallo would put any more speed into them. Now and then, as we floundered onward, some benighted horseman would plash past us, or the hoarse shout of the patrol — looking shadowy and gigantic through the darkness — would assure us that we had not wandered from the right track; and once we met the mail coming down from Bucharest. First came a courier with a post-cart and four horses clearing the way, and galloping with the speed of a phantom. A torrent of oaths warned us to pull aside and wait for the mail; we did so, and the furious gallop of the twelve little horses that drew it was soon heard coming nearer and nearer, through the darkness. Then there was a flashing of lights, and it whirled past us (a mere post-cart like the other), with the post-man fast asleep, and propped up in a bearskin coat that defied the weather.

Shortly after this my coachman fairly knocked up. He got off the box and came trembling and groaning to entreat that I would allow him to stop and pass the night at the next post-house. He looked a miserable object, and chattered out his request so imploringly, that I at once agreed,

little knowing what was in store for us.

We crawled along that sloppy, broken road, then, for about half an hour longer, and then stopped. Attentive observation enabled me to perceive that a dim light, coming through a very small and dirty window, was just visible through the rain and darkness. Alighting, therefore, I traced it to a poor, solitary hovel by the road-side. I entered and inquired for a bed. Mine host looked up surprised and wondering. "A bed," I repeated, — "a place to rest in." — "Oh!" answered mine host. There was but one, and that was occupied by his wife, family, and establishment. — "Could I have a room, then, and some supper?" Mine host shook his head; there was evidently nothing to eat in the neighbourhood, but I might have shelter with his wife, family, and establishment, who were all lying down in their clothes together; or I might go into the other room (there were but two), which was occupied by a Turkish pacha, coming from Bucharest, and who had been benighted, and obliged to seek refuge from the weather. To this I agreed. It was a wretched little room heated by an immense iron stove, which was, nevertheless, insufficient protection against the cold that rushed in through every chink and cranny. Here were established, the pacha, his coffee-boy and pipe-bearers, two travelling French soldiers, and a Wal-

lachian merchant. They were all drunk. The pacha, having a great fear of cholera, which was then raging fearfully, was constantly drinking brandy to keep it off. This was the first and only time I had ever seen a Turkish gentleman of rank drink wine or spirits in the presence of strangers and in public. Here, however, feeling probably that any licence would pass unnoticed in a Christian country, he enjoyed himself — apparently without the smallest scruple. He was a fat, portly, dignified old gentleman, and it was an odd sight enough to see him in his cups. I grew weary of his antics at last, however, and, partly to escape from them — partly to study manners — I went into the other room. There lay the post-master, his wife and family all huddled together. An assistant was sorting and arranging a rabble rout of strangely-folded letters, by the light of a flaring oil-lamp; while one or two chance travellers, including my coachman, were stretched in their sheepskin coats upon the floor. Nothing but the happy ability of smoking at all hours, could have enabled me to support such an atmosphere as clouded this room. Fortunately, however, my pipe rendered me insensible to it, and so I remained to wile away the night in quaint talk about Omer Pacha, and such notabilities among mankind, as interested this simple party. Time passes not unpleasantly, when

you are listened to as an oracle, be the listeners who they may; and the dawn broke in upon us quite unexpectedly. My journey has little else worth recording. We drove for some six hours through a trackless waste of bogs and water; I expected every moment that the horses would come to a dead halt, but they held on, and at about three o'clock in the afternoon we approached Bucharest. The capital of Wallachia covers a very large extent of ground, and the entrance to it on this side is pretty and even imposing to the traveller who is accustomed to the wretched appearance of the Turkish cities beyond the Danube. There is an air of wealth, comfort, and cleanliness about the European-looking white houses with their verandas, balconies, and conservatories, which is very pleasant. Carriages and servants in gay liveries, too, flaunting about the streets, with crowds of glittering uniforms, told me plainly enough that I had passed back into the world of civilisation again.

I had an opportunity, now, of contrasting the advantages of travelling in Wallachia, by post-cart, with the plan I adopted. The result was certainly unfavourable to the post-cart. My companion had also been delayed on the road by a general break-down. He arrived in Bucharest only one hour before me, and he was subsequently confined to his bed for two months

by a severe illness brought on by the fatigue and exposure of the journey.

A DIP IN THE BRINE.

LET no one be charged with levity until he has had a dip in the brine. It is then that his levity is indeed apparent. He flounders about, and tries to sink, but cannot; his gravity is too little, his levity too much; the brine buoys him up, with or without his own consent, — and float he must.

But where and what is this brine? Even at Droitwich, and perhaps elsewhere. Brine, however, is not intended mainly to float upon, but mainly to prepare salt from; and therefore its bathing qualities must be regarded in a secondary sense. Droitwich is one of the spots enriched with our invaluable stores of salt. Worcestershire is far inferior to Cheshire as a salt-producing country; still is the supply in and around the districts of Droitwich and Bromsgrove very important. If Worcester town has a fashionable neighbour on the one side, Malvern, it has a sober industrious neighbour on the other, Droitwich. The one spends money, the other makes money; Worcester acts as a metropolis for both.

All the world knows what table salt is; but some portions of the world do not know that much of

this salt is procured from liquid transparent brine, pumped up from the bowels of the earth. Droitwich makes its salt in this way; while Cheshire both pumps up the brine, and digs up the rock-salt. In Cheshire there are two beds of salt underlying the river Weaver and tributaries; the lowermost being the richer of the two, is the one most worked, at a depth of, perhaps, three hundred feet. Miners dig down to the salt, as they would to coal or iron; they use the pick and the shovel, the blast and the forge, just as other miners do. The material which they dig up, rock-salt, is a very hard, dirty whitish substance, requiring great force to separate it from the parent bed, and brought up to the surface in lumps of various size and shape. Almost the whole of this rock-salt is exported to foreign countries, where it is applied to various uses. If a subterranean stream flow over any part of the bed of salt, the water becomes saturated with salt, and converted into brine. It is from such brine that by far the largest quantity of English salt is obtained; for, it is cheaper to pump up the liquid than to dig up the solid.

A picture of an old town placed in juxtaposition to a picture of a new town, — or rather two pictures of the same town in different periods of its career — will tell us many things which pictorial people do not think about. Are there tall chimneys in the

newer picture, and none in the old? Then is there some manufacturing process carried on, which has had its birth since the sketching of the earlier picture. A safe conclusion, certainly, in many respects, but as certainly unsafe in respect to Droitwich. In Nash's Worcestershire, the first edition of which appeared about seventy years ago, Droitwich is honoured with a copper-plate engraving, in which there are two tranquil churches, four tranquil sheep, many stiff, tranquil trees, and a few quaint tranquil houses; but of tall chimneys we can see none. There are, it is true, a few slender bits rising from certain lowish roofs to a height a little above the ordinary houses; but, if these be chimneys, they are humble indeed to the pretentious brick stalks now visible in that town. And yet Droitwich was busily making salt in those days as in the present. Changes of process have much to do with these changes of chimney.

Nash was terribly puzzled to determine the meaning of Droitwich. The town was first named Wic or Wich. Then some say that wic is derived from the Roman vicus, a street or village; and others say that it comes from the Saxon wic, a station or mansion; while others will have it that wic is a transformation of wi, or wye, a sanctuary or holy spot, and that all salt-springs were in early times held almost sacred; but, that wic, or wich

signifies a salt-spring in its primitive sense, was more than Nash could take upon himself to determine. Then what is Droit, and why was Droit married to Wick? After roaming among Druids and Romans, Saxons and Danes, our antiquary settles down among the Normans, and tells us that brine-springs of a weaker quality in several parts of Worcestershire being stopped up to prevent the excessive consumption of wood, and the inhabitants only allowed to draw brine from this town, it came to be distinguished by the adjunct Droit, legal or allowed.

The information collected by Nash and other county historians respecting the salt springs at Droitwich, is in many respects very curious. It has been traced through a period of eight centuries and a half. The redoubtable Kenulph, king of the Mercians, in the year eight hundred and sixteen, gave to the Church of Worcester, ten houses at Wick, with salt furnaces; and about a century and a half afterwards, King Edwy endowed the same church with five more salt furnaces. There seems to be some doubt as to the meaning which the old chroniclers attached to the names salt-furnaces, seales, and salinæ; but at any rate, the old Saxon kings gave to the Church at Worcester an interest in the Droitwich salt-springs, and this is enough for our present purpose. At the time of Domesday survey, shares in

these springs were annexed to many estates in the county, although the estates were, in some instances, several miles distant. Under what condition the right to the brine became thus curiously held, does not clearly appear; but, each of these landowners had a share of brine apportioned to him, proportionate to the timber which his estate afforded. The fuel used in the evaporating houses, was wood; and it is probable that, when the neighbourhood of Droitwich became stripped of its wood to feed these fires, a right to some of the brine was awarded to the more distant landowners on condition of their furnishing wood for fuel. Other landowners sold their wood to the salt-makers, being paid in money or in salt. In those days there appears to have been five wells of brine in and near Droitwich. Edward the Confessor and Earl Edwin had possessed about a hundred and fifty salinæ at these wells, all of which passed over to William the Conqueror. Whether a salina meant a definite quantity of brine, or a vessel in which the brine was boiled, is a point whereupon learned doctors differ. The royal property in the Droitwich brine was held until the time of King John, who leased it for ever to the burgesses, at a fee-farm rent of one hundred pounds per annum. The crown had to interfere, in the time of Henry the Third, to see that the salt-works were not allowed to become

dilapidated. In the time of Leland there were about four hundred seales, or brine-vessels at Droitwich; and wood for fuel had become so scarce, that it had to be brought from Worcester, Bromsgrove, and Alcester. Leland "asked a saulter howe much would he suppose yearly to be spent at the four-naces, and he answered that by estimation there was spent six thousand loads yearly. It is yonge pole wood, easy to be cloven."

In those days, every share in the brine, as a property, was called a phat; and as for the manner of distributing the brine, it became almost necessary to have as many boiling-vessels as there were shares, one to each; there is at least a possibility, if not a probability, that share, phat, seale, salina, and furnace, were often used as convertible, or practically equivalent terms: sometimes implying a salt-making vessel, and at other times such a quantity of brine as that vessel could contain. The vessels, made of lead, were about six feet in length, four in breadth, and one in depth. It was the forest of Feckenham, stripped to supply Droitwich with fuel, that Drayton addressed thus as a dishevelled nymph:

Fond nymph, thy twisted curls on which
were all my care,
Thou lettest the furnace waste; that
miserable bare
I hope to see thee left, which so dost me
despise;
Whose beauties many a morn have blest
my longing eyes;

And till the weary sun sunk down into
the west,
Thou still my object wast, thou once my
only best.
The time shall quickly come, thy groves
and pleasant springs,
Where to the mirthful merle the warbling
mavis sings,
The painful labourer's hand shall stack
the roots to burn:
The branch and body spent, yet could
not serve his turn!

About two centuries and a half ago, the brine-ownership at Droitwich was thus regulated. There were about four hundred phats or shares. Each phat was represented by two hundred and sixteen large vessels full of brine; and in order that no person should have stronger brine than his neighbour, service officers called ties-men were appointed to manage the distribution. Each shareholder gave notice to the ties-men of the number of shares held by him. All the holders made their salt about the same time: and the ties-men meted out an equal measure for the top, the bottom, and the middle of the well, to each shareholder, that all might share equally in the strongest brine. They gave out six vessels full for the top, six for the middle, and six for the bottom; these eighteen constituted one wicken brine; there were twelve of these wickens served out in about half-a-year, at intervals of fourteen or fifteen days each; and the total, making a quantity of two hundred and sixteen large vessels full, was the brine received in respect to each share in one year.

The salt-making was confined to the latter half of each year.

That every man should like his own cakes and ale is well enough; but, unfortunately, man looks too often with an eager eye to the cakes and ale of his neighbours. There was something in the brine-spring system which led almost of necessity to monopoly. Each phat, or share, was a definite quantity; and if the number of shares became also definite, the shareholders would form a snug little body among themselves. In the time of Charles the Second there were about four hundred and eighty phats, held by about a hundred and fifty shareholders. These holders claimed, not only the brine in the three existing pits, but also the right to prevent any one else from sinking any other pit, even on his own freehold ground. But, one stout Mr. Stegnor, stout in heart and in pocket, defied all the corporate shareholders and all their phats; he dug for brine on his own ground, he found it, he defended his right in all sorts of law courts and equity courts, and finally conquered; whereupon the phatsmen lost their monopoly, and salt fell gradually from two shillings to fourpence per bushel.

But, the strangest stage in the history of the Droitwich Works occurred during the time of George the First. The mayor of the town, hearing that the brine-pits of Cheshire were very much deeper than those at Droit-

wich, bethought him that it might be well to have the corporate pits bored or dug deeper; it was done; when up rushed such a flood of brine that two of the well-sinkers were drowned before they could get out of the way; and the supply became henceforward so abundant that there was no occasion to limit the phats to a definite quantity, or to limit the working to half-yearly spells. In fact, what with the lawyers on the one side, and the well-diggers on the other, the phatsmen completely lost their monopoly; and many annuities, many widows' jointures, many funds for schools and hospitals and almshouses, many pensions, many charities, were interfered with, causing a good deal of distress in the town, until matters had righted themselves.

During the same century many additional pits were sunk. Generally they went through forty or fifty feet of marl, then a hundred or more of gypsum, and then was found a subterranean river of brine, about two feet in depth, flowing over a bed of rock-salt of unknown thickness; when the boring penetrated quite through the stratum of gypsum, then did the brine burst upward with great force to the surface. Time was, when men dipped up the brine with hand-worked buckets; then they used horse-wheels; and now they use steam-engines. Time was, when the neighbouring forests were stripped of their trees to supply fuel for the salt-

pans; but canals and railways now bring a plentiful supply of good coal, and Drayton's wood-nymph need not be further dishevelled.

In one of the earliest volumes of the Philosophical Transactions, not much less than two centuries back, when the Royal Society was just beginning to feel its way, the salt-springs of Cheshire and Worcestershire came in for a reasonable share of very reasonable speculation. Some searcher for knowledge propounded a long string of queries: — What is the depth of the salt-springs? What kind of country 't is thereabout? What plants grow near them? Whether there be any hot springs near the salt ones? Whether the water of the salt-springs be hotter or cooler than other spring water? Whether they find any shells about those springs; and what kind of earth it is? How strong the water is of salt? What is the manner of their working? Whether the salt made of these springs be more or less apt to dissolve in the air than other salt? Whether it be as good to powder beef or other flesh with, as French salt? Whether those salt-springs do yield less water, and more of the salt, in great droughts than in wet seasons? How long before the spring, or in the spring it may be, before the fountains break out into their fullest sources? How much water the springs yield daily? At what distance are the springs from the

sea? How near the foot of any hill is to those springs, and what height the next hill is of? To all, or nearly all of these queries very sensible answers were given by one "learned and observing William Jackson, Doctor of Physick." It is easy to see that the querist had the salt salt seas in his mind tracing his questions: and many others would naturally associate, in some indefinite way, the salt of the brine with the salt of the ocean. But, Doctor Jackson only knew about Cheshire salt, and — like a good philosopher — limited his replies to that which was within his own knowledge. A Droitwich authority, Doctor Thomas Rastell, afterwards took up the matter, and gave a similar string of replies to the queries, in relation to the brine-springs of Worcestershire. One of his answers gives as clear a notion of the saline strength of the brine as anything we can imagine. He says, that at the Upwich pit, there were three sorts of brine, which were drawn from three different depths, and were called by the workpeople First-man, Middle-man, and Last-man. A measure that, when filled with distilled water, would weigh twenty-four ounces, was filled with First-man, and then weighed thirty-one ounces; it was filled with Second-man, and then weighed thirty ounces; it was filled with Last-man, and then weighed twenty-nine ounces. So that the average of the brine was one-fourth heavier than distilled water; and

as this weightiness was produced wholly by the salt, it followed that four tons of brine would yield one ton of salt.

Brine-boiling and salt-making, is hot steaming work. Go into any one of the works, and you will see men naked to the waist, employed in an atmosphere only just bearable by strangers. You see that the brine is pumped up from the pits into reservoirs: you see ranges of large shallow quadrangular iron pans, placed over fiercely heated furnaces: you see the brine flow into the pans, and in due time bubble and boil and evaporate with great rapidity: you see that the salt evidently separates by degrees from the water, and granulates at the bottom of the pan: you see men lade up this granulated salt with flattish shovels, and transfer it to draining vessels: and you see it finally put into oblong boxes, whence it is carried to the stove-room to be dried. Observing a little more closely, you see that a nicety of manipulation leads to a nice classification of salt. If the brine be rapidly and violently boiled, one kind of salt is produced, — the finest and best; of slower boiling, a moderately good kind of salt comes; of still slower, a strong but coarse kind, used in salting herrings and other fish. The coarsest salt is often the strongest; and thus all demands for quality are easily met. The blocks of salt we see in the London shops, are taken from

wooden moulds, containing about thirty pounds each. It is in these moulds that the salt consolidates; and then the white oblong quadrangular masses are removed from the moulds, and taken into the stove-house to dry.

A Battle of the Brine was fought at Droitwich about four years ago, and a very singular battle it was, in respect both to its cause and its tactics. One of the salt-works had been carried on by a company, which company fell into difficulties, and the operations were suspended for a considerable time. During this period, other persons sank new pits and established new works. On the renewal of the company's operations, there were, of course, more salt-makers than before. They competed with one another, and prices fell below the remunerating point. The makers met, and talked, and wrangled; but effected nothing in a peace-making direction. Then the company declared war. The company had their brine-pits at their works; but all, or nearly all, the other manufacturers derived their brine from pits at a greater or lesser distance from their works; and it seems to have been a custom in the district to assume that the salt-makers might carry their brine-pipes through any estate, provided they did not interfere with the surface. Now, it happened that the company possessed the ground through which some of these brine-pipes ran; and hence

the plan of campaign. On a selected occasion — perhaps on a dark night, for this reads better — a body of men belonging to the company cut off the pipes of one unfortunate salt-maker, stopped his brine, and thereby stopped his trade. After a time, he plucked up spirit and showed fight. He procured men from the little salt-works to come and help him re-lay his pipes in the night; while other men from the big salt-works came to prevent them. Constables came and looked on, ready to interfere if matters became serious. After a struggle, the little party drove off the big party, and succeeded in re-laying the pipes. A few days afterwards, at midnight, the company's men again went and cut off the pipes. In another direction, by an extraordinary stroke of genius, the company managed to cut off a brine-pipe by running a kind of tunnel or gallery from a cellar belonging to a tenant of theirs, and so intersecting the pipe underneath the turnpike-road — for this particular brine-pipe did not run through any ground belonging to the company. At it they went, Russians and Turks, big salters and little salters, until matters began to look serious. It was fancied that each party would injure the other, and that the trade of the town would suffer. At length peace was proclaimed, on what terms we do not exactly know; but peace was proclaimed, — and may it flourish! For it is a

very peculiar and critical system this, the obtainment of brine in such a way; it requires that all should work in harmony.

There is a knotty problem in the Post-office Directory of Worcestershire. A certain inhabitant of Droitwich, whom we may perhaps designate John Salt, is set down as "salt-pan maker and New Rising Sun." It might at first be supposed that John Salt is the Coming Man who is so much talked of, about to rise and bless the world; but a humbler theory is, that he keeps the New Rising Sun hostelry, or perhaps that his better-half keeps it, while he busies himself in making salt-pans. The neighbouring county of Stafford is abundantly rich in similar examples, principally among the lock-makers of Wolverhampton and Willenhall.

At Droitwich alone, as many as sixty thousand tons of salt are made annually; but this is a trifle compared to the Cheshire make. Taking the two counties, with a sprinkling in a few other counties, it is supposed that there are about a hundred salt-works in England,—producing about eight hundred thousand tons of salt per annum,—giving an average produce of about eight thousand tons from each work. The price varies from about five shillings per ton for the commonest kind in times of competition, to about twenty shillings per ton for the finest kind in times of mutually-arranged tariffs. Twelve to fifteen shillings per ton is about

a medium price for fair average table-salt, sold at the works. It is a great blessing to the country that good salt can thus be obtained at twelve to sixteen pounds for a penny. Merchants' profits, shopkeepers' profits, and the charges for ship and canal and railway conveyance, raise the price to the level with which we are familiar. After supplying all our home wants, we have something like half a million of tons to spare annually for other countries.

The Royal Hotel at Droitwich has a series of baths connected with it. The cisterns of these baths are connected by pipes with the brine-bits of a neighbouring salt-work; and pumps are set to work to supply the baths. As the brine would very nearly excoriate an unlucky bather if used in its first rude strength, it is mollified and rendered gentle. Hot clear water is mingled with cold clear brine. The specific gravity is great, and the bather floats about with strange liveliness, enjoying the mimic sea-bath. Stories are told concerning gouty old gentlemen and rheumatic old ladies who have derived wonderful benefit herefrom; but of this we know nothing.

TIME'S CURE.

MOURN, O rejoicing heart!

The hours are flying,
Each one some treasure takes,
Each one some blossom breaks,
And leaves it dying;

The chill dark night draws near,
 Thy sun will soon depart,
 And leave thee sighing;
 Then mourn, rejoicing heart,
 The hours are flying!

Rejoice, O grieving heart,
 The hours fly fast,
 With each some sorrow dies,
 With each some shadow flies,
 Until at last
 The red dawn in the east
 Bids weary night depart,
 And pain is past.
 Rejoice, then, grieving heart,
 The hours fly fast!

THE YELLOW MASK.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

EVEN the master-stroke of replacing the treacherous Italian forewoman by a French dressmaker, engaged direct from Paris, did not at first avail to elevate the great Grifoni establishment above the reach of minor calamities. Mademoiselle Virginie had not occupied her new situation at Pisa quite a week, before she fell ill. All sorts of reports were circulated as to the cause of this illness; and the Demoiselle Grifoni even went so far as to suggest that the health of the new forewoman had fallen a sacrifice to some nefarious practices of the chemical sort, on the part of her rival in the trade. But, however the misfortune had been produced, it was a fact that Mademoiselle Virginie was certainly very ill, and another fact, that the doctor insisted on her being sent to the

Baths of Lucca as soon as she could be moved from her bed.

Fortunately for the Demoiselle Grifoni, the Frenchwoman had succeeded in producing three specimens of her art before her health broke down. They comprised the evening dress of yellow brocaded silk, to which she had devoted herself on the morning when she first assumed her duties at Pisa; a black cloak and hood of an entirely new shape; and an irresistibly-fascinating dressing-gown, said to have been first brought into fashion by the princesses of the blood-royal of France. These articles of costume, on being exhibited in the show-room, electrified the ladies of Pisa; and orders from all sides flowed in immediately on the Grifoni establishment. They were, of course, easily executed by the inferior work-women, from the specimen-designs of the French dressmaker. So that the illness of Mademoiselle Virginie, though it might cause her mistress some temporary inconvenience, was, after all, productive of no absolute loss.

Two months at the Baths of Lucca restored the new forewoman to health. She returned to Pisa, and resumed her place in the private work-room. Once re-established there, she discovered that an important change had taken place during her absence. Her friend and assistant, Brigida, had resigned her situation. All inquiries made of the

Demoiselle Grifoni only elicited one answer: the missing work-woman had abruptly left her place at five minutes' warning, and had departed without confiding to anyone what she thought of doing, or whither she intended to turn her steps.

Months elapsed. The new year came; but no explanatory letter arrived from Brigida. The spring season passed off, with all its accompaniments of dress-making and dress-buying; but still there was no news of her. The first anniversary of Mademoiselle Virginie's engagement with the Demoiselle Grifoni came round; and then, at last, a note arrived, stating that Brigida had returned to Pisa, and that, if the French forewoman would send an answer, mentioning where her private lodgings were, she would visit her old friend that evening, after business-hours. The information was gladly enough given; and, punctually to the appointed time, Brigida arrived in Mademoiselle Virginie's little sitting-room.

Advancing with her usual indolent stateliness of gait, the Italian asked after her friend's health as coolly, and sat down in the nearest chair as carelessly, as if they had not been separated for more than a few days. Mademoiselle Virginie laughed in her liveliest manner, and raised her mobile French eyebrows in sprightly astonishment.

"Well, Brigida!" she ex-

claimed, "they certainly did you no injustice when they nicknamed you 'Care-For-Nothing,' in old Grifoni's work-room. Where have you been? Why have you never written to me?"

"I had nothing particular to write about; and besides, I always intended to come back to Pisa and see you," answered Brigida, leaning back luxuriously in her chair.

"But where have you been, for nearly a whole year past? In Italy?"

"No; at Paris. You know I can sing? — not very well; but I have a voice, and most French-women (excuse the impertinence) have none. I met with a friend, and got introduced to a manager; and I have been singing at the theatre — not the great parts, only the second. Your amiable countrywomen could not screech me down on the stage, but they intrigued against me successfully behind the scenes. In short, I quarrelled with our principal lady, quarrelled with the manager, quarrelled with my friend; and here I am back at Pisa, with a little money saved, in my pocket, and no great notion what I am to do next."

"Back at Pisa! Why did you leave it?"

Brigida's eyes began to lose their indolent expression. She sat up suddenly in her chair, and set one of her hands heavily on a little table by her side.

"Why?" she repeated, "Because when I find the game

going against me, I prefer giving it up at once to waiting to be beaten."

"Ah! you refer to that last year's project of yours for making your fortune among the sculptors. I should like to hear how it was you failed with the wealthy young amateur. Remember that I fell ill before you had any news to give me. Your absence when I returned from Lucca, and, almost immediately afterwards, the marriage of your intended conquest to the sculptor's daughter, proved to me, of course, that you must have failed. But I never heard how. I know nothing at this moment but the bare fact that Maddalena Lomi won the prize."

"Tell me, first, do she and her husband live together happily?"

"There are no stories of their disagreeing. She has dresses, horses, carriages, a negro page, the smallest lap-dog in Italy — in short, all the luxuries that a woman can want; and a child, by-the-by, into the bargain."

"A child!"

"Yes; a child, born little more than a week ago."

"Not a boy, I hope?"

"No; a girl."

"I am glad of that. Those rich people always want the first-born to be an heir. They will both be disappointed. I am glad of that!"

"Mercy on us, Brigida, how fierce you look!"

"Do I? It's likely enough.

I hate Fabio d'Ascoli and Maddalena Lomi — singly as man and woman, doubly as man and wife. Stop! I'll tell you what you want to know directly. Only answer me another question or two first. Have you heard anything about her health?"

"How should I hear? Dress-makers can't inquire at the doors of the nobility."

"True. Now, one last question: That little simpleton, Nannina?"

"I have never seen or heard anything of her. She can't be at Pisa, or she would have called at our place for work."

"Ah! I need not have asked about her if I had thought a moment beforehand. Father Rocco would be sure to keep her out of Fabio's sight for his niece's sake."

"What, he really loved that 'thread-paper of a girl,' as you called her?"

"Better than fifty such wives as he has got now! I was in the studio the morning he was told of her departure from Pisa. A letter was privately given to him, telling him that the girl had left the place out of a feeling of honour, and had hidden herself beyond the possibility of discovery to prevent him from compromising himself with all his friends by marrying her. Naturally enough he would not believe that this was her own doing; and, naturally enough, also, when Father Rocco was sent for, and was not to be found,

he suspected the priest of being at the bottom of the business. I never saw a man in such a fury of despair and rage before. He swore that he would have all Italy searched for the girl, that he would be the death of the priest, and that he would never enter Luca Lomi's studio again —"

"And, as to this last particular, of course being a man, he failed to keep his word?"

"Of course. At that first visit of mine to the studio I discovered two things. The first, as I have said, that Fabio was really in love with the girl — the second, that Maddalena Lomi was really in love with him. You may suppose I looked at her attentively while the disturbance was going on, and while nobody's notice was directed on me. All women are vain, I know, but vanity never blinded my eyes. I saw directly that I had but one superiority over her — my figure. She was my height, but not well-made. She had hair as dark and as glossy as mine; eyes as bright and as black as mine; and the rest of her face better than mine. My nose is coarse, my lips are too thick, and my upper lip overhangs my under too far. She had none of those personal faults; and, as for capacity, she managed the young fool in his passion, as well as I could have managed him in her place."

"How?"

"She stood silent, with downcast eyes, and a distressed look

all the time he was raving up and down the studio. She must have hated the girl, and been rejoiced at her disappearance; but she never showed it. 'You would be an awkward rival,' (I thought to myself) 'even to a handsomer woman than I am.' However, I determined not to despair too soon, and made up my mind to follow my plan just as if the accident of the girl's disappearance had never occurred. I smoothed down the master sculptor easily enough — flattering him about his reputation, assuring him that the works of Luca Lomi had been the objects of my adoration since childhood, telling him that I had heard of his difficulty in finding a model to complete his Minerva from, and offering myself (if he thought me worthy) for the honour — laying great stress on that word — for the honour of sitting to him. I don't know whether he was altogether deceived by what I told him; but he was sharp enough to see that I really could be of use, and he accepted my offer with a profusion of compliments. We parted, having arranged that I was to give him a first sitting in a week's time."

"Why put it off so long?"

"To allow our young gentleman time to cool down and return to the studio, to be sure. What was the use of my being there while he was away?"

"Yes, yes — I forgot. And how long was it before he came back?"

"I had allowed him more time than enough. When I had given my first sitting, I saw him in the studio, and heard it was his second visit there since the day of the girl's disappearance. Those very violent men are always changeable and irresolute."

"Had he made no attempt, then, to discover Nanina?"

"Oh, yes! He had searched for her himself, and had set others searching for her, but to no purpose. Four days of perpetual disappointment had been enough to bring him to his senses. Luca Lomi had written him a peace-making letter, asking him what harm he or his daughter had done, even supposing Father Rocco was to blame. Maddalena Lomi had met him in the street, and had looked resignedly away from him, as if she expected him to pass her. In short, they had awakened his sense of justice and his good-nature (you see I can impartially give him his due); and they had got him back. He was silent and sentimental enough at first, and shockingly sulky and savage with the priest —

"I wonder Father Rocco ventured within his reach."

"Father Rocco is not a man to be daunted or defeated by anybody, I can tell you. The same day on which Fabio came back to the studio, he returned to it. Beyond boldly declaring that he thought Nanina had done quite right, and had acted like a good and virtuous girl, he would say

nothing about her or her disappearance. It was quite useless to ask him questions — he denied that any one had a right to put them. Threatening, entreating, flattering — all modes of appeal were thrown away on him. Ah, my dear! depend upon it, the cleverest and politest man in Pisa, the most dangerous to an enemy and the most delightful to a friend, is Father Rocco. The rest of them, when I began to play my cards a little too openly, behaved with brutal rudeness to me. Father Rocco from first to last treated me like a lady. Sincere or not, I don't care — he treated me like a lady when the others treated me like —"

"There! there! don't get hot about it now. Tell me, instead, how you made your first approaches to the young gentleman whom you talk of so contemptuously as Fabio."

"As it turned out, in the worst possible way. First, of course, I made sure of interesting him in me by telling him that I had known Nanina. So far, it was all well enough. My next object was to persuade him that she could never have gone away if she had truly loved him alone; and that he must have had some fortunate rival in her own rank of life, to whom she had sacrificed him, after gratifying her vanity for a time by bringing a young nobleman to her feet. I had, as you will easily imagine, difficulty enough in making him take this view of Nanina's flight. His

pride and his love for the girl were both concerned in refusing to admit the truth of my suggestion. At last I succeeded. I brought him to that state of ruffled vanity and fretful self-assertion in which it is easiest to work on a man's feelings, — in which a man's own wounded pride makes the best pitfall to catch him in. I brought him, I say, to that state, and then — *she* stepped in, and profited by what I had done. Is it wonderful now that I rejoice in her disappointments; that I should be glad to hear any ill thing of her that any one could tell me?"

"But how did she first get the advantage of you?"

"If I had found out, she would never have succeeded where I failed. All I know is that she had more opportunities of seeing him than I, and that she used them cunningly enough even to deceive me. While I thought I was gaining ground with Fabio, I was actually losing it. My first suspicions were excited by a change in Luca Lomi's conduct towards me. He grew cold, neglectful — at last absolutely rude. I was resolved not to see this; but accident soon obliged me to open my eyes. One morning I heard Fabio and Maddalena talking of me when they imagined that I had left the studio. I can't repeat their words, especially hers. The blood flies into my head, and the cold catches me at the heart, when I only think of them. It will be enough if I tell you that

he laughed at me, and that she —"

"Hush! not so loud. There are other people lodging in the house. Never mind about telling me what you heard; it only irritates you to no purpose. I can guess that they had discovered —"

"Through her, remember — all through her!"

"Yes, yes, I understand. They had discovered a great deal more than you ever intended them to know, and all through her."

"But for the priest, Virginie, I should have been openly insulted and driven from their doors. He had insisted on their behaving with decent civility towards me. They said that he was afraid of me, and laughed at the notion of his trying to make them afraid too. That was the last thing I heard. The fury I was in, and the necessity of keeping it down, almost suffocated me. I turned round, to leave the place for ever, when who should I see, standing close behind me, but Father Rocco. He must have discovered in my face that I knew all; but he took no notice of it. He only asked, in his usual quiet, polite way, if I was looking for anything I had lost, and if he could help me. I managed to thank him and to get to the door. He opened it for me respectfully, and bowed — he treated me like a lady to the last! It was evening when I left the studio in that way. The next morning I threw up my situation,

and turned my back on Pisa. Now you know everything."

"Did you hear of the marriage? or did you only assume, from what you knew, that it would take place?"

"I heard of it about six months ago. A man came to sing in the chorus at our theatre, who had been employed some time before at the grand concert given on the occasion of the marriage. — But let us drop the subject now. I am in a fever already with talking of it. You are in a bad situation here, my dear — I declare your room is almost stifling."

"Shall I open the other window?"

"No: let us go out and get a breath of air by the river-side. Come! take your hood and fan — it is getting dark — nobody will see us, and we can come back here, if you like, in half an hour."

Mademoiselle Virginie acceded to her friend's wish, rather reluctantly. They walked towards the river. The sun was down and the sudden night of Italy was gathering fast. Although Brigida did not say another word on the subject of Fabio or his wife, she led the way to the bank of the Arno, on which the young nobleman's palace stood.

Just as they got near the great door of entrance, a sedan-chair, approaching in the opposite direction, was set down before it; and a footman, after a moment's conference with a lady inside the

chair, advanced to the porter's-lodge, in the court-yard. Leaving her friend to go on, Brigida slipped in after the servant by the open wicket, and concealed herself in the shadow cast by the great closed gates.

"The Marchesa Melani, to inquire how the Contessa d'Ascoli and the infant are, this evening," said the footman.

"My mistress has not changed at all for the better, since the morning," answered the porter. "The child is doing quite well."

The footman went back to the sedan-chair; then returned to the porter's-lodge.

"The Marchesa desires me to ask if fresh medical advice has been sent for?" he said.

"Another doctor has arrived from Florence to-day," replied the porter.

Mademoiselle Virginie, missing her friend suddenly, turned back towards the palace to look after her, and was rather surprised to see Brigida slip out of the wicket-gate. There were two oil-lamps burning on pillars outside the door-way, and their light glancing on the Italian's face, as she passed under them, showed that she was smiling.

CHAPTER. V.

WHILE the Marchesa Melani was making inquiries at the gate of the palace, Fabio was sitting alone in the apartment which his wife usually occupied when she was in health. It was her favourite room, and had been

prettily decorated, by her own desire, with hangings in yellow satin, and furniture of the same colour. Fabio was now waiting in it to hear the report of the doctors after their evening visit.

Although Maddalena Lomi had not been his first love, and although he had married her under circumstances which are generally and rightly considered to afford few chances of lasting happiness in wedded life, still they had lived together through the one year of their union, tranquilly, if not fondly. She had moulded herself wisely to his peculiar humours, had made the most of his easy disposition, and, when her quick temper had got the better of her, had seldom hesitated in her cooler moments to acknowledge that she had been wrong. She had been extravagant, it is true, and had irritated him by fits of unreasonable jealousy; but these were faults not to be thought of now. He could only remember that she was the mother of his child, and that she lay ill but two rooms away from him — dangerously ill, as the doctors had unwillingly confessed on that very day.

The darkness was closing in upon him, and he took up the hand-bell to ring for lights. When the servant entered, there was genuine sorrow in his face, genuine anxiety in his voice, as he inquired for news from the sick-room. The man only answered that his mistress was still

asleep; and then withdrew, after first leaving a sealed letter on the table by his master's side. Fabio summoned him back into the room, and asked when the letter had arrived. He replied that it had been delivered at the palace two days' since, and that he had observed it lying unopened on a desk in his master's study.

Left alone again, Fabio remembered that the letter had arrived at a time when the first dangerous symptoms of his wife's illness had declared themselves, and that he had thrown it aside after observing the address to be in a handwriting unknown to him. In his present state of suspense, any occupation was better than sitting idle. So he took up the letter with a sigh, broke the seal, and turned inquiringly to the name signed at the end.

It was, "NANINA."

He started and changed colour. "A letter from her!" he whispered to himself. "Why does it come at such a time as this?"

His face grew paler and the letter trembled in his fingers. Those superstitious feelings which he had ascribed to the nursery influences of his childhood, when Father Rocco charged him with them in the studio, seemed to be overcoming him now. He hesitated and listened anxiously in the direction of his wife's room, before reading the letter. Was its ar-

rival ominous of good or evil? That was the thought in his heart, as he drew the lamp near to him and looked at the first lines.

"Am I wrong in writing to you?" (the letter began abruptly) "If I am, you have but to throw this little leaf of paper into the fire, and to think no more of it, after it is burnt up and gone. I can never reproach you for treating my letter in that way; for we are never likely to meet again.

"Why did I go away? — Only to save you from the consequences of marrying a poor girl who was not fit to become your wife. It almost broke my heart to leave you; for I had nothing to keep up my courage but the remembrance that I was going away for your sake. I had to think of that, morning and night — to think of it always, or I am afraid I should have faltered in my resolution, and have gone back to Pisa. I longed so much at first to see you once more — only to tell you that Nanina was not heartless and ungrateful, and that you might pity her and think kindly of her, though you might love her no longer.

"Only to tell you that! If I had been a lady I might have told it to you in a letter; but I had never learnt to write, and I could not prevail on myself to get others to take the pen for me. All I could do was to learn secretly how to write with my own hand. It was long, long work; but the uppermost thought in my heart was al-

ways the thought of justifying myself to you, and that made me patient and persevering. I learnt, at last, to write so as not to be ashamed of myself, or to make you ashamed of me. I began a letter — my first letter to you — but I heard of your marriage before it was done, and then I had to tear the paper up, and put the pen down again.

"I had no right to come between you and your wife even with so little a thing as a letter — I had no right to do anything but hope and pray for your happiness. Are you happy? I am sure you ought to be; for how can your wife help loving you?

"It is very hard for me to explain why I have ventured on writing now, and yet I can't think that I am doing wrong. I heard a few days ago (for I have a friend at Pisa who keeps me informed, by my own desire, of all the pleasant changes in your life) — I heard of your child being born; and I thought myself, after that, justified at last in writing to you. No letter from me, at such a time as this, can rob your child's mother of so much as a thought of yours that is due to her. Thus, at least, it seems to me. I wish so well to your child, that I cannot surely be doing wrong in writing these lines.

"I have said already what I wanted to say — what I have been longing to say for a whole year past. I have told you why I left Pisa; and have perhaps persuaded you that I have gone through

some suffering, and borne some heart-aches for your sake. Have I more to write? Only a word or two to tell you that I am earning my bread, as I always wished to earn it, quietly at home — at least, at what I must call home now. I am living with reputable people, and I want for nothing. La Biondella has grown very much, she would hardly be obliged to get on your knee to kiss you now; and she can plait her dinner-mats faster and more neatly than ever. Our old dog is with us, and has learnt two new tricks; but you can't be expected to remember him, although you were the only stranger I ever saw him take kindly to at first.

"It is time I finished. If you have read this letter through to the end, I am sure you will excuse me, if I have written it badly. There is no date to it, because I feel that it is safest and best for both of us, that you should know nothing of where I am living. I bless you and pray for you, and bid you affectionately farewell. If you can think of me as a sister, think of me sometimes still."

Fabio sighed bitterly while he read the letter. "Why," he whispered to himself, "why does it come at such a time as this, when I cannot, dare not think of her?" As he slowly folded the letter up, the tears came into his eyes, and he half raised the paper to his lips. At the same moment, some one knocked at the door of the room. He started, and felt

himself changing colour guiltily, as one of his servants entered.

"My mistress is awake," the man said, with a very grave face, and a very constrained manner; "and the gentlemen in attendance desire me to say —"

He was interrupted, before he could give his message, by one of the medical men, who had followed him into the room.

"I wish I had better news to communicate," began the doctor gently.

"She is worse, then?" said Fabio, sinking back into the chair from which he had risen the moment before.

"She has awakened weaker instead of stronger after her sleep," returned the doctor, evasively. "I never like to give up all hope, till the very last, but—"

"It is cruel not to be candid with him," interposed another voice — the voice of the doctor from Florence, who had just entered the room. "Strengthen yourself to bear the worst," he continued, addressing himself to Fabio. "She is dying. Can you compose yourself enough to go to her bed-side?"

Pale and speechless, Fabio rose from his chair, and made a sign in the affirmative. He trembled so, that the doctor who had first spoken was obliged to lead him out of the room.

"Your mistress has some near relations in Pisa, has she not?" said the doctor from Florence, appealing to the servant who waited near him.

"Her father, sir, Signor Luca Lomi; and her uncle, Father Rocco," answered the man. "They were here all through the day, until my mistress fell asleep."

"Do you know where to find them now?"

"Signor Luca told me he should be at his studio; and Father Rocco said, I might find him at his lodgings."

"Send for them both directly. Stay! who is your mistress's confessor? He ought to be summoned without loss of time."

"My mistress's confessor is Father Rocco, sir."

"Very well — send, or go yourself, at once. Even minutes may be of importance, now." Saying this, the doctor turned away, and sat down to wait for any last demands on his services, in the chair which Fabio had just left.

CHAPTER VI.

BEFORE the servant could get to the priest's lodgings a visitor had applied there for admission, and had been immediately received by Father Rocco himself. This favoured guest was a little man, very sprucely and neatly dressed, and oppressively polite in his manner. He bowed when he first sat down, he bowed when he answered the usual inquiries about his health, and he bowed for the third time, when Father Rocco asked what had brought him from Florence.

"Rather an awkward business," replied the little man, recovering himself uneasily after

his third bow. "The dress-maker, named Nanina, whom you placed under my wife's protection, about a year ago —"

"What of her?" inquired the priest, eagerly.

"I regret to say she has left us, with her child-sister, and their very disagreeable dog, that growls at everybody."

"When did they go?"

"Only yesterday. I came here at once to tell you, as you were so very particular in recommending us to take care of her. It is not our fault that she has gone. My wife was kindness itself to her, and I always treated her like a duchess. I bought dinner-mats of her sister; I even put up with the thieving and growling of the disagreeable dog —"

"Where have they gone to? Have you found out that?"

"I have found out, by application at the passport-office, that they have not left Florence — but what particular part of the city they have removed to, I have not yet had time to discover."

"And pray why did they leave you in the first place? Nanina is not a girl to do anything without a reason. She must have had some cause for going away. What was it?"

The little man hesitated, and made a fourth bow.

"You remember your private instructions to my wife and myself, when you first brought Nanina to our house?" he said, looking away rather uneasily while he spoke.

"Yes. You were to watch her, but to take care that she did not suspect you. It was just possible, at that time, that she might try to get back to Pisa without my knowing it; and everything depended on her remaining at Florence. I think, now, that I did wrong to distrust her; but it was of the last importance to provide against all possibilities, and to abstain from putting too much faith in my own good opinion of the girl. For these reasons, I certainly did instruct you to watch her privately. So far, you are quite right; and I have nothing to complain of. Go on."

"You remember," resumed the little man, "that the first consequence of our following your instructions was a discovery (which we immediately communicated to you) that she was secretly learning to write?"

"Yes. And I also remember sending you word, not to show that you knew what she was doing; but to wait and see if she turned her knowledge of writing to account, and took, or sent, any letters to the post. You informed me in your regular monthly report, that she never did anything of the kind."

"Never, until three days ago. And then, she was traced from her room in my house to the post-office with a letter, which she dropped into the box."

"And the address of which you discovered before she took it from your house?"

"Unfortunately I did not,"

answered the little man, reddening and looking askance at the priest, as if he expected to receive a severe reprimand.

But Father Rocco said nothing. He was thinking. Who could she have written to? If to Fabio, why should she have waited for months and months, after she had learnt how to use her pen, before sending him a letter? If not to Fabio, to what other person could she have written?

"I regret not discovering the address — regret it most deeply," said the little man, with a low bow of apology.

"It is too late for regret," said Father Rocco, coldly. "Tell me how she came to leave your house; I have not heard that yet. Be as brief as you can. I expect to be called every moment to the bedside of a near and dear relation, who is suffering from severe illness. You shall have all my attention; but you must ask it for as short a time as possible."

"I will be briefness itself. In the first place, you must know that I have — or rather had — an idle, unscrupulous rascal of an apprentice in my business."

The priest pursed up his mouth, contemptuously.

"In the second place, this same good-for-nothing fellow had the impertinence to fall in love with Nanina."

Father Rocco started, and listened eagerly.

"But I must do the girl the jus-

tice to say that she never gave him the slightest encouragement; and that, whenever he ventured to speak to her, she always quietly, but very decidedly repelled him."

"A good girl!" said Father Rocco. "I always said she was a good girl. It was a mistake on my part ever to have distrusted her."

"Among the other offences," continued the little man, "of which I now find my scoundrel of an apprentice to have been guilty, was the enormity of picking the lock of my desk, and prying into my private papers."

"You ought not to have had any. Private papers should always be burnt papers."

"They shall be for the future; I will take good care of that."

"Were any of my letters to you about Nanina among these private papers?"

"Unfortunately, there were. Pray, pray, excuse my want of caution this time. It shall never happen again."

"Go on. Such imprudence as yours can never be excused; it can only be provided against for the future. I suppose the apprentice showed my letters to the girl?"

"I infer as much; though why he should do so —"

"Simpleton! Did you not say that he was in love with her (as you term it), and that he got no encouragement?"

"Yes: I said that—and I know it to be true."

"Well! Was it not his interest, being unable to make any impression on the girl's fancy, to establish some claim to her gratitude; and try if he could not win her that way? By showing her my letters, he would make her indebted to him for knowing that she was watched in your house. But this is not the matter in question now. You say you infer that she had seen my letters. On what grounds?"

"On the strength of this bit of paper," answered the little man, ruefully producing a note from his pocket. "She must have had your letters shown to her soon after putting her own letter into the post. For, on the evening of the same day, when I went up into her room, I found that she and her sister and the disagreeable dog had all gone, and observed this note laid on the table."

Father Rocco took the note, and read these lines:—

"I have just discovered that I have been watched and suspected ever since my stay under your roof. It is impossible that I can remain another night in the house of a spy. I go with my sister. We owe you nothing, and we are free to live honestly where we please. If you see Father Rocco, tell him that I can forgive his distrust of me, but that I can never forget it. I, who had full faith in him, had a right to expect that he should have full faith in me. It was always an encouragement to me to think of him as a father and a friend. I have lost that encouragement for ever — and it was the last I had left to me!

"NANINA."

The priest rose from his seat as he handed the note back, and

the visitor immediately followed his example.

"We must remedy this misfortune as we best may," he said, with a sigh. "Are you ready to go back to Florence to-morrow?"

The little man bowed again.

"Find out where she is, and ascertain if she wants for anything, and if she is living in a safe place. Say nothing about me, and make no attempt to induce her to return to your house. Simply let me know what you discover. The poor child has a spirit that no ordinary people would suspect in her. She must be soothed and treated tenderly, and we shall manage her yet. No mistakes, mind, this time! Do just what I tell you, and do no more. Have you anything else to say to me?"

The little man shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"Good night, then," said the priest.

"Good night," said the little man, slipping through the door that was held open for him with the politest alacrity.

"This is vexatious," said Father Rocco, taking a turn or two in the study after his visitor had gone. "It was bad to have done the child an injustice—it is worse to have been found out. There is nothing for it now but to wait till I know where she is. I like her, and I like that note she left behind her. It is bravely, delicately, and honestly written—a

good girl—a very good girl indeed!"

He walked to the window, breathed the fresh air for a few moments, and quietly dismissed the subject from his mind. When he returned to his table, he had no thoughts for any one but his sick niece.

"It seems strange," he said, "that I have had no message about her yet. Perhaps Luca has heard something? It may be well if I go to the studio at once to find out."

He took up his hat and went to the door. Just as he opened it, Fabio's servant confronted him on the threshold.

"I am sent to summon you to the palace," said the man. "The doctors have given up all hope."

Father Rocco turned deadly pale, and drew back a step. "Have you told my brother of this?" he asked.

"I was just on my way to the studio," answered the servant.

"I will go there instead of you, and break the bad news to him," said the priest.

They descended the stairs in silence. Just as they were about to separate at the street-door, Father Rocco stopped the servant.

"How is the child?" he asked, with such sudden eagerness and impatience that the man looked quite startled as he answered that the child was perfectly well.

"There is some consolation in that," said Father Rocco, walking away, and speaking partly to

the servant, partly to himself. "My caution has misled me," he continued, pausing thoughtfully when he was left alone in the roadway. "I should have risked using the mother's influence sooner to procure the righteous restitution. All hope of compassing it now rests on the life of the child. Infant as she is, her father's ill-gotten wealth may yet be gathered back to the church by her hands."

He proceeded rapidly on his way to the studio, until he reached the river-side and drew close to the bridge which it was necessary to cross in order to get to his brother's house. Here he stopped abruptly, as if struck by a sudden idea. The moon had just risen, and her light, streaming across the river, fell full upon his face as he stood by the parapet-wall that led up to the bridge. He was so lost in thought that he did not hear the conversation of two ladies who were advancing along the pathway close behind him. As they brushed by him, the taller of the two turned round and looked back at his face.

"Father Rocco!" exclaimed the lady, stopping.

"Donna Brigida!" cried the priest, looking surprised at first, but recovering himself directly, and bowing with his usual quiet politeness. "Pardon me if I thank you for honouring me by renewing our acquaintance, and then pass on to my brother's studio. A heavy affliction is likely

to befall us, and I go to prepare him for it."

"You refer to the dangerous illness of your niece?" said Brigida. "I heard of it this evening. Let us hope that your fears are exaggerated, and that we may yet meet under less distressing circumstances. I have no present intention of leaving Pisa for some time, and I shall always be glad to thank Father Rocco for the politeness and consideration which he showed to me, under delicate circumstances, a year ago."

With these words she curtsied deferentially, and moved away to rejoin her friend. The priest observed that Mademoiselle Virginie lingered rather near, as if anxious to catch a few words of the conversation between Brigida and himself. Seeing this, he, in his turn, listened as the two women slowly walked away together, and heard the Italian say to her companion —

"Virginie, I will lay you the price of a new dress that Fabio d'Ascoli marries again."

Father Rocco started when she said those words as if he had trodden on fire.

"My thought!" he whispered nervously to himself. "My thought at the moment when she spoke to me! Marry again? Another wife, over whom I should have no influence! Other children, whose education would not be confided to me! What would become, then, of the restitution

that I have hoped for, wrought for, prayed for?"

He stopped, and looked fixedly at the sky above him. The bridge was deserted. His black figure rose up erect, motionless, and spectral, with the white still light falling solemnly all around it. Standing so for some minutes, his first movement was to drop his hand angrily on the parapet of the bridge. He then turned round slowly in the direction by which the two women had walked away.

"Donna Brigida," he said, "I will lay you the price of fifty new dresses that Fabio d'Ascoli never marries again!"

He set his face once more towards the studio, and walked on without stopping until he arrived at the master-sculptor's door.

"Marry again?" he thought to himself as he rang the bell: "Donna Brigida, was your first failure not enough for you? Are you going to try a second time?"

Luca Lomi himself opened the door. He drew Father Rocco hurriedly into the studio, towards a single lamp burning on a stand near the partition between the two rooms.

"Have you heard anything of our poor child?" he asked. "Tell me the truth! — tell me the truth at once!"

"Hush! compose yourself. I have heard," said Father Rocco, in low, mournful tones.

Luca tightened his hold on the

priest's arm, and looked into his face with breathless, speechless eagerness.

"Compose yourself," repeated Father Rocco. "Compose yourself to hear the worst. My poor Luca, the doctors have given up all hope."

Luca dropped his brother's arm with a groan of despair. "Oh, Maddalena! my child — my only child!"

Reiterating these words again and again, he leaned his head against the partition and burst into tears. Sordid and coarse as his nature was, he really loved his daughter. All the heart he had was in his statues and in her.

After the first burst of his grief was exhausted, he was recalled to himself by a sensation as if some change had taken place in the lighting of the studio. He looked up directly, and dimly discerned the priest standing far down at the end of the room nearest the door, with the lamp in his hand, eagerly looking at something.

"Rocco!" he exclaimed — "Rocco! why have you taken the lamp away? What are you doing there?"

There was no movement and no answer. Luca advanced a step or two, and called again — "Rocco, what are you doing there?"

The priest heard this time, and came suddenly towards his brother with the lamp in his

hand — so suddenly that Luca started.

“What is it?” he asked, in astonishment. “Gracious God! Rocco, how pale you are!”

Still the priest never said a word. He put the lamp down on the nearest table. Luca observed that his hand shook. He had never seen his brother violently agitated before. When Rocco had announced, but a few minutes ago, that Maddalena's life was despaired of, it was in a voice which, though sorrowful, was perfectly calm. What was the meaning of this sudden panic — this strange, silent terror?

The priest observed that his brother was looking at him earnestly. “Come!” he said in a faint whisper — “come to her bedside; we have no time to lose. Get your hat, and leave it to me to put out the lamp.”

He hurriedly extinguished the light while he spoke. They went down the studio side by side towards the door. The moonlight streamed through the window full on the place where the priest had been standing alone with the lamp in his hand. As they passed it, Luca felt his brother tremble, and saw him turn away his head.

* * * *

Two hours later, Fabio d'Ascoli and his wife were separated in this world for ever; and the servants of the palace were anticipating in whispers the order of their mistress's funeral-procession to the burial-ground of the Campo Santo.

CHIP.

PENSIONERS.

THERE is no picture more successful in appealing to general sympathy than that of a disabled soldier or sailor. He presents, at once, ideas of dangers encountered, hardships endured, bravery, obedience, patriotism, and suffering. He has perhaps served abroad long enough to sever ties which, when he left home, connected him with it. Those relatives and friends who remain to him, he is too often obliged to address as a suppliant for help and compassion. His pension is too small for subsistence, and his health or his habits unfit him for many occupations which other men find no difficulty in obtaining.

A society is in course of formation for the Employment of Naval and Military Pensioners. It has received the approval and encouragement of many distinguished men who are well entitled to a hearing; among others, of Mr. GLEIG, the chaplain-general to the Forces, who is thoroughly acquainted with the English soldier in all his aspects. Its objects, as stated in a prospectus, are:

To call upon the Nobility, Gentry, Railway and other Companies, Bankers, Ship-owners, Merchants, Agriculturists, Manufacturers, and Employers generally, through the medium of Circulars and Advertisements, to intimate to the Officers of the Society when they have a vacancy in their relative establishments, with a description of the sort of person they wish to employ, whether as Grooms,

Helpers, Gardeners, Porters, Messengers, Game-keepers, Watchmen, Door or Office-keepers, &c., &c., the duties of which conditions may be adequately performed by men who, though unfit for active Military or Naval Service, are perfectly, and, in certain cases, peculiarly qualified for many of the ordinary avocations of labour.

To keep on the books of the Association the names of the men discharged, with good characters from her Majesty's Service, specifying their condition as to wounds, &c., the kind of employment for which they may be considered physically capable, their age, their late position in the Army or Navy, and their occupation before entering her Majesty's Service, with a copy of Testimonials of conduct, sobriety, and general character whilst bearing arms.

On the receipt of intimations from Employers of any vacancy, the Society will search their Register and complete their inquiries, with a view of recommending such a man as they think in every way eligible to fill the situation in a satisfactory manner.

The Society will, in cases where they may deem it advisable, advance small sums of money to the men in order to enable them to reach places at a distance, or to meet any other urgent necessities.

It frequently happens that employers have far to seek for persons, of whom the requisite qualities of steadiness and honesty can be readily certified. In such cases the Society offers an immediate resource; and will therefore doubtless succeed in its object. It must not however be forgotten, that there is no line of life which does not cast, upon the benevolence or the poor-laws of this country, its disabled and unpensioned candidates for such situations as the Society seeks for its protégés. How far these will fall into competition and rivalry with them, cannot be easily determined.

INFANT GARDENS.

SEVENTY or eighty years ago there was a son born to the Pastor Fröbel, who exercised his calling in the village of Oberweissbach, in the principality of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt. The son, who was called Frederick, proved to be a child of unusually quick sensibilities, keenly alive to all impressions, hurt by discords of all kinds; by quarrelling of men, women and children, by ill-assorted colours, inharmonious sounds. He was, to a morbid extent, capable of receiving delight from the beauties of nature, and, as a very little boy, would spend much of his time in studying and enjoying, for their own sake, the lines and angles in the gothic architecture of his father's church. Who does not know what must be the central point of all the happiness of such a child? The voice of its mother is the sweetest of sweet sounds, the face of its mother is the fairest of fair sights, the loving touch of her lip is the symbol to it of all pleasures of the sense and of the soul. Against the thousand shocks and terrors that are ready to afflict a child too exquisitely sensitive, the mother is the sole protectress, and her help is all-sufficient. Frederick Fröbel lost his mother in the first years of his childhood, and his youth was tortured with incessant craving for a sympathy that was not to be found.

The Pastor Fröbel was too

busy to attend to all the little fancies of his son. It was his good practice to be the peaceful arbiter of the disputes occurring in the village, and, as he took his boy with him when he went out, he made the child familiar with all the quarrels of the parish. Thus were suggested, week after week, comparisons between the harmony of nature, and the spite and scandal current among men. A dreamy, fervent love of God, a fanciful boy's wish that he could make men quiet and affectionate, took strong possession of young Frederick, and grew with his advancing years. He studied a good deal. Following out his love of nature, he sought to become acquainted with the sciences by which her ways and aspects are explained: his contemplation of the architecture of the village church ripened into a thorough taste for mathematics, and he enjoyed agricultural life practically, as a worker on his father's land. At last he went to Pestalozzi's school in Switzerland.

Then followed troublous times, and patriotic war in Germany, where even poets fought against the enemy with lyre and sword. The quick instincts, and high, generous impulses of Frederick Fröbel were engaged at once, and he went out to battle on behalf of Fatherland in the ranks of the boldest; for he was one of Lützow's regiment — a troop of riders that earned by its daring an immortal name. Their fame

has even penetrated to our English concert-rooms, where many a fair English maiden has been made familiar with the dare-devil patriots of which it was composed, by the refrain of the German song in honour of their prowess — *Das ist Lützow's wilde, verwegene Jagd*. Having performed his duty to his country in the ranks of its defenders, Fröbel fell back upon his love of nature and his study of triangles, squares, and cubes. He had made interest that placed him in a position which, in many respects, curiously satisfied his tastes — that of Inspector to the Mineralogical Museum in Berlin. The post was lucrative, its duties were agreeable to him, but the object of his life's desire was yet to be attained.

For, the unsatisfied cravings of his childhood had borne fruit within him. He remembered the quick feelings and perceptions, the incessant nimbleness of mind proper to his first years, and how he had been hemmed in and cramped for want of right encouragement and sympathy. He remembered, too, the ill-conditioned people whose disputes had been made part of his experience, the dogged children, cruel fathers, sullen husbands, angry wives, quarrelsome neighbours; and surely he did not err when he connected the two memories together. How many men and women go about pale-skinned and weak of limb, because their physical health during infancy

and childhood was not established by judicious management. It is just so, thought Fröbel, with our minds. There would be fewer sullen, quarrelsome, dull-witted men or women, if there were fewer children starved or fed improperly in heart and brain. To improve society—to make men and women better—it is requisite to begin quite at the beginning, and to secure for them a wholesome education during infancy and childhood. Strongly possessed with this idea, and feeling that the usual methods of education, by restraint and penalty, aim at the accomplishment of far too little, and by checking natural development even do positive mischief, Fröbel determined upon the devotion of his entire energy, throughout his life, to a strong effort for the establishment of schools that should do justice and honour to the nature of a child. He resigned his appointment at Berlin, and threw himself with only the resources of a fixed will, a full mind, and a right purpose, on the chances of the future.

At Keilhau, a village of Thuringia, he took a peasant's cottage, in which he purposed to establish his first school: a village boys' school. It was necessary to enlarge the cottage; and, while that was being done, Fröbel lived on potatoes, bread, and water. So scanty was his stock of capital on which his enterprise was started, that, in order honestly to pay his workmen, he was

forced to carry his principle of self-denial to the utmost. He bought each week two large rye-loaves, and marked on them with chalk each day's allowance. Perhaps he is the only man in the world who ever, in so literal a way, chalked out for himself a scheme of diet.

After labouring for many years among the boys at Keilhau, Fröbel—married to a wife who shared his zeal, and made it her labour to help to the utmost in carrying out the idea of her husband's life—felt that there was more to be accomplished. His boys came to him with many a twist in mind or temper, caught by wriggling up through the bewilderingments of a neglected infancy. The first sproutings of the human mind need thoughtful culture; there is no period of life, indeed, in which culture is so essential. And yet, in nine out of ten cases, it is precisely while the little blades of thought and buds of love are frail and tender, that no heed is taken to maintain the soil about them wholesome, and the air about them free from blight. There must be INFANT GARDENS, Fröbel said; and straightway formed his plans, and set to work for their accomplishment.

He had become familiar in cottages with the instincts of mothers, and the faculties with which young children are endowed by nature. He never lost his own childhood from memory, and being denied the blessing of

an infant of his own, regarded all the little ones with equal love. The direction of his boys' school — now flourishing vigorously — he committed to the care of a relation, while he set out upon a tour through parts of Germany and Switzerland to lecture upon Infant training and to found Infant Gardens where he could. He founded them at Hamburg, Leipzig, Dresden, and elsewhere. While labouring in this way he was always exercising the same spirit of self-denial that had marked the outset of his educational career. Whatever he could earn was for the children, to promote their cause. He would not spend upon himself the money that would help in the accomplishment of his desire, that childhood should be made as happy as God in his wisdom had designed it should be, and that full play should be given to its energies and powers. Many a night's lodging he took, while on his travels, in the open fields, with an umbrella for his bedroom and a knapsack for his pillow.

So beautiful a self-devotion to a noble cause won recognition. One of the best friends of his old age was the Duchess Ida of Weimar, sister to Queen Adelaide of England, and his death took place on the twenty-first of June, three years ago, at a country seat of the Duke of Meiningen. He died at the age of seventy, peaceably, upon a summer day, delighting in the beautiful scenery that lay outside his window, and in the

flowers brought by friends to his bedside. Nature, he said, bore witness to the promises of revelation. So Fröbel passed away.

And Nature's pleasant robe of green,
Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps
His monument and his memory.

Wise and good people have been endeavouring of late to obtain in this country a hearing for the views of this good teacher, and a trial for his system. Only fourteen years have elapsed since the first Infant Garden was established, and already infant gardens have been introduced into most of the larger towns of Germany. Let us now welcome them with all our hearts to England.

The whole principle of Fröbel's teaching is based on a perfect love for children and a full and genial recognition of their nature, a determination that their hearts shall not be starved for want of sympathy, that since they are by infinite wisdom so created as to find happiness in the active exercise and development of all their faculties, we, who have children round about us, shall not longer repress their energies, tie up their bodies, shut their mouths, and declare that they worry us by the incessant putting of the questions which the Father of us all has placed in their mouths, so that the teachable one for ever cries to those who undertake to be its guides — "What shall I do?" To be ready at all times with a wise answer to that question, ought to be the ambition of every one upon whom a child's

nature depends for the means of healthy growth. The frolic of childhood is not pure exuberance and waste. "There is often a high meaning in childish play," said Fröbel. Let us study it, and act upon hints — or more than hints — that nature gives. They fall into a fatal error who despise all that a child does, as frivolous. Nothing is trifling that forms part of a child's life.

That which the mother awakens and fosters,

When she joyously sings and plays;
That which her love so tenderly shelters,
Bears a blessing to future days.

We quote Fröbel again, in these lines, and we quote others in which he bids us

— Break not suddenly the dream,
The blessed dream of infancy;
In which the soul unites with all
In earth, or heaven, or sea, or sky.

But enough has already been said to show what he would have done. How would he do it?

Of course it must be borne in mind, throughout the following sketch of Fröbel's scheme of infant training, that certain qualities of mind are necessary to the teacher. Let nobody suppose that any scheme of education can attain its end, as a mere scheme, apart from the qualifications of those persons by whom it is to be carried out. Very young children can be trained successfully by no person who wants hearty liking for them, and who can take part only with a proud sense of restraint in their chatter and their play. It is in truth no con-

descension to become in spirit as a child with children, and nobody is fit to teach the young who holds a different opinion. Unvarying cheerfulness and kindness, the refinement that belongs naturally to a pure, well-constituted woman's mind are absolutely necessary to the management of one of Fröbel's infant gardens.

Then, again, let it be understood that Fröbel never wished his system of training to be converted into mere routine, to the exclusion of all that spontaneous action in which more than half of every child's education must consist. It was his purpose to show the direction in which it was most useful to proceed, how best to assist the growth of the mind by following the indications nature furnishes. Nothing was farther from his design, in doing that, than the imposition of a check on any wholesome energies. Blindman's buff, romps, puzzles, fairy tales, everything in fact that exercises soundly any set of the child's faculties, must be admitted as a part of Fröbel's system. The cardinal point of his doctrine is, — take care that you do not exercise a part only, of the child's mind or body; but take thorough pains to see that you encourage the development of its whole nature. If pains — and great pains — be not taken to see that this is done, probably it is not done. The Infant Gardens are designed to help in doing it.

The mind of a young child must not be trained at the expense of its body. Every muscle ought, if possible, to be brought daily into action; and, in the case of a child suffered to obey the laws of nature by free tumbling and romping, that is done in the best manner possible. Every mother knows that by carrying an infant always on the same arm its growth is liable to be perverted. Every father knows the child's delight at being vigorously danced up and down, and much of this delight arises from the play then given to its muscles. As the child grows, the most unaccustomed positions into which it can be safely twisted are those from which it will receive the greatest pleasure. That is because play is thus given to the muscles in a form they do not often get, and nature,—always watchful on the child's behalf—cries, We will have some more of that. It does us good. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind, and Fröbel's scheme of infant education is, for both, a system of gymnastics.

He begins with the new-born infant and demands that, if possible, it shall not be taken from its mother. He sets his face strongly against the custom of committing the child during the tenderest and most impressible period of its whole life to the care and companionship of an ignorant nurse-maid, or of servants who have not the mother's

instinct, or the knowledge that can tell them how to behave in its presence. Only the mother should, if possible, be the child's chief companion and teacher during at least the first three years of its life, and she should have thought it worth while to prepare herself for the right fulfilment of her duties. Instead of tambour work, or Arabic, or any other useless thing that may be taught at girls' schools, surely it would be a great blessing if young ladies were to spend some of their time in an infant garden, that might be attached to every academy. Let them all learn from Fröbel what are the requirements of a child, and be prepared for the wise performance of what is after all to be the most momentous business of their lives.

The carrying out of this hint is indeed necessary to the complete and general adoption of the infant-garden system. Fröbel desired his infants to be taught only by women, and required that they should be women as well educated and refined as possible; preferring amiable unmarried girls. Thus he would have our maidens spending some part of their time in playing with little ones, learning to understand them, teaching them to understand; our wives he would have busy at home, making good use of their experience, developing carefully and thoughtfully the minds of their children, sole teachers for the first three

years of their life; afterwards, either helped by throwing them among other children in an infant garden for two or three hours every day, or, if there be at home no lack of little company, having infant gardens of their own.

Believing that it is natural to address infants in song, Fröbel encouraged nursery songs, and added to their number. Those contributed by him to the common stock were of course contributed for the sake of some use that he had for each; in the same spirit — knowing play to be essential to a child — he invented games; and those added by him to the common stock are all meant to be used for direct teaching. It does not in the least follow, and it was not the case, that he would have us make all nursery rhymes and garden sports abstrusely didactic. He meant no more than to put his own teaching into songs and games, to show clearly that whatever is necessary to be said or done to a young child, may be said or done merrily or playfully, and although he was essentially a schoolmaster, he had no faith in the terrors commonly associated with his calling.

Fröbel's nursery songs are associated almost invariably with bodily activity on the part of the child. He is always, as soon as he becomes old enough, to do something while the song is going on, and the movements assigned to him are cunningly

contrived so that not even a joint of a little finger shall be left unexercised. If he be none the better, he is none the worse for this. The child is indeed unlucky that depends only on care of this description for the full play of its body; but there are some children so unfortunate, and there are some parents who will be usefully reminded by those songs, of the necessity of procuring means for the free action of every joint and limb. What is done for the body is done, in the same spirit for the mind, and ideas are formed, not by song only. The beginning of a most ingenious course of mental training by a series of playthings is made almost from the very first.

A box containing six soft balls differing in colour, is given to the child. It is Fröbel's "first gift." Long before it can speak the infant can hold one of these little balls in its fingers, become familiar with its spherical shape and its colour. It stands still, it springs, it rolls. As the child grows, he can roll it and run after it, watch it with sharp eyes, and compare the colour of one ball with the colour of another, prick up his ears at the songs connected with his various games with it, use it as a bond of play-fellowship with other children, practise with it first efforts at self-denial, and so forth. One ball is suspended by a string, it jumps, — it rolls — here — there — over — up, — turns left —

turns right — ding-dong — tip-tap — falls — spins; fifty ideas may be connected with it. The six balls, three of the primary colours, three of the secondary, may be built up in a pyramid; they may be set rolling, and used in combination in a great many ways giving sufficient exercise to the young wits that have all knowledge and experience before them.

Fröbel's "second gift" is a small box containing a ball, cube and roller (the two last perforated), with a stick and string. With these forms of the cube, sphere, and cylinder, there is a great deal to be done, and learnt. They can be played with at first according to the child's own humour: will run, jump, represent carts or anything. The ancient Egyptians, in their young days as a nation, piled three cubes on one another and called them the three Graces. A child will, in the same way, see fishes in stones, and be content to put a cylinder upon a cube, and say that is papa on horseback. Of this element of ready fancy in all childish sport, Fröbel took full advantage. The ball, cube, and cylinder may be spun, swung, rolled, and balanced, in so many ways as to display practically all their properties. The cube, spun upon the stick piercing it through opposite edges, will look like a circle, and so forth. As the child grows older, each of the forms may be examined definitely, and he may learn from observation to

describe it. The ball may be rolled down an inclined plane and the acceleration of its speed observed. Most of the elementary laws of mechanics may be made practically obvious to the child's understanding.

The "third gift" is the cube divided once in every direction. By the time a child gets this to play with, he is three years old: of age ripe for admission to an Infant Garden. The infant garden is intended for the help of children between three years old and seven. Instruction in it — always by means of play — is given for only two or three hours in the day; such instruction sets each child, if reasonably helped at home, in the right train of education for the remainder of its time.

An infant garden must be held in a large room abounding in clear space for child's play, and connected with a garden into which the children may adjourn whenever weather will permit. The garden is meant chiefly to assure, more perfectly, the association of wholesome bodily exercise with mental activity. If climate but permitted, Fröbel would have all young children taught entirely in the pure, fresh air, while frolicking in sunshine among flowers. By his system he aimed at securing for them bodily as well as mental health, and he held it to be unnatural that they should be cooped up in close rooms, and glued to forms, when all their limbs twitch with

desire for action, and there is a warm sunshine out of doors. The garden, too, should be their own; every child the master or mistress of a plot in it, sowing seeds and watching day by day the growth of plants, instructed playfully and simply in the meaning of what is observed. When weather forbids use of the garden, there is the great, airy room which should contain cupboards, with a place for every child's toys and implements; so that a habit of the strictest neatness may be properly maintained. Up to the age of seven there is to be no book work and no ink work; but only at school a free and brisk, but systematic strengthening of the body, of the senses, of the intellect, and of the affections, managed in such a way as to leave the child prompt for subsequent instruction, already comprehending the elements of a good deal of knowledge.

We must endeavour to show in part how that is done. The third gift — the cube divided once in every direction — enables the child to begin the work of construction in accordance with its own ideas, and insensibly brings the ideas into the control of a sense of harmony and fitness. The cube divided into eight parts will manufacture many things; and, while the child is at work helped by quiet suggestion now and then, the teacher talks of what he is about, asks many questions, answers more, mixes up little songs and stories with

the play. Pillars, ruined castles, triumphal arches, city gates, bridges, crosses, towers, all can be completed to the perfect satisfaction of a child, with the eight little cubes. They are all so many texts on which useful and pleasant talk can be established. Then they are capable also of harmonious arrangement into patterns, and this is a great pleasure to the child. He learns the charm of symmetry, exercises taste in the preference of this or that among the hundred combinations of which his eight cubes are susceptible.

Then follows the "fourth gift," a cube divided into eight planes cut lengthways. More things can be done with this than with the other. Without strain on the mind, in sheer play, mingled with songs, nothing is wanted but a liberal supply of little cubes, to make clear to the children the elements of arithmetic. The cubes are the things numbered. Addition is done with them; they are subtracted from each other; they are multiplied: they are divided. Besides these four elementary rules they cause children to be thoroughly at home in the principle of fractions, to multiply and divide fractions — as real things; all in good time, it will become easy enough to let written figures represent them — to go through the rule of three, square root, and cube root. As a child has instilled into him the principles of arithmetic, so he acquires insensibly the ground-

work of geometry, the sister science.

Fröbel's "fifth gift" is an extension of the third, a cube divided into twenty-seven equal cubes, and three of these further divided into halves, three into quarters. This brings with it the teaching of a great deal of geometry, much help to the lessons in number, magnificent accessions to the power of the little architect; who is provided, now, with pointed roofs and other glories, and the means of producing an almost infinite variety of symmetrical patterns, both more complex and more beautiful than heretofore.

The "sixth gift" is a cube so divided as to extend still farther the child's power of combining and discussing it. When its resources are exhausted and combined with those of the "seventh gift" (a box containing every form supplied in the preceding series), the little pupil — seven years old — has had his inventive and artistic powers exercised, and his mind stored with facts that have been absolutely comprehended. He has acquired also a sense of pleasure in the occupation of his mind.

But he has not been trained in this way only. We leave out of account the bodily exercise connected with the entire round of occupation, and speak only of the mental discipline. There are some other "gifts" that are brought into service as the child becomes able to use them. One

is a box containing pieces of wood, or pasteboard, cut into sundry forms. With these the letters of the alphabet can be constructed: and, after letters, words, in such a way as to create out of the game a series of pleasant spelling lessons. The letters are arranged upon a slate ruled into little squares, by which the eye is guided in preserving regularity. Then follows the gift of a bundle of small sticks, which represent so many straight lines; and, by laying them upon his slate, the child can make letters, patterns, pictures; drawing, in fact, with lines that have not to be made with pen or pencil, but are provided ready made and laid down with the fingers. This kind of Stick-work having been brought to perfection, there is a capital extension of the idea with what is called Pea-work. By the help of peas softened in water, sticks may be joined together, letters, skeletons of cubes, crosses, prisms may be built; houses, towers, churches may be constructed, having due breadth as well as length and height, strong enough to be carried about or kept as specimens of ingenuity. Then follows a gift of flat sticks, to be used in plaiting. After that, there is a world of ingenuity to be expended on the plaiting, folding, cutting, and pricking of plain or coloured paper. Children five years old, trained in the Infant Garden, will delight in plaiting slips of paper variously coloured into patterns of their

own invention, and will work with a sense of symmetry so much refined by training as to produce patterns of exceeding beauty. By cutting paper, too, patterns are produced in the Infant Garden that would often, though the work of very little hands, be received in schools of design with acclamation. Then there are games by which the first truths of astronomy, and other laws of nature, are made as familiar as they are interesting. For our own parts, we have been perfectly amazed at the work we have seen done by children of six or seven — bright, merry creatures, who have all the spirit of their childhood active in them, repressed by no parent's selfish love of ease and silence — cowed by no dull-witted teacher of the ABC and the pot-hooks.

Fröbel discourages the cramping of an infant's hand upon a pen, but his slate ruled into little squares, or paper prepared in the same way, is used by him for easy training in the elements of drawing. Modelling in wet clay is one of the most important occupations of the children who have reached about the sixth year, and is used as much as possible, not merely to encourage imitation, but to give some play to the creative power. Finally, there is the best possible use made of the paint-box, and children engaged upon the colouring of pictures and the arrangement of nosegays, are further taught to enjoy, not merely what is

bright, but also what is harmonious and beautiful.

We have not left ourselves as much space as is requisite to show how truly all such labour becomes play to the child. Fourteen years' evidence suffices for a demonstration of the admirable working of a system of this kind; but as we think there are some parents who may be willing to inquire a little further into the subject here commended earnestly to their attention, we will end by a citation of the source from which we have ourselves derived what information we possess.

At the educational exhibition in St. Martin's Hall last year, there was a large display of the material used and results produced in Infant Gardens, which attracted much attention. The Baroness von Marenholtz, enthusiastic in her advocacy of the childrens' cause, came then to England, and did very much to procure the establishment in this country of some experimental infant gardens. By her, several months ago — and about the same time by M. and Madame Ronge who had already established the first English infant garden — our attention was invited to the subject. We were also made acquainted with M. Hoffman, one of Fröbel's pupils, who explained the system theoretically at the Polytechnic Institution. When in this country, the Baroness von Marenholtz published a book called *Woman's Educational Mission: being an*

explanation of Frederick Fröbel's System of Infant Gardens. We have made use of the book in the preceding notice, but it appeared without the necessary illustrations, and is therefore a less perfect guide to the subject than a work published more recently by M. and Madame Ronge: *A Practical Guide to the English Kindergarten*. This last book we exhort everybody to consult who is desirous of a closer insight into Fröbel's system than we have been able here to give. It not only explains what the system is; but, by help of an unstinted supply of little sketches, enables any one at once to study it at home and bring it into active operation. It suggests conversations, games; gives many of Fröbel's songs, and even furnishes the music (which usually consists of popular tunes — Mary Blane, Rousseau's Dream, &c.) to which they may be sung. Furthermore, it is well to say that any one interested in this subject, whom time and space do not forbid, may see an Infant Garden in full work by calling on a Tuesday morning between the hours of ten and one on M. and Madame Ronge, at number thirty-two, Tavistock Place, Tavistock Square. That day these earliest and heartiest of our established infant gardeners have set apart, for the help of a good cause, to interruptions and investigations from the world without: trusting, of course, we suppose, that no one will disturb them for the sa-

tisfaction of mere idle curiosity.

UNFORTUNATE JAMES DALEY.

THROUGH what inadvertent misapprehension relative to the laws of mine and thine the late unfortunate Mr. James Daley came to be exiled from his native country, Ireland, to which he was so bright and conspicuous an ornament, I have had no means of ascertaining. That he was so exiled — that is to say, transported beyond the seas, does not admit of a doubt, for I find him to have been a convict in the penal settlement of Botany Bay, in or about the year seventeen hundred and eighty-eight.

Anno Domini seventeen hundred and eighty-eight was a real annus mirabilis. Many millions of persons were born and died in every month, week, day, hour, minute, and second of that year: the sun shone with great brilliancy over an immense space of territory; copious showers of rain fell from the heavens; and it is on indisputable record that at one period of the winter, snow covered a considerable portion of the earth's surface. In the year 'eighty-eight departed from Rome all that was immortal from that miserably mortal amalgam of the lees of wine, the bitter ashes of Dead Sea apples, the weeds and tares of unchecked passions, the withered flowers of

hope, and youth, and honour, that was once Charles Edward Stuart, to the vast majority of his contemporaries the young pretender; but, on some cherished medals, and on Canova's tombstone, and in some stout Scottish hearts, still Charles the Third, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland. This same 'eighty-eight, too, flourished, in New South Wales, the unfortunate James Daley.

The life and motives of Mr. Daley are enveloped in mystery which no person has yet thought it worth his while to solve. Mr. Daley was transported, but for what crime even, does not, as I have premised, appear. Whether he was a defender, a thrasher, a whiteboy, a peep o' day boy, or a member of any other occult society of Irish Philadelphi; or whether with a noble disdain of the factious acrimonies of politics he had, inverting Goldsmith's remark on Burke, given up for mankind what was meant for party, and so confined himself to larceny; whether he was a victim whose expatriation is to be numbered among Ireland's wrongs, or a scoundrel of whom his country was well rid, must remain a doubt, subject to the everlasting if, the everlasting perhaps, and the everlasting why. Unless, indeed, any body should take the trouble to rout out the Irish sessions papers, or gaol returns (if any existed), for the year seventeen hundred and eighty-eight.

James Daley's misfortunes are

over, and the kangaroo hops over his grave; his name would never, probably, have found a place in print, even in the *Biographia Flagitiosa*, had I not the other day stumbled across a passage in an old book that led me to ask myself the question, whether he may not have been the FIRST DISCOVERER OF THE GOLD FIELDS OF AUSTRALIA! In page thirty-six of a quarto volume, published fifty-one years ago, entitled "An Account of the English Colony of New South Wales," by Lieutenant Colonel Collins, I find the following passage:—

"The settlement of Sydney Cove was for some time amused with the account of the existence and discovery of a gold mine; and the impostor had ingenuity enough to impose a fabricated tale on several of the people for truth. He pretended to have discovered it at some distance down the harbour; and offering to conduct an officer to the spot, a boat was provided; but immediately on landing, having previously prevailed upon the officer to send away the boat, to prevent his discovery being made public to more than one person, he made a pretence to leave him, and reaching the settlement some hours before the officer, reported that he had been sent up by him for a guard. The fellow knew too well the consequences that would follow on the officer's arrival, to wait for that, and therefore set off directly into the woods, but

being brought back was punished for his imposition with fifty lashes. Still, however, persisting that he had discovered a metal, a specimen of which he produced, the governor ordered him to be taken again down the harbour, with directions to his adjutant to land the men on the place which he should point out, and keep him in sight; but on being assured by that officer, that if he had attempted to deceive him he would put him to death, the man confessed that his story of having found a gold mine was a falsehood which he had propagated in the hope of imposing upon the people belonging to the Fishbourn and Golden Grove Store-ships, from which he expected to procure clothing and other articles in return for his promised gold dust; and that he had fabricated the specimens of the metal which he had exhibited, from a guinea and a brass buckle; the remains of which he then produced, and was rewarded for his ingenuity with a hundred lashes. Among the people of his own description there were many who believed, notwithstanding his confession and punishment, that he had actually made the discovery which he pretended, and that he was induced to say it was a fabrication merely to secure it to himself, to make use of it at a future opportunity: so easy is it to impose on the minds of the lower class of the people."

Easy it is, indeed, to impose on the minds of this same lower

class: the imposition has been tried on the largest scale, and with the most enlivening success during a long series of years; yet the judgment even of the superior orders is occasionally fallible, and the great ones of the earth sometimes make fools of themselves. Fifty-one years ago unfortunate James Daley was flogged, threatened with death, and sneered at by lieutenant-governors, judge-advocates, soldier-officers, overseers, and free settlers. Only a few convicts, miserable and despised as himself, believed in him and his gold mine: he got not his deserts, yet 'scaped he not the whipping; but in this day and hour how many of the superior classes will be bold enough to aver that the wretched, contaminated, brutalised, crime-stained, flagellated Irish convict may not have discovered gold — may have been within the arcana of Mammon — may have stood on the shores of that wonderful Pactolus to whose golden sands myriads of men and women are rushing now in frenzied concupiscence of wealth!

I am fond of believing strange things, and I therefore register my opinion that Daley did, if not actually discover gold, know of its existence somewhere in the vicinity of Sydney. I think the guinea and brass-buckle story was a blind; that the lower class of people were right in their estimation of their comrade's character; and that unfortunate James Daley, after his one im-

prudent avowal that he had a secret, determined to keep it thenceforward unrevealed, because he hated his masters in his heart, and loathed the idea of placing wealth at their command. The monkeys, they say, have the gift of speech, but will not use it lest man should set them to work; unfortunate James Daley, perhaps, kept mute for a parallel reason. "Here I am," he may have said, "lagged — a lifer. I have found gold. What good will it do me to tell the lieutenant-governor and the judge-advocate where to find it too? I shall get a ticket-of-leave, perhaps, and a few guineas; and I shall get drunk, and knife a man, and be lagged again, or scragged; while the lieutenant-governor goes home to be made a lord of, and the judge-advocate is thanked by the parliament-house." So, James Daley held his tongue, and was rewarded for his ingenuity with a hundred lashes.

His ultimate reward on earth, and one that fairly earns him the title of unfortunate, was yet to come. He is flogged at page thirty-six of the book I have quoted; at page forty-one he is hanged. In the case of the unfortunate Miss Bailey, the captain who behaved so ill to her was, I believe, an officer in the Marines. In the case of the unfortunate James Daley, the judge who sentenced him to death was also in the Marines — Lieutenant-Colonel Collins, judge-advocate

of the colony. Bailey was throttled in her garters; Daley in an orthodox halter. Here is the entry of the discoverer's crowning reward:

"In December, James Daley, the convict, who, in August, pretended to have discovered an inexhaustible source of wealth, and who had been observed from that time to neglect his labour, and to loiter about from hut to hut, while others were at work, was at last convicted of breaking into a house and plundering it, for which he suffered death. Before he was turned off, he confessed that he had committed several thefts, into which he had been induced by bad connections."

Here is an end of James Daley, his misfortunes, his discoveries, and his crimes. His secret, if he had any, died with him. It is doubtful whether he discovered gold or not. It is certain that he broke into a house, and that he was rewarded for his ingenuity by a hundred and fifty lashes and a gibbet. He was whipped like a dog, and hanged like a dog, according to law. The only question is, whether he deserves a niche in the temple of the martyrs of discovery by the side of Christopher Columbus, Salomon de Caslæ, and Galileo; or whether I myself ought to be put in the pillory (supposing such a machine to exist), for desecrating these respectable pages with the apotheosis of an unmitigated rascal. Perhaps, after all, it does not

matter much whether the Australian gold-fields were in reality first discovered by James Daley. We as seldom see the right amount of praise given to the right man, as the right man in the right place. I dare say Cadmus didn't invent letters himself. I imagine that he bought the patent right for a few drachms from some poor wretch who lived in an attic and had no soles to his sandals. "That man is not the discoverer of any art," writes Sydney Smith, "who first says the thing; but he who says it so long, and so loud, and so clearly, that he compels mankind to hear him."

SARDINIAN FORESTS AND FISHERIES.

As the time for over-sea excursions approaches, it may be a charity to give a short account of an island that has hitherto almost escaped that British invasion which, corrupting the cookery of France, and raising the tolls of innkeepers, postboys, muleteers, donkey-boys, and camel-drivers, has extended from the Straits of Dover to the Pyramid of Cheops: from the snows of Lapland to the hot sands of Algeria: and spreads all over the world.

With so much of the kingdom of Sardinia as consists of what the islanders call *terra firma*, English travellers are tolerably familiar. But, the island which

has given the best known European name to the territory which includes such famous cities as Turin and Genoa, has been ventured upon by few except antiquaries of the true Dryasdust order — careful, industrious, fearfully historical, and perfectly unreadable. A reputation for marsh fevers and absence of decent inns, and a more than ordinary richness in entomological specimens of the more disagreeable kind, have, we presume, protected Island Sardinia from the barbarians who wear mackintosh and plaids, and walk like mad dogs in the heat of the day.

And yet it is the largest island in the Mediterranean — as long as from London to Liverpool, and as broad as from London to Southampton; with mountains eight thousand feet high; torrents and waterfalls on a proportionate scale, swarming with delicious trout; groves of orange and lemon trees in full bearing; forests of oak and chestnut, alive with great deer, wild sheep, and fierce wild boar; a people as yet uncorrupted by alms or soap, hospitable and dirty, in costumes of picturesqueness and brilliancy which would make the fortune of a ballet-master. The men armed to the teeth, perpetrating poems and murders (not of strangers), on the slightest provocation. The women beautiful, fierce, faithful, and quite unspoiled by writing or reading. There are also antiquities; but, as no one knows what they mean, or by whom or for

what purpose the rivals of the Round Towers were built, we will say nothing about them: especially as our present notions are rather vulgar, commercial, and sanitary, than romantic or antiquarian.

For the same reason we say nothing about the history of the island, or its line of sovereigns, but recommend it to melodrama writers as full of assassinations, abdications, love-matches, monks, Jesuits, armour, plumes, and velvet jackets.

Government steamers run between Genoa and the two ports of Sardinia. In fine weather, whole fleets of the nautilus, and shoals of dolphin, sail and sport upon and in the really blue Mediterranean: affording to those who have previously only known the seas of Holyhead or of Folkstone, visible signs of the sunny south. Besides these ornamental denizens of the Sardinian shores, there are also to be found, in season, shoals of tunny that we do not eat in England, except a few choice spirits, tempted to patronise Fortnum and Mason's pickled specimens by Brillat Savarin's celebrated story of the Abbé's Omelette au Thou; also sardines, which we do eat in quantity, thanks to Sir Robert Peel's tariff. Then there is abundance of the finest coral, in symbol of which the town of Cagliari has from time immemorial borne as its arms, a tower sprouting with a branch of coral. Also the Pinna Marina, a silk-produ-

cing bivalve of vast size, sometimes three feet in length; not born wrapped in silk like the China worm, but endowed with a sort of beard, or bunch of lines, which, having first allocated himself to a rock by his hinge end, he throws out, like a fly-fisher, until some small fish, attracted by the floating brilliancy, approach, nibble, are caught in the gigantic trap of the open valves, and silently absorbed. But, by the retributory or reactionary law of nature, the pinna himself at times falls to an enemy even more crafty and skilful than himself. The Polypus Octopedia (what a dreadful name!) may be seen in calm weather, by a curious observer, looking down a Sardinian rock into the clear waters, stealing along toward the open-mouthed pinna, until within a convenient distance, when he flings, with wonderful dexterity, a pebble he has carried in two of his claws into the shell of the hungry pinna. The pinna shuts or tries to shut his trap and crush the stone; in vain, he is wedged open, and the polypus devours him at leisure. The Sardes, in their turn, drag the pinna from rocks, cut off his beard, wash it, dry it, comb it out, get about three ounces of fine silk from a rough pound, and weave four ounces into a pair of gloves "of a beautiful yellow brown, like the burnished gold of certain beetles' backs." Such gloves in the country are worth nearly five shillings a pair.

The land, as far as nature goes, seems not less rich than the sea. It is grievous to hear of magnificent forests of oak, chestnut, ilex, and cork, cut down as recklessly as though they had been in English crown forests, and of a large percentage lost or destroyed for want of roads, and machinery. Beautiful corn is grown, although not nearly to the extent that would be possible if the country were opened, and cultivation encouraged by a rational system of commerce. A few years ago, finest wheat was to be had at thirty-two shillings a quarter, but there were then export duties, a barbarism that we once applied to Irish corn and cattle. The citizens of Bristol turned out the great Edmund Burke for supporting their repeal; so we may find excuses for the Piedmontese king. Fowls are fourpence each, and the best olive oil only three shillings and sixpence a gallon. With white bread, fowls, eggs, and oil to fry them in, no traveller can starve. Then, there are ten different kinds of wines, of wonderful flavour, and euphonious names. Malvaglia, like strong white hermitage, which, when old and very good, costs four shillings and sixpence a gallon. Torbato, like Manzanilla of Spain, at half that price. Giro, like the Tinto of Alicante; also Muscato and Monaco, of which the former is perfumed and delicate: the latter strong. Cannonnau, sweet for the ladies; and excellent vino di

paese at tenpence a gallon! We grieve to add that part of the stronger wines are exported to Genoa and France, to doctor the weaker kinds. The grapes of the province of Alghero make not only wine, but most delicious raisins, by a secret process. They are not sold, but sent as presents to select friends. Every year, the grape-ship, into which nothing but bushels upon bushels of raisins are admitted, sails to Cagliari, with thousands of baskets for friends.

After these carnal temptations, it is right to mention that the interior forest tracts — roads there are none — are frequented by a sort of Robin Hood outlaws, of various degrees of felony, who under the general title of *Fuoriciti*, are, if merely guilty of manslaughter, pitied and supported by the peasantry, and occasionally persecuted by the police.

Hospitality flourishes, as it does in all thinly peopled countries, where food is cheap and news is scarce. A traveller is introduced from village to village, sure of hearty welcome. The one serious drawback consists in the ceremony of eating. The polite thing is, to partake of every dish; and this, when there are eight or ten, except for an English alderman of experience, is rather difficult. Mr. Tynedale, to whom we are indebted for many of our plums, relates how, when weary, sleepy, and exhausted by tasting of ten dishes, his host exclaimed, "Well, as

you have eaten nothing, you shall have something really nice." The door presently opened, and the servant entered with a whole roasted wild boar; and in spite of every effort, our traveller was obliged to dispose of a considerable slice before he was permitted to retire to bed and the nightmare.

For travelling in Sardinia there is an omnibus, running over the one road which traverses the island from end to end, from Cagliari to Port Torres; a most unenviable conveyance, if we are to believe the French gentlemen who, for photographic purposes, passed six uncomfortable weeks there. But then there are also to be had, capital little horses of Arab style, fiery, docile, sure-footed, and hardy. Surely he is unworthy to be a traveller in wild countries, who does not prefer a good horse to any omnibus, even though as luxurious as those of Manchester and Glasgow. Perhaps this race came with the Carthaginians. At any rate, Roman emperors had hunting studs in the island. The Sardes are famous horsemen, in that one respect unlike the highlanders. To sneer at a Sarde's horse is as dangerous as to praise his wife. Horses are so cheap that every peasant has one, which keeps itself, running loose in the woods and wild lands. The best are trained to amble with each pair of fore and hind feet following at the same time, thus producing a most easy smooth motion. An

Italian writer declares that travelling on horseback in Sardinia is one of the most agreeable things in the world — "I prefer it to going in a boat with the wind astern." A few thus educated would be invaluable for stout ladies or aldermen requiring exercise. Mr. Tynedale paid ten shillings and sixpence a day for three horses and a man, who found the animals and fed them himself. One of these horses was to carry baggage.

Near the town of Sassari are to be found gardens rich in fruit, flowers and shrubs; in one, our traveller saw a myrtle tree, the stem of which, at some height from the ground, was fifty-six inches in circumference; the branches, extending twenty-six feet, rested on orange trees. The fruit trees were in full bloom; almond, cherry, orange, and pome-granate, lighted up the dark foliage, over which the Roman pine and palm reigned majestically. One orange tree bore on an average four thousand five hundred fruit. By way of contrast to orange and tobacco plantations, further on in the interior, beyond the wretched village of Bolzi — through a desolate undrained country, abounding in cork, wild olive, and pear trees, the coarse grass brilliant with asphodel — the river Perfugas is reached; where trout, which may be seen in shoals in the summer, from three to four pounds weight each, are sold at Sempio for a halfpenny a pound.

If our traveller, after travelling and fishing, should desire the refreshment of a week at the Baths, he can be accommodated on easy terms. In a gorge of the river Coghinas, are mineral baths of considerable Sarde celebrity, and perhaps as simple and economical as any in Europe. The patient finds neither hotel nor bad-haus, nor kûrsaal, but carries with him a fortnight's provisions and a hatchet, sets to work, and cuts down enough boughs to build him a hut; then, takes four horizontal poles, and having discovered with naked foot or hand, the lot of sand of the right heat, sticks the four poles in at the four corners, and fills up the sides with boughs to keep off the sun or the wind; then scratches up the sand into a sort of grave, long enough and broad enough to receive his body. The hollow is immediately filled with the warm mineral water, which flows constantly through, at an even temperature. As thus, in the primitive style of the Omoo and Typee Islanders of the Pacific, he luxuriates, he may see herds of swine, the tame and the wild together, refreshing themselves in the same manner: wallowing in the river, which is cold at top and boiling hot at bottom, and burying themselves in the sand.

A few years ago, before the Western prairies, California, Australia, New Zealand, not to speak of Egypt and Palestine, had become familiar to our

sportsmen and travellers, this wild wood life would have been considered decidedly eccentric; but, in Sardinia, judging by the following description of a forest bivouac, luxury and savagery are deliciously combined. Our traveller laid in, three pounds of eels, at fourpence halfpenny; a whole lamb, one shilling and threepence halfpenny; half a wild boar (very small, we presume), two shillings; twelve eggs, at twopence; two quarts of wine, twopence halfpenny; a pound of cheese, twopence halfpenny — as a supply for the dinner and supper of himself, two servants, and an extra guide. On arriving at a suitable place for a mid-day halt, the horses were unsaddled and turned loose to graze; branches of arbutus, cistus, lavender, myrtle, and thyme were cut down for firewood, lighted, and reduced to a heap of live ashes; these being piled eighteen inches high and two feet square, a stone at each corner supported four long arbutus stakes, on which the lamb and boar were spitted, and turned as occasion required: while in the traveller's small frying-pan, fish and omelette were artistically prepared. Ice-cold water was drawn from a stream flowing close by, from the snow-capped mountains above. Not unfrequently, excellent wild honey is to be found in the hollows of ancient trees, equal in taste and perfume to honey of Hybla and Hymettus. As bees abound and

flourish, so does the bee-eater, the gorgeous bird described by Virgil, of green and azure plumage. These, honey-fed like their victims, are caught, roasted in vine leaves, and eaten with kale and toast, like woodcocks: rivalling in beauty and exceeding in flavour our painted pheasant.

The greatest curiosity in wild game is the muffer, with a head and horns like a sheep, and a body and coat like a deer about two feet eight inches high; running in flocks of from five or six to fifty, lively active, and timid. They are found on forest-covered hills, especially on Monte Argentu, and the mountain districts of Patada, Budduso, Teuladu, Iglesias, and Nurra. Their flesh has the taste of venison; their bleat a sound like that of the sheep; they are easily tamed, and playful and mischievous as pet goats. Another animal peculiar to this island is the boccamelle: a honey-hunter kind of weasel: a beautiful, easily-tamed, and engaging little creature, free from any offensive smell, full of endearing tricks and gambols, so delicate in its eating that it will starve rather than touch impure food. Honey is its favourite dish, to obtain which it hunts out the wild nests, and nibbles through the cork hives of the peasants; thus sometimes starving out the bees.

Monstrous eagles abound, and carry off many a lamb and squeaking pig. The shepherds

lay baits for them, and shoot them as they settle down to feed.

These are not the only temptations to the sportsman youth of zoological tastes, who form our most adventurous travellers. Near Cagliari, within twelve hours of African shores, are certain stagni — half lake, half marsh, where shelter, climate, and food, attract a wonderful number of water-fowl, both waders and swimmers — in winter, perhaps the greatest variety of northern and southern birds in the world. There, even in summer, are to be found wild swans and geese, herons of various kinds, sizes, and colours, black cormorants, and countless teal, widgeon, cootes, dabchicks, water ouzles. Strangest of all, the bird of our boyish dreams — the flamingo, with his crimson back, pale pink breast, and long legs — a sort of attenuated young lady in a rose-coloured ball-dress.

These majestic creatures arrive about the month of September, and remain until April. Their flocks are ranged like armies of from one to five thousand, in a broad red wedge; with their wings waving as evenly as guardsmen march, they float away, a cloud of living fire. They were named flamingo from *flamma*. Not less interesting than their flight is to see from a distance thousands stalking gracefully along the shores of the stagni, like a fringe of crimson

silk fanned by the evening breeze. They seldom breed in the stagni. They probably prefer Africa; but, occasionally a nest is found — a conical pile of weeds, shells, &c., raised about two feet and a half high; on which, having deposited their eggs, they sit astride, with their long legs hanging down, *à la fourchette*, as the French would say, and hatch. The Romans considered flamingoes' brains and tongues a delicacy. The modern Sardes seldom eat them, but make a musical pipe of the shank bone for their national instrument — a sort of abominable bagpipe.

At another point of the Sardinian coast, near Oristana, are lagunes, which afford very remarkable fishing, only second in importance to that of the tunny described in *Household Words*. These lagunes are about seven miles long, and four and a half wide, divided off by thick fences of reeds into three partitions, some of which are lifted up to admit the shoals of fish that come from the sea. On the occasion of a battue for the amusement of the viceroy, all the fences were closed up. Across the first and lowest division, a long net, drawn by a hundred men, preceded by a few yards an immense barge, which, gradually moving forward, drove all the fish to the next division, when the doors were closed; and so on, till arriving at the third, the slaying process commenced. Fifty men, nearly naked, each with a net bag round

the waists, a bludgeon in the right hand, leaped into the water, and proceeded to seize and slay, until the mass had disappeared from the surface; and then they dived and struggled for more. Some active fish leaped into the boat; some, over the nets in the rear; some, falling plump in the fishers' faces, overturned them heavily. At length the wallets were full, and the mermen ceased for a short rest, then recommenced until the whole harvest was gleaned.

After the fishing came a breakfast of countless kind of fish, dressed in various manners most delicious, but to be imagined rather than described. The viceroy declared that he should never forget a Cabras fish feast, and the traveller said the same. This Cabras fishery was rented at two thousand three hundred and four pounds a year, and was offered for sale at forty-two thousand two hundred and forty pounds. The value of each battue varies from two pounds to forty pounds sterling.

Sardinia is not less rich in flocks, and herds, and corn-fields, than in game, fish, and fruit. The ground has sometimes been manured with unsold cheese. The people are good people, of whom, with roads and other means of communication and civilisation, combined with useful suitable education, much might be made. We may, perhaps, another time, say something of their manners, customs, habits,

costumes, poems, legends, and laws. There are few countries in Europe that offer more promising results for commerce and agriculture, wisely encouraged, than the island of the Sardes. It might be well worth the attention of some of those who seek profits and adventures on the other side of the world. The Sardes can produce a mass of the forest and field produce we most require; and they are rather prejudiced in favour of Englishmen than disposed to object to their company.

THE YELLOW MASK.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

ABOUT eight months after the Countess d'Ascoli had been laid in her grave in the Campo Santo, two reports were circulated through the gay world of Pisa, which excited curiosity and awakened expectation everywhere. The first report announced that a grand masked ball was to be given at the Melani Palace, to celebrate the day on which the heir of the house attained his majority. All the friends of the family were delighted at the prospect of this festival; for the old Marquis Melani had the reputation of being one of the most hospitable, and, at the same time, one of the most eccentric men in Pisa. Every one expected, therefore, that he would secure for the entertainment of his guests, if he really gave the ball, the most

whimsical novelties in the way of masks, dances, and amusements generally, that had ever been seen.

The second report was, that the rich widower, Fabio d'Ascoli, was on the point of returning to Pisa, after having improved his health and spirits by travelling in foreign countries; and that he might be expected to appear again in society, for the first time since the death of his wife, at the masked ball which was to be given in the Melani Palace. This announcement excited special interest among the young ladies of Pisa. Fabio had only reached his thirtieth year; and it was universally agreed that his return to society in his native city could indicate nothing more certainly than his desire to find a second mother for his infant child. All the single ladies would now have been ready to bet, as confidently as Brigida had offered to bet eight months before, that Fabio d'Ascoli would marry again.

For once in a way, report turned out to be true, in both the cases just mentioned. Invitations were actually issued from the Melani Palace, and Fabio returned from abroad to his home on the Arno.

In settling all the arrangements connected with his masked ball, the Marquis Melani showed that he was determined not only to deserve, but to increase, his reputation for oddity. He invented the most extravagant disguises, to be worn by some of his more

intimate friends; he arranged grotesque dances, to be performed at stated periods of the evening by professional buffoons, hired from Florence. He composed a toy symphony, which included solos on every noisy plaything at that time manufactured for children's use. And, not content with thus avoiding the beaten track in preparing the entertainments at the ball, he determined also to show decided originality, even in selecting the attendants who were to wait on the company. Other people in his rank of life were accustomed to employ their own and hired footmen for this purpose; the marquis resolved that his attendants should be composed of young women only; that two of his rooms should be fitted up as Arcadian bowers; and that all the prettiest girls in Pisa should be placed in them to preside over the refreshments, dressed, in accordance with the mock-classical taste of the period, as shepherdesses of the time of Virgil.

The only defect of this brilliantly new idea was the difficulty of executing it. The marquis had expressly ordered that not fewer than thirty shepherdesses were to be engaged, fifteen for each bower. It would have been easy to find double this number in Pisa, if beauty had been the only quality required in the attendant damsels. But it was also absolutely necessary, for the security of the marquis's gold and silver plate, that the shepherdesses

should possess, besides good looks, the very homely recommendation of a fair character. This last qualification proved, it is sad to say, to be the one small merit which the majority of the ladies willing to accept engagements at the palace, did not possess. Day after day passed on; and the marquis's steward only found more and more difficulty in obtaining the appointed number of trustworthy beauties. At last, his resources failed him altogether; and he appeared in his master's presence, about a week before the night of the ball, to make the humiliating acknowledgment, that he was entirely at his wits' end. The total number of fair shepherdesses with fair characters, whom he had been able to engage, amounted only to twenty-three.

"Nonsense!" cried the marquis, irritably, as soon as the steward had made his confession. "I told you to get thirty girls, and thirty I mean to have. What's the use of shaking your head, when all their dresses are ordered? Thirty tunics, thirty wreaths, thirty pairs of sandals and silk stockings, thirty crooks, you scoundrel — and you have the impudence to offer me only twenty-three hands to hold them. Not a word! I won't hear a word! Get me my thirty girls, or lose your place." The marquis roared out this last terrible sentence at the top of his voice, and pointed peremptorily to the door.

The steward knew his master too well to remonstrate. He took his hat and cane, and went out. It was useless to look through the ranks of rejected volunteers again; there was not the slightest hope in that quarter. The only chance left was to call on all his friends in Pisa who had daughters out at service, and to try what he could accomplish, by bribery and persuasion, that way.

After a whole day occupied in solicitations, promises, and patient smoothing down of innumerable difficulties, the result of his efforts in the new direction, was an accession of six more shepherdesses. This brought him on bravely from twenty-three to twenty-nine, and left him, at last, with only one anxiety — where was he now to find shepherdess number thirty?

He mentally asked himself that important question, as he entered a shady by-street in the neighbourhood of the Campo Santo, on his way back to the Melani Palace. Sauntering slowly along in the middle of the road, and fanning himself with his handkerchief after the oppressive exertions of the day, he passed a young girl who was standing at the street-door of one of the houses, apparently waiting for somebody to join her before she entered the building.

"Body of Bacchus!" exclaimed the steward (using one of those old Pagan ejaculations which

survive in Italy even to the present day). "There stands the prettiest girl I have seen yet. If she would only be shepherdess number thirty, I should go home to supper with my mind at ease. I'll ask her, at any rate. Nothing can be lost by asking, and everything may be gained. Stop, my dear," he continued, seeing the girl turn to go into the house, as he approached her. "Don't be afraid of me. I am steward to the Marquis Melani, and well known in Pisa as an eminently respectable man. I have something to say to you which may be greatly for your benefit. Don't look surprised; I am coming to the point at once. Do you want to earn a little money? — honestly, of course. You don't look as if you were very rich, child."

"I am very poor, and very much in want of some honest work to do," answered the girl, sadly.

"Then we shall suit each other to a nicety; for I have work of the pleasantest kind to give you, and plenty of money to pay for it. But before we say anything more about that, suppose you tell me first something about yourself — who you are, and so forth. You know who I am already."

"I am only a poor work-girl, and my name is Nanina. I have nothing more, sir, to say about myself than that."

"Do you belong to Pisa?"

"Yes, sir — at least, I did. But I have been away for some time.

I was a year at Florence, employed in needlework."

"All by yourself?"

"No, sir, with my little sister. I was waiting for her when you came up."

"Have you never done anything else but needlework? — never been out at service?"

"Yes, sir. For the last eight months I have had a situation to wait on a lady at Florence, and my sister (who is turned eleven, sir, and can make herself very useful) was allowed to help in the nursery."

"How came you to leave this situation?"

"The lady and her family were going to Rome, sir. They would have taken me with them, but they could not take my sister. We are alone in the world, and we never have been parted from each other and never shall be — so I was obliged to leave the situation."

"And here you are back at Pisa — with nothing to do, I suppose?"

"Nothing yet, sir. We only came back yesterday."

"Only yesterday! You are a lucky girl, let me tell you, to have met with me. I suppose you have somebody in the town who can speak to your character?"

"The landlady of this house can, sir."

"And who is she, pray?"

"Marta Angrisani, sir."

"What! the well-known sick-nurse? You could not possibly have a better recommendation,

child. I remember her being employed at the Melani Palace at the time of the marquis's last attack of gout; but I never knew that she kept a lodging-house."

"She and her daughter, sir, have owned this house longer than I can recollect. My sister and I have lived in it since I was quite a little child, and I had hoped we might be able to live here again. But the top room we used to have, is taken, and the room to let lower down is far more, I am afraid, than we can afford."

"How much is it?"

Nanina mentioned the weekly rent of the room in fear and trembling. The steward burst out laughing.

"Suppose I offered you money enough to be able to take that room for a whole year at once?" he said.

Nanina looked at him in speechless amazement.

"Suppose I offered you that?" continued the steward. "And suppose I only asked you in return to put on a fine dress and serve refreshments in a beautiful room to the company at the Marquis Melani's grand ball? What should you say to that?"

Nanina said nothing. She drew back a step or two, and looked more bewildered than before.

"You must have heard of the ball," said the steward pompously. "The poorest people in Pisa have heard of it. It is the talk of the whole city."

Still Nanina made no answer.

To have replied truthfully, she must have confessed that "the talk of the whole city" had now no interest for her. The last news from Pisa that had appealed to her sympathies was the news of the Countess d'Ascoli's death, and of Fabio's departure to travel in foreign countries. Since then, she had heard nothing more of him. She was as ignorant of his return to his native city as of all the reports connected with the marquis's ball. Something in her own heart — some feeling which she had neither the desire nor the capacity to analyse — had brought her back to Pisa and to the old home which now connected itself with her tenderest recollections. Believing that Fabio was still absent, she felt that no ill motive could now be attributed to her return; and she had not been able to resist the temptation of revisiting the scene that had been associated with the first great happiness as well as with the first great sorrow of her life. Among all the poor people of Pisa, she was perhaps the very last whose curiosity could be awakened, or whose attention could be attracted, by the rumour of gaieties at the Melani Palace.

But she could not confess all this; she could only listen with great humility and no small surprise, while the steward, in compassion for her ignorance, and with the hope of tempting her into accepting his offered engagement, described the arrangements of the approaching

festival, and dwelt fondly on the magnificence of the Arcadian bowers, and the beauty of the shepherdesses' tunics. As soon as he had done, Nanina ventured on the confession that she should feel rather nervous in a grand dress that did not belong to her, and that she doubted very much her own capability of waiting properly on the great people at the ball. The steward, however, would hear of no objections, and called peremptorily for Marta Angrisani to make the necessary statement as to Nanina's character. While this formality was being complied with to the steward's perfect satisfaction, La Biondella came in, unaccompanied on this occasion by the usual companion of all her walks, the learned poodle, Scaramuccia.

"This is Nanina's sister, sir," said the good-natured sick-nurse, taking the first opportunity of introducing La Biondella to the great marquis's great man. "A very good, industrious little girl; and very clever at plaiting dinner-mats, in case his excellency should ever want any. What have you done with the dog, my dear?"

"I couldn't get him past the pork-butcher's three streets off," replied La Biondella. "He would sit down and look at the sausages. I am more than half afraid he means to steal some of them."

"A very pretty child," said the steward, patting La Biondella on the cheek. "We ought to have

her at the ball. If his excellency should want a Cupid, or a youthful nymph, or anything small and light in that way, I shall come back and let you know. In the meantime, Nanina, consider yourself, Shepherdess number Thirty, and come to the housekeeper's room at the palace to try on your dress to-morrow. Nonsense! don't talk to me about being afraid and awkward. All you're wanted to do is to look pretty; and your glass must have told you, you could do that long ago. Remember the rent of the room, my dear; and don't stand in your light and your sister's. Does the little girl like sweetmeats? Of course, she does! Well, I promise you a whole box of sugar-plums to take home for her, if you will come and wait at the ball."

"Oh, go to the ball, Nanina, go to the ball!" cried La Biondella, clapping her hands.

"Of course she will go to the ball," said the nurse. "She would be mad to throw away such an excellent chance."

Nanina looked perplexed. She hesitated a little, then drew Marta Angrisani away into a corner, and whispered this question to her:—

"Do you think there will be any priests at the palace where the marquis lives?"

"Heavens, child, what a thing to ask!" returned the nurse.

"Priests at a masked ball! You might as well expect to find Turks performing high mass in

the cathedral. But supposing you did meet with priests at the palace, what then?"

"Nothing," said Nanina, constrainedly. She turned pale, and walked away as she spoke. Her great dread in returning to Pisa, was the dread of meeting with Father Rocco again. She had never forgotten her first discovery at Florence, of his distrust of her. The bare thought of seeing him any more, after her faith in him had been shaken for ever, made her feel faint and sick at heart.

"To-morrow, in the housekeeper's room," said the steward, putting on his hat, "you will find your new dress all ready for you."

Nanina curtseyed, and ventured on no more objections. The prospect of securing a home for a whole year to come, among people whom she knew, reconciled her — influenced as she was, also, by Marta Angrisani's advice, and by her sister's anxiety for the promised present — to brave the trial of appearing at the ball.

"What a comfort to have it all settled at last," said the steward, as soon as he was out again in the street. "We shall see what the marquis says, now. If he doesn't apologise for calling me a scoundrel the moment he sets eyes on Number Thirty, he is the most ungrateful nobleman that ever existed."

Arriving in front of the palace, the steward found workmen engaged in planning the external

decorations and illuminations for the night of the ball. A little crowd had already assembled to see the ladders raised, and the scaffoldings put up. He observed among them, standing near the outskirts of the throng, a lady who attracted his attention (he was an ardent admirer of the fair sex), by the beauty and symmetry of her figure. While he lingered for a moment to look at her, a shaggy poodle dog (licking his chops, as if he had just had something to eat) trotted by, stopped suddenly close to the lady, sniffed suspiciously for an instant, and then began to growl at her without the slightest apparent provocation. The steward advancing politely with his stick to drive the dog away, saw the lady start, and heard her exclaim to herself, amazedly:—

“You here, you beast! Can Nanina have come back to Pisa?”

This last exclamation gave the steward, as a gallant man, an excuse for speaking to the elegant stranger.

“Excuse me, madam,” he said; “but I heard you mention the name of Nanina. May I ask whether you mean a pretty little work-girl, who lives near the Campo Santo?”

“The same,” said the lady, looking very much surprised and interested immediately.

“It may be a gratification to you, madam, to know that she has just returned to Pisa,” continued the steward politely; “and, moreover, that she is in a fair way to

rise in the world. I have just engaged her to wait at the marquis’s grand ball, and I need hardly say, under those circumstances, that if she plays her cards properly, her fortune is made.”

The lady bowed, looked at her informant very intently and thoughtfully for a moment, then suddenly walked away without uttering a word.

“A curious woman,” thought the steward, entering the palace. “I must ask Number Thirty about her to-morrow.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE death of Maddalena d’Ascoli produced a complete change in the lives of her father and her uncle. After the first shock of the bereavement was over, Luca Lomi had declared that it would be impossible for him to work in his studio again—for some time to come, at least—after the death of the beloved daughter, with whom every corner of it was now so sadly and closely associated. He accordingly accepted an engagement to assist in restoring several newly-discovered works of ancient sculpture at Naples; and set forth for that city, leaving the care of his workrooms at Pisa entirely to his brother.

On the master-sculptor’s departure, Father Rocco caused the statues and busts to be carefully enveloped in linen cloths, locked the studio doors, and, to the astonishment of all who knew of

his former industry and dexterity as a sculptor, never approached the place again. His clerical duties he performed with the same assiduity as ever; but he went out less than had been his custom, hitherto, to the houses of his friends. His most regular visits were to the Ascoli Palace, to enquire at the porter's lodge after the health of Maddalena's child, who was always reported to be thriving admirably under the care of the best nurses that could be found in Pisa. As for any communications with his polite little friend from Florence, they had ceased months ago. The information—speedily conveyed to him—that Nanina was in the service of one of the most respectable ladies in the city, seemed to relieve any anxieties which he might otherwise have felt on her account. He made no attempt to justify himself to her; and only required that his over-courteous little visitor of former days should let him know whenever the girl might happen to leave her new situation. The admirers of Father Rocco, seeing the alteration in his life, and the increased quietness of his manner, said, that as he was growing older he was getting more and more above the things of this world. His enemies (for even Father Rocco had them) did not scruple to assert that the change in him was decidedly for the worse, and that he belonged to the order of men who are most to be distrusted when they become most subdued. The priest himself

paid no attention, either to his eulogists or his depreciators. Nothing disturbed the regularity and discipline of his daily habits; and vigilant Scandal, though it sought often to surprise him, sought always in vain.

Such was Father Rocco's life from the period of his niece's death to the period of Fabio's return to Pisa.

As a matter of course, the priest was one of the first to call at the palace and welcome the young nobleman back. What passed between them at this interview never was precisely known; but it was surmised readily enough that some misunderstanding had taken place, for Father Rocco did not repeat his visit. He made no complaints of Fabio, but simply stated that he had said something, intended for the young man's good, which had not been received in a right spirit; and that he thought it desirable to avoid the painful chance of any further collision by not presenting himself at the palace again for some little time. People were rather amazed at this; they would have been still more surprised if the subject of the masked ball had not just then occupied all their attention, and prevented their noticing it, by another strange event in connection with the priest. Father Rocco, some weeks after the cessation of his intercourse with Fabio, returned one morning to his old way of life as a sculptor, and

opened the long-closed doors of his brother's studio.

Luca Lomi's former workmen, discovering this, applied to him immediately for employment; but were informed that their services would not be needed. Visitors called at the studio, but were always sent away again by the disappointing announcement that there was nothing new to show them. So the days passed on until Nanina left her situation and returned to Pisa. This circumstance was duly reported to Father Rocco by his correspondent at Florence; but, whether he was too much occupied among the statues, or whether it was one result of his cautious resolution never to expose himself unnecessarily to so much as the breath of detraction, he made no attempt to see Nanina, or even to justify himself towards her by writing her a letter. All his mornings continued to be spent alone in the studio, and all his afternoons to be occupied by his clerical duties, until the day before the masked ball at the Melani Palace. Early on that day, he covered over the statues, and locked the doors of the workrooms, once more; then returned to his own lodgings, and did not go out again. One or two of his friends who wanted to see him were informed that he was not well enough to be able to receive them. If they had penetrated into his little study, and had seen him, they would have been easily satisfied that this was no mere

excuse. They would have noticed that his face was startlingly pale, and that the ordinary composure of his manner was singularly disturbed.

Towards evening this restlessness increased; and his old housekeeper, on pressing him to take some nourishment, was astonished to hear him answer her sharply and irritably for the first time since she had been in his service. A little later her surprise was increased by his sending her with a note to the Ascoli Palace, and by the quick return of an answer, brought ceremoniously by one of Fabio's servants. "It is long since he has had any communication with that quarter. Are they going to be friends again?" thought the housekeeper as she took the answer up stairs to her master.

"I feel better to-night," he said as he read it: "well enough indeed to venture out. If any one inquires for me tell them that I am gone to the Ascoli Palace." Saying this, he walked to the door — then returned, and trying the lock of his cabinet, satisfied himself that it was properly secured — then went out.

He found Fabio in one of the large drawing-rooms of the palace, walking irritably backwards and forwards, with several little notes crumpled together in his hands, and a plain black domino dress for the masquerade of the ensuing night spread out on one of the tables.

"I was just going to write to

you," said the young man, abruptly, "when I received your letter. You offer me a renewal of our friendship, and I accept the offer. I have no doubt those references of yours, when we last met, to the subject of second marriages, were well meant, but they irritated me; and, speaking under that irritation, I said words that I had better not have spoken. If I pained you I am sorry for it. Wait! pardon me for one moment. I have not quite done yet. It seems that you are by no means the only person in Pisa to whom the question of my possibly marrying again appears to have presented itself. Ever since it was known that I intended to renew my intercourse with society, at the ball to-morrow night, I have been persecuted by anonymous letters — infamous letters, written from some motive which it is impossible for me to understand. I want your advice on the best means of discovering the writers; and I have also a very important question to ask you. But read one of the letters first yourself: any one will do as a sample of the rest."

Fixing his eyes searchingly on the priest, he handed him one of the notes. Still a little paler than usual, Father Rocco sat down by the nearest lamp, and shading his eyes, read these lines: —

"Count Fabio: — It is the common talk of Pisa that you are likely, as a young man left with a motherless child, to marry again. Your having accepted an invita-

tion to the Melani palace gives a colour of truth to this report. Widowers who are true to the departed, do not go among all the handsomest single women in a city, at a masked ball. Reconsider your determination, and remain at home. I know you, and I knew your wife, and I say to you solemnly, avoid temptation, for you must never marry again. Neglect my advice, and you will repent it to the end of your life. I have reasons for what I say — serious, fatal reasons, which I cannot divulge. If you would let your wife lie easy in her grave, if you would avoid a terrible warning, go not to the masked ball!"

"I ask you, and I ask any man, if that is not infamous?" exclaimed Fabio, passionately, as the priest handed him back the letter. "An attempt to work on my fears through the memory of my poor dead wife! An insolent assumption that I want to marry again, when I myself have not even so much as thought of the subject at all! What is the secret object of this letter, and of the rest here that resemble it? Whose interest is it to keep me away from the ball? What is the meaning of such a phrase as — 'if you would let your wife lie easy in her grave?' Have you no advice to give me? No plan to propose for discovering the vile hand that traced these lines? Speak to me! Why, in Heaven's name, don't you speak?"

The priest leant his head on his

hand, and, turning his face from the light as if it dazzled his eyes, replied in his lowest and quietest tones:

"I cannot speak till I have had time to think. The mystery of that letter is not to be solved in a moment. There are things in it that are enough to perplex and amaze any man."

"What things?"

"It is impossible for me to go into details — at least, at the present moment."

"You speak with a strange air of secrecy. Have you nothing definite to say? No advice to give me?"

"I should advise you not to go to the ball."

"You would! Why?"

"If I gave you my reasons, I am afraid I should only be irritating you to no purpose."

"Father Rocco! Neither your words nor your manner satisfy me. You speak in riddles; and you sit there in the dark, with your face hidden from me —"

The priest instantly started up, and turned his face to the light.

"I recommend you to control your temper, and to treat me with common courtesy," he said, in his quietest, firmest tones, looking at Fabio steadily while he spoke.

"We will not prolong this interview," said the young man, calming himself by an evident effort. "I have one question to ask you, and then no more to say."

The priest bowed his head, in token that he was ready to listen.

He still stood up, calm, pale, and firm, in the full light of the lamp.

"It is just possible," continued Fabio, "that these letters may refer to some incautious words which my late wife might have spoken. I ask you, as her spiritual director, and as a near relation who enjoyed her confidence, if you ever heard her express a wish, in the event of my surviving her, that I should abstain from marrying again?"

"Did she never express such a wish to you?"

"Never. But why do you evade my question by asking me another?"

"It is impossible for me to reply to your question."

"For what reason?"

"Because it is impossible for me to give answers which must refer, whether they are affirmative or negative, to what I have heard in confession."

"We have spoken enough," said Fabio, turning angrily from the priest. "I expected you to help me in clearing up these mysteries, and you do your best to thicken them. What your motives are, what your conduct means, it is impossible for me to know; but I say to you, what I would say in far other terms, if they were here, to the villains who have written these letters — no menaces, no mysteries, no conspiracies, will prevent me from being at the ball to-morrow. I can listen to persuasion, but I scorn threats. There lies my

dress for the masquerade: no power on earth shall prevent me from wearing it to-morrow night!" He pointed, as he spoke, to the black domino and half-mask lying on the table.

"No power on *earth*?" repeated Father Rocco, with a smile, and an emphasis on the last word. "Superstitious still, Count Fabio! Do you suspect the powers of the other world of interfering with mortals at masquerades?"

Fabio started, and, turning from the table, fixed his eyes intently on the priest's face.

"You suggested just now that we had better not prolong this interview," said Father Rocco, still smiling. "I think you were right: if we part at once, we may still part friends. You have had my advice not to go to the ball, and you decline following it. I have nothing more to say. Good night!"

Before Fabio could utter the angry rejoinder that rose to his lips, the door of the room had opened and closed again, and the priest was gone.

CHAPTER IX.

THE next night, at the time of assembling specified in the invitations to the masked ball, Fabio was still lingering in his palace, and still allowing the black domino to lie untouched and unheeded on his dressing-table. This delay was not produced by any change in his resolution to go to the Melani Palace. His

determination to be present at the ball remained unshaken; and yet, at the last moment, he lingered and lingered on, without knowing why. Some strange influence seemed to be keeping him within the walls of his lonely home. It was as if the great, empty, silent palace had almost recovered on that night the charm which it had lost when its mistress died.

He left his own apartment and went to the bedroom where his infant child lay asleep in her little crib. He sat watching her, and thinking quietly and tenderly of many past events in his life for a long time: then returned to his room. A sudden sense of loneliness came upon him after his visit to the child's bedside; but he did not attempt to raise his spirits, even then, by going to the ball. He descended instead to his study, lit his reading lamp, and then, opening a bureau, took from one of the drawers in it the letter which Nanina had written to him. This was not the first time that a sudden sense of his solitude had connected itself inexplicably with the remembrance of the work-girl's letter.

He read it through slowly, and when he had done, kept it open in his hand. "I have youth, titles, wealth," he thought to himself sadly; "everything that is envied and sought after in this world. And yet, if I try to think of any human being who really and truly loves me, I can remember but one — the poor,

faithful girl who wrote these lines!"

Old recollections of the first day when he met with Nanina, of the first sitting she had given him in Luca Lomi's studio, of the first visit to the neat little room in the bye-street, began to rise more and more vividly in his mind. Entirely absorbed by them, he sat absently drawing with pen and ink, on some sheets of letter-paper lying under his hand, lines and circles, and fragments of decorations, and vague remembrances of old ideas for statues, until the sudden sinking of the flame of his lamp awoke his attention abruptly to present things. He looked at his watch. It was close on midnight.

This discovery at last roused him to the necessity of immediate departure. In a few minutes he had put on his domino and mask, and was on his way to the ball.

Before he reached the Melani Palace the first part of the entertainment had come to an end. The "Toy-Symphony" had been played, the grotesque dance performed, amid universal laughter; and now the guests were for the most part fortifying themselves in the Arcadian bowers for new dances, in which all persons present were expected to take part. The Marquis Melani had, with characteristic oddity, divided his two classical refreshment-rooms into what he termed the Light and Heavy Departments. Fruit, pastry, sweetmeats, salads, and harmless

drinks were included under the first head, and all the stimulating liquors and solid eatables under the last. The thirty shepherdesses had been, according to the marquis's order, equally divided, at the outset of the evening, between the two rooms. But, as the company began to crowd more and more resolutely in the direction of the Heavy Department, ten of the shepherdesses attached to the Light Department were told off to assist in attending on the hungry and thirsty majority of guests who were not to be appeased by pastry and lemonade. Among the five girls who were left behind in the room for the light refreshments, was Nanina. The steward soon discovered that the novelty of her situation made her really nervous, and he wisely concluded that if he trusted her where the crowd was greatest and the noise loudest, she would not only be utterly useless, but also very much in the way of her more confident and experienced companions.

When Fabio arrived at the palace, the jovial uproar in the Heavy Department was at its height, and several gentlemen, fired by the classical costumes of the shepherdesses, were beginning to speak Latin to them with a thick utterance and a valorous contempt for all restrictions of gender, number, and case. As soon as he could escape from the congratulations on his return to his friends, which poured on him

from all sides, Fabio withdrew to seek some quieter room. The heat, noise, and confusion, had so bewildered him, after the tranquil life he had been leading for many months past, that it was quite a relief to stroll through the half-deserted dancing-rooms, to the opposite extremity of the great suite of apartments, and there to find himself in a second Arcadian bower which seemed peaceful enough to deserve its name.

A few guests were in this room when he first entered it; but the distant sound of some first notes of dance-music drew them all away. After a careless look at the quaint decorations about him, he sat down alone on a divan near the door, and beginning already to feel the heat and discomfort of his mask, took it off. He had not removed it more than a moment, before he heard a faint cry in the direction of a long refreshment-table, behind which the five waiting-girls were standing. He started up directly, and could hardly believe his senses, when he found himself standing face to face with Nanina.

Her cheeks had turned perfectly colourless. Her astonishment at seeing the young nobleman appeared to have some sensation of terror mingled with it. The waiting-woman, who happened to stand by her side, instinctively stretched out an arm to support her, observing that she caught at the edge of

the table as Fabio hurried round to get behind it and speak to her. When he drew near, her head drooped on her breast, and she said, faintly, "I never knew you were at Pisa: I never thought you would be here. Oh, I am true to what I said in my letter, though I seem so false to it!"

"I want to speak to you about the letter — to tell you how carefully I have kept it, how often I have read it," said Fabio.

She turned away her head, and tried hard to repress the tears that would force their way into her eyes. "We should never have met," she said, "never, never have met again!"

Before Fabio could reply, the waiting-woman by Nanina's side interposed.

"For heaven's sake don't stop speaking to her here!" she exclaimed impatiently. "If the steward or one of the upper servants was to come in, you would get her into dreadful trouble. Wait till to-morrow, and find some fitter place than this."

Fabio felt the justice of the reproof immediately. He tore a leaf out of his pocket-book, and wrote on it: "I must tell you how I honour and thank you for that letter. To-morrow — ten o'clock — the wicket-gate at the back of the Ascoli gardens. Believe in my truth and honour, Nanina, for I believe implicitly in yours." Having written these lines, he took from among his bunch of watch-seals a little key, wrapped

it up in the note, and pressed it into her hand. In spite of himself his fingers lingered round hers, and he was on the point of speaking to her again, when he saw the waiting-woman's hand, which was just raised to motion him away, suddenly drop. Her colour changed at the same moment, and she looked fixedly across the table.

He turned round immediately, and saw a masked woman standing alone in the room, dressed entirely in yellow, from head to foot. She had a yellow hood, a yellow half-mask with deep fringe hanging down over her mouth, and a yellow domino, cut at the sleeves and edges into long flame-shaped points, which waved backwards and forwards tremulously in the light air wafted through the doorway. The woman's black eyes seemed to gleam with an evil brightness through the sight-holes of the mask; and the tawny fringe hanging before her mouth fluttered slowly with every breath she drew. Without a word or a gesture she stood before the table, and her gleaming black eyes fixed steadily on Fabio, the instant he confronted her. A sudden chill struck through him, as he observed that the yellow of the stranger's domino and mask was of precisely the same shade as the yellow of the hangings and furniture which his wife had chosen after their marriage, for the decoration of her favourite sitting-room.

"The Yellow Mask!" whispered the waiting-girls nervously, crowding together behind the table. "The Yellow Mask again!"

"Make her speak!"

"Ask her to have something!"

"This gentleman will ask her. Speak to her, sir. Do speak to her! She glides about in that fearful yellow dress like a ghost."

Fabio looked round mechanically at the girl who was whispering to him. He saw at the same time that Nanina still kept her head turned away, and that she had her handkerchief at her eyes. She was evidently struggling yet with the agitation produced by their unexpected meeting, and was, most probably for that reason, the only person in the room not conscious of the presence of the Yellow Mask.

"Speak to her, sir. Do speak to her!" whispered two of the waiting-girls together.

Fabio turned again towards the table. The black eyes were still gleaming at him, from behind the tawny yellow of the mask. He nodded to the girls who had just spoken, cast one farewell look at Nanina, and moved down the room to get round to the side of the table at which the Yellow Mask was standing. Step by step as he moved, the bright eyes followed him. Steadily and more steadily their evil light seemed to shine through and through him, as he turned the corner of the table,

and approached the still, spectral figure.

He came close up to the woman, but she never moved; her eyes never wavered for an instant. He stopped and tried to speak; but the chill struck through him again. An overpowering dread, an unutterable loathing, seized on him; all sense of outer things — the whispering of the waiting-girls behind the table, the gentle cadence of the dance-music, the distant hum of joyous talk — suddenly left him. He turned away shuddering, and quitted the room.

Following the sound of the music, and desiring before all things now to join the crowd wherever it was largest, he was stopped in one of the smaller apartments by a gentleman who had just risen from the card-table, and who held out his hand with the cordiality of an old friend.

"Welcome back to the world, Count Fabio!" he began gaily, then suddenly checked himself. "Why you look pale, and your hand feels cold. Not ill, I hope?"

"No, no. I have been rather startled — I can't say why — by a very strangely-dressed woman, who fairly stared me out of countenance."

"You don't mean the Yellow Mask?"

"Yes, I do. Have you seen her?"

"Everybody has seen her; but nobody can make her unmask,

or get her to speak. Our host has not the slightest notion who she is; and our hostess is horribly frightened at her. For my part, I think she has given us quite enough of her mystery and her grim dress; and if my name, instead of being nothing but plain Andrea d'Arbino, was Marquis Melani, I would say to her, 'Madam, we are here to laugh and amuse ourselves; suppose you open your lips, and charm us by appearing in a prettier dress!'"

During this conversation they had sat down together, with their backs towards the door, by the side of one of the card-tables. While d'Arbino was speaking, Fabio suddenly felt himself shuddering again, and became conscious of a sound of low breathing behind him. He turned round instantly, and there, standing between them and peering down at them, was the Yellow Mask!

Fabio started up, and his friend followed his example. Again the gleaming black eyes rested steadily on the young nobleman's face, and again their look chilled him to the heart.

"Yellow lady, do you know my friend?" exclaimed d'Arbino, with mock solemnity.

There was no answer. The fatal eyes never moved from Fabio's face.

"Yellow lady," continued the other, "listen to the music. Will you dance with me?"

The eyes looked away, and the

figure glided slowly from the room.

"My dear count," said d'Arbino, "that woman seems to have quite an effect on you. I declare she has left you paler than ever. Come into the supper-room with me, and have some wine; you really look as if you wanted it."

They went at once to the large refreshment-room. Nearly all the guests had by this time begun to dance again. They had the whole apartment, therefore, almost entirely to themselves.

Among the decorations of the room, which were not strictly in accordance with genuine Arcadian simplicity was a large looking-glass, placed over a well-furnished sideboard. D'Arbino led Fabio in this direction, exchanging greetings, as he advanced, with a gentleman who stood near the glass looking into it, and carelessly fanning himself with his mask.

"My dear friend!" cried d'Arbino "you are the very man to lead us straight to the best bottle of wine in the palace. Count Fabio, let me present to you my intimate and good friend the Cavaliere Finello, with whose family I know you are well acquainted. Finello, the count is a little out of spirits, and I have prescribed a good dose of wine. I see a whole row of bottles at your side, and I leave it to you to apply the remedy. — Glasses there! three glasses, my lovely shepherdess with the black eyes

— the three largest you have got."

The glasses were brought; the Cavaliere Finello chose a particular bottle, and filled them. All three gentlemen turned round to the sideboard to use it as a table, and thus necessarily faced the looking-glass.

"Now, let us drink the toast of toasts," said d'Arbino. "Finello, Count Fabio — the ladies of Pisa!"

Fabio raised the wine to his lips, and was on the point of drinking it, when he saw reflected in the glass the figure of the Yellow Mask. The glittering eyes were again fixed on him, and the yellow-hooded head bowed slowly, as if in acknowledgment of the toast he was about to drink. For the third time, the strange chill seized him, and he set down his glass of wine untasted.

"What is the matter?" asked d'Arbino.

"Have you any dislike, count, to that particular wine?" inquired the Cavaliere.

"The Yellow Mask!" whispered Fabio. "The Yellow Mask again!"

They all three turned round directly towards the door. But it was too late — the figure had disappeared.

"Does any one know who this Yellow Mask is?" asked Finello.

"One may guess by the walk that the figure is a woman's. Perhaps it may be the strange colour she has chosen for her dress, or

perhaps her stealthy way of moving from room to room; but there is certainly something mysterious and startling about her."

"Startling enough, as the count would tell you," said d'Arbino. "The Yellow Mask has been responsible for his loss of spirits and change of complexion, and now she has prevented him even from drinking his wine."

"I can't account for it," said Fabio, looking round him uneasily; "but this is the third room into which she has followed me — the third time she has seemed to fix her eyes on me alone. I suppose my nerves are hardly in a fit state yet for masked balls and adventures: the sight of her seems to chill me. Who can she be?"

"If she followed me a fourth time," said Finello, "I should insist on her unmasking."

"And suppose she refused?" asked his friend.

"Then I should take her mask off for her."

"It is impossible to do that with a woman," said Fabio. "I prefer trying to lose her in the crowd. Excuse me, gentlemen, if I leave you to finish the wine, and then to meet me, if you like, in the great ball-room."

He retired as he spoke, put on his mask, and joined the dancers immediately, taking care to keep always in the most crowded corner of the apartment. For some time this plan of action proved successful, and he saw no more of the mysterious yellow

domino. Ere long, however, some new dances were arranged in which the great majority of the persons in the ball-room took part; the figures resembling the old English country dances in this respect, that the ladies and gentlemen were placed in long rows opposite to each other. The sets consisted of about twenty couples each, placed sometimes across, and sometimes along the apartment; and the spectators were all required to move away on either side, and range themselves close to the walls. As Fabio among others complied with this necessity, he looked down a row of dancers waiting during the performance of the orchestral prelude; and there, watching him again, from the opposite end of the lane formed by the gentlemen on one side and the ladies on the other, he saw the Yellow Mask.

He moved abruptly back towards another row of dancers, placed at right angles to the first row; and there again, at the opposite end of the gay lane of brightly-dressed figures, was the Yellow Mask. He slipped into the middle of the room; but it was only to find her occupying his former position near the wall, and still, in spite of his disguise, watching him through row after row of dancers. The persecution began to grow intolerable; he felt a kind of angry curiosity mingling now with the vague dread that had hitherto oppressed him. Finello's advice recurred

to his memory; and he determined to make the woman unmask at all hazards. With this intention he returned to the supper-room in which he had left his friends.

They were gone, probably to the ball-room to look for him. Plenty of wine was still left on the side-board; and he poured himself out a glass. Finding that his hand trembled as he did so, he drank several more glasses in quick succession, to nerve himself for the approaching encounter with the Yellow Mask. While he was drinking, he expected every moment to see her in the looking-glass again; but she never appeared — and yet he felt almost certain that he had detected her gliding out after him when he left the ball-room.

He thought it possible that she might be waiting for him in one of the smaller apartments; and taking off his mask walked through several of them, without meeting her, until he came to the door of the refreshment room in which Nanina and he had recognised each other. The waiting-woman behind the table, who had first spoken to him, caught sight of him now, and ran round to the door.

“Don’t come in and speak to Nanina again,” she said, mistaking the purpose which had brought him to the door. “What with frightening her first and making her cry afterwards, you have rendered her quite unfit for her work. The steward is in

there at this moment; very good-natured, but not very sober. He says she is pale and red-eyed and not fit to be a shepherdess any longer, and that, as she will not be missed now, she may go home if she likes. We have got her an old cloak, and she is going to try and slip through the rooms unobserved, to get down stairs and change her dress. Don’t speak to her, pray — or you will only make her cry again, and what is worse, make the steward fancy —”

She stopped at that last word, and pointed suddenly over Fabio’s shoulder.

“The Yellow Mask!” she exclaimed, “Oh, sir! draw her away into the ball-room, and give Nanina a chance of getting out!”

Fabio turned directly, and approached the Mask, who, as they looked at each other, slowly retreated before him. The waiting-woman, seeing the yellow figure retire, hastened back to Nanina in the refreshment-room.

Slowly the masked woman retreated from one apartment to another till she entered a corridor, brilliantly lit up and beautifully ornamented with flowers. On the right hand, this corridor led to the ball-room: on the left, to an ante-chamber at the head of the palace staircase. The Yellow Mask went on a few paces towards the left; then stopped. The bright eyes fixed themselves as before on Fabio’s

face, but only for a moment. He heard a light step behind him, and then he saw the eyes move. Following the direction they took he turned round, and discovered Nanina, wrapped up in the old cloak which was to enable her to get down stairs unobserved.

"Oh, how can I get out! how can I get out!" cried the girl shrinking back affrightedly, as she saw the Yellow Mask.

"That way," said Fabio, pointing in the direction of the ball-room. "Nobody will notice you in the cloak: it will only be thought some new disguise." He took her arm, as he spoke, to reassure her; and continued in a whisper, — "Don't forget to-morrow."

At the same moment he felt a hand laid on him. It was the hand of the masked woman, and it put him back from Nanina. In spite of himself, he trembled at her touch, but still retained presence of mind enough to sign to the girl to make her escape. With a look of eager inquiry in the direction of the Mask, and a half-suppressed exclamation of terror, she obeyed him, and hastened away towards the ball-room.

"We are alone," said Fabio, confronting the gleaming black eyes, and reaching out his hand resolutely towards the Yellow Mask. "Tell me who you are, and why you follow me, or I will uncover your face, and solve the mystery for myself."

The woman pushed his hand aside, and drew back a few paces, but never spoke a word. He followed her. There was not an instant to be lost, for just then the sound of footsteps hastily approaching the corridor became audible.

"Now or never," he whispered to himself, and snatched at the mask.

His arm was again thrust aside; but this time the woman raised her disengaged hand at the same moment, and removed the yellow mask.

The lamps shed their soft light full on her face.

It was the face of his dead wife.

Signor Andrea d'Arbino, searching vainly through the various rooms in the palace for Count Fabio d'Ascoli, and trying, as a last resource, the corridor leading to the ball-room and grand staircase, discovered his friend lying on the floor in a swoon, without any living creature near him. Determining to avoid alarming the guests, if possible, d'Arbino first sought help in the ante-chamber. He found there the marquis's valet, assisting the Cavaliere Finello (who was just taking his departure) to put on his cloak.

While Finello and his friend carried Fabio to an open window in the ante-chamber, the valet procured some iced-water. This simple remedy, and the change of atmosphere, proved enough to restore the fainting man to his

senses, but hardly—as it seemed to his friends—to his former self. They noticed a change to blankness and stillness in his face, and, when he spoke, an indescribable alteration in the tone of his voice.

“I found you in a room in the corridor,” said d’Arbino. “What made you faint? Don’t you remember? Was it the heat?”

Fabio waited for a moment, painfully collecting his ideas. He looked at the valet; and Finello signed to the man to withdraw.

“Was it the heat?” repeated d’Arbino.

“No,” answered Fabio, in strangely-hushed, steady tones. “I have seen the face that was behind the Yellow Mask.”

“Well?”

“It was the face of my dead wife.”

“Your dead wife!”

“When the mask was removed I saw her face. Not as I remember it in the pride of her youth and beauty—not even as I remember her on her sick-bed—but as I remember her in her coffin.”

“Count! for God’s sake rouse yourself! Collect your thoughts—remember where you are—and free your mind of its horrible delusion.”

“Spare me all remonstrances—I am not fit to bear them. My life has only one object now—the pursuing of this mystery to the end. Will you help me? I am scarcely fit to act for myself.”

He still spoke in the same unnaturally hushed, deliberate

tones. D’Arbino and Finello exchanged glances behind him as he rose from the sofa on which he had hitherto been lying.

“We will help you in everything,” said d’Arbino, soothingly. “Trust in us to the end. What do you wish to do first?”

“The figure must have gone through this room. Let us descend the staircase, and ask the servants if they have seen it pass.”

(Both d’Arbino and Finello remarked that he did not say *her*).

They inquired down to the very courtyard. Not one of the servants had seen the Yellow Mask.

The last resource was the porter at the outer gate. They applied to him; and in answer to their questions, he asserted that he had most certainly seen a lady in a yellow domino and mask drive away, about half an hour before, in a hired coach.

“Should you remember the coachman again?” asked d’Arbino.

“Perfectly; he is an old friend of mine.”

“And you know where he lives?”

“Yes, as well as I know where I do.”

“Any reward you like, if you can get somebody to mind your lodge, and can take us to that house.”

In a few minutes they were following the porter through the dark, silent streets. “We had better try the stables first,” said

the man. "My friend the coachman will hardly have had time to do more than set the lady down. We shall most likely catch him just putting up his horses."

The porter turned out to be right. On entering the stable-yard, they found that the empty coach had just driven into it.

"You have been taking home a lady in a yellow domino from the masquerade," said d'Arbino, putting some money into the coachman's hand.

"Yes, sir; I was engaged by that lady for the evening — engaged to drive her to the ball, as well as to drive her home."

"Where did you take her from?"

"From a very extraordinary place — from the gate of the Campo Santo."

During this colloquy, Finello and d'Arbino had been standing with Fabio between them, each giving him an arm. The instant the last answer was given, he reeled back with a cry of horror.

"Where have you taken her to now?" asked d'Arbino. He looked about him nervously as he put the question and spoke, for the first time in a whisper.

"To the Campo Santo, again," said the coachman.

Fabio suddenly drew his arms out of the arms of his friends, and sank to his knees on the ground, hiding his face. From some broken ejaculations which escaped him, it seemed as if he dreaded that his senses were leaving him, and that he was

praying to be preserved in his right mind.

"Why is he so violently agitated?" said Finello, eagerly, to his friend.

"Hush!" returned the other. "You heard him say that when he saw the face behind the Yellow Mask, it was the face of his dead wife?"

"Yes! But what then?"

"His wife was buried in the Campo Santo."

COUNTY GUY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT has a refrain to one of his charming ballads, in the form of an interrogation. The guests are met; the bride is ready (as far as I can recollect), but the bridegroom is missing; and the poet plaintively asks:

"Where is county Guy?"

I shall be glad to inform the literary executors and assigns of the Wizard of the North of the whereabouts of the Guy so anxiously inquired after. It needs not an advertisement in the second column of the Times to move him to return to his allegiance. County Guy is to be found, in great variety of form, and in most flourishing condition in the County Militia.

Now, I do not object abstractedly to Guys in their proper place. If bigotry and intolerance never found a more dangerous outlet for their cruel passions, than the forlorn straw-stuffed old

scare-crow, with steeple hat, pipe in mouth, outward turned fingers, and inward turned toes, that with dark lantern and matches, and doggrel rhymes, is paraded about London, every fifth of November, we should hear far less about Maynooth, and Peter Dens, Orange processions, and the Scarlet Woman. I don't mind a Guy stuck on a pole, in a field, to frighten the crows away. I can bear with that Guy of Guys, the sergeant-at-arms, when, with a gilt poker over his shoulder, he precedes Black-rod to the table of the house, with a message from the Lords. He is, there, the right Guy in the right place. Guild-hall, too, is properly graced by the two Guy Giants, Gog and Magog. So is a pantomime by the Guys in huge masks. But I must, and do solemnly protest against the introduction of the Guy element into the British Army. I think it foul scorn that the brave men who are ready to spill their blood for us like water, as their brethren in the line have already done, and to carry the glory of the meteor flag of England to the ends of the earth, should be swathed — for they are not dressed — in habiliments needlessly and offensively ugly and ridiculous.

A year since, I essayed, in "Mars à la Mode,"* to point out the errors into which we were in danger of running. Cheerfully admitting the necessity for an immediate and radical reform of

the dress and accoutrements of the army; recognising in all their indefensibility the abominations of the stock, the coatee, the tight shoulder straps, the heavy shakos, the unwieldy brown bess; I yet foresaw how our glorious routiners would run — straight as a bull at a gate — into the opposite extreme; how, while reforming, they would destroy; how, while simplifying, they would uglify. Behold the result. Routine, clothing boards, sealed patterns, army tailors, have done their work. The tailor's goose has cackled, and we have an army of Guys.

Let any man walk the streets of any county town, or of the suburbs of the metropolis, and look at the Militia. The eye hath not seen, the ear hath not heard of, such Guys. They can't help being raw lads, loutish in aspect and awkward in gait. Time and the drill sergeant will set all that right. I grant the tunic in which the militiaman is dressed, properly fashioned and proportioned, is a sensible, serviceable garment: but, shades of good taste, symmetry and common-sense! is there any necessity for the unhappy County Guy to wear a hideous blanket-rag which is in shape neither a tunic, a frock, a blouse, a smock, a jacket, a jerkin, nor a vest, but which vacillates imbecilely between all these stools, and must fall to the ground at last, as a preposterous absurdity? Is there anything in the articles of war that renders it

* Vol. XXX. p. 192.

imperative for this miscalled tunic to be dyed a dingy brick-dust colour — like a bad wine stain or an old iron-mould — and for the monstrosity to be finished off with facings that give the wretched militiaman the appearance of having a sore throat. Where is Mr. D. R. Hay and his theory of the harmony of colours? Where is the School of Design? Where are the commissioners of nuisances? Is there any passage in the Queen's Regulations that points out as necessary to the good discipline of the army that the militiaman's tunic shall not fit him, and that, in accordance with the approved Treasury Bench system of the square men being put into the round holes, the tall men should be put into the short men's coats, and vice versa? Why, because military costume is so reformed, should the miserable militiaman be thrust into shrunken trousers, baggy at the knees, and too short in the calf? Why should his head be extinguished by an unsuccessful modification of the Albert hat?

Why should he be made ten thousand times more forlorn and ludicrous in appearance than Bombastes' army, than any of Falstaff's ragged regiment; than any of the awkward squad?

It would be quite bad enough if things ended here; but County Guy, brave fellow, is ready to volunteer into the line, the cavalry, or the guards, so the costume of the line, the cavalry,

and the guards has been expressly Guyified to suit him. I have seen stalwart sergeants in line regiments — erst trim soldierly men — wandering furtively about recruiting districts in the purlieus of Westminster, in the new costume, and manifestly ashamed. When Louis Napoleon went to the City I saw, in his escort, some cavalry officers dressed in the new costume. They hovered in appearance somewhere between foreign couriers, horse-riders at Franconi's, and Lord Mayor's postilions. Only last Sunday, crossing Trafalgar Square, I saw the Foot Guards marching home to their barracks on their way from Church. I declare that their appearance gave me the horrors for the rest of the day. Their "togs" (no word out of the domain of slang will at all convey an idea of their ugliness), ill-made, ill-fitting, their bearskins, so boastfully cut down awhile since, manifestly more cumbrous and unshapely than before. There was one juvenile officer — quite a little boy — who slunk along; his head, poor child — aching and fevered, perhaps, by last night's Haymarket frolics — quite buried and weighed down by his enormous muff-cap. When the regiment, on an omnibus passing, broke into a quick, running step, to see this little officer trotting across the square, his little legs kicking up the dust, his puny sword flickering in his hand, and the skirts flip-flapping in the summer breeze, was a sight

to make the friends of bad taste laugh.

MY GARDEN WALKS.

“GARDENS,” says Sir Thomas Brown, “were before gardeners, and but some hours after the earth.” A passion for gardening seizes us before we know what horticulture means, and, but some months after, we come into the world. On my first visit to London, when a tiny child, an early question which a relative put, was, “Won’t you like to walk round the garden?” Of course, I liked. But fancy a country babe’s astonishment to find the garden no other than Covent Garden Market, then unadorned by architectural devices. Still, a market makes an excellent garden-walk, as we shall see by-and-by. Instruction may be gained, whether you eat your breakfast of bread and grapes while strolling amidst the waggon-loads of tomatoes, the bushels of red and yellow funguses, the piles of gourds, the sweet and sticky basketfuls of figs, which encumber the surface of an Italian piazza; or whether you fortify your stomach against the cold with a “drapo’ whuskey” previous to contemplating the ragged kale and the snow-white bonnets which flutter in the markets of granite-built Aberdeen.

The land o’ cakes is the land of gardeners, — or rather the land which sends forth hordes of gardeners to invade the southern

wilderness with fork and spade. As the pictured negro, praying for emancipation, had a label streaming from his mouth, inscribed “Am I not a man and a brother?” So I, wanting to procure a seed or scrap of something rare, — a nice healthy cutting with a little bit of root to it, to borrow the famous habitual phrase of Mrs. Bloomwell, Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society, — I would shout to make myself heard, “Am I not a Scotchman and a brother-gardener?” I have poisoned myself with boiled dahlia-roots, potato-nasturtiums, and new-invented yams. I have flayed the inner coat of my stomach in attempts to revive salads of garden-rocket, American cress, and blessed (cursed?) thistle. I have not obtained a black rose by budding a white one on a black-currant bush, — and never tried to do so; but I have grown early tuberose by starting the bulbs, when potted, in an oven; and have raised palm-trees from date-stones by a happy combination of steaming and roasting in a cooking-stove. I have worked away with the watering-pot (full of mystic soup, more invigorating in its effects than viper-broth), while the first drops of a heavy shower were descending; and I have swept the snow over a bed of alpine, while the white flakes were falling fast. In short, sketch any sort of caricature you please, put “Very fond of gardening” under it, and I’ll not deny that it may apply to me.

Whither shall we first direct our steps? Let us take a turn in the Flemish garden, for the sake of its convenient proximity, after having put up our horse and carriole at the sign of the Belle Jardinière, or the Pretty Gardeness. The word has need of a modified termination in a land where, of innumerable horticultural agents, it may be sung, "And she's of the feminine gender." My opposite neighbour complains of a bad back-ache, because, his wife being without a domestic, he is obliged himself to weed and dig, — work which, otherwise, he would no more be expected to do, than to wash up the dishes or suckle the baby. Our own little maid, such a neat-handed Phyllis in the kitchen, is not less adroit in our garden of herbs; and, to complete our successions, she absolutely insists on some purslane and golden-leaved sorrel from Flanders. Also some belle dame or beautiful lady (orache) to put into the soup; also some good salad seed, with a basket of the full-grown, autumn-sown plants therefrom, called grandmeres, or grandmothers, on which she will subsist as long as a morsel remains. All flesh is grass; all French men's and women's flesh is the concentrated substance of garden-vegetables. Without billions and trillions of leeks and carrots, mountains of cabbage, Egyptian great pyramids of sorrel, and salading enough to smother a whole county beneath its weight, the grand French nation would droop, and would soon fall into an ailing state. An English village, suffering under the supposed visitation of an overwhelming avalanche of lettuce and endive, would consider the dreadful accident as hopeless, and would submit to its fate with becoming resignation. A French community, like the rat imprisoned in the cheese, would deliberately and resolutely set to to eat its way out of it. An English farm-lad ran away from service, because — as they gave him salad every day during summer — he feared that, when the winter came, they would make him eat hay. A French garçon would consent to consume a certain portion of hay — perhaps sily smoking it in his pipe — provided he was also allowed access to an inexhaustible salad-bowl; bread, oil, and vinegar, of course, being clauses in the bargain. "How often a day would you like to eat salad?" I inquired of a servant. — "Oh! five or six times; ça m'est égal, Monsieur. It's all the same to me."

And then sorrel! — with half-a-dozen notes of admiration after it, if the printer will put them. Who, that has never quitted England, knows anything of the inestimable value of that much-loved acetarious plant? Look at the little boy and girl sitting on the step of yonder door, the entrance of the wayside inn, au dernier sou, or, the last half-penny. With a slice of bread grasped in one fist, and a bunch of fresh sorrel-leaves in the other,

those children are making a contented meal by taking an alternate bite at each. Their place in natural history is a little ambiguous; for on one hand they are herbivorous, and on the other graminivorous. Enter, to call for a glass of white beer. The mistress cannot attend to you; she makes you wait a little instant. She is busy stewing down a whole rick of sorrel, salting it for winter soup. Next to the capture of Sebastopol, the French army in the Crimea would be most delighted to conquer a vast plain of broad-leaved sorrel. My landlady thinks me an openhanded Englishman, because, instead of selling to others a barrowful of sorrel-leaves out of my garden, I give them to her. With sorrel, hot water, butter, and bread, no poor French household consider themselves pinched for a repast; and wealthy peasants are often content with no better fare for dinner and supper. Now, if an English Lady Bountiful were to call on some not-too-well-off mother of a family, and say, "I am going to send you a present which will be useful during the coming winter," and then were to appear with a cart-load of green sorrel-leaves, what would the object of benevolence say at the sight of a stock of such provision? As soon as the first surprise was over, would she not give vent to her angry disappointment (if she did not charitably pronounce Lady B. to be crazy)? And if she had sufficient strength to pitch the cart with its

verdant contents into the nearest ditch, would not her neighbours think she was properly vindicating the rights and honour of insulted poor folks? But suppose the mistress of a French château were to make a similar offer to the wife of one of her labouring men, how the dame's eyes would sparkle! how her hands would clap! and what a stamp of joy would be imprinted on the earthen floor! As soon as the welcome cargo had arrived, it would be carefully picked and shredded into a tub. The half-extinguished logs on the hearth would be set blazing afresh; the iron-pot, or chaudron, would be hitched up into its suspensory mechanism; and the tall stoneware jar would be filled to the brim with bottle-green paste for hybernal pottage. A French garden, without a large plot of sorrel, would be as incomplete as a Christmas dinner-table without a plum-pudding.

With the exception of the indispensable salad, and occasionally sorrel and onions, the vegetables thus admitted to the national stomach give but little trouble to the digestive organs, enormous as is their aggregate mass, in consequence of the aid which the soup-pot renders. "Give me," exclaims a Frenchwoman, "leeks, sorrel, turnips, carrots, butter, bread, and a few fried onions, and I will make you a soupe-maigre that shall ravish you! It shall all be boiled down so divinely smooth and tender, that you will not feel the want of

meat." Soup that is not meagre contains good store of animal ingredients; but there must be practical truth and wisdom in administering to the human frame the essence of all those roots and greens. All vegetables are more or less medicinal; although, in such as we usually consume, the nutritious particles have the upper hand. Men cannot live on medicine, any more than on poison. But, medicines are most healthily efficient when taken in minute and oft-repeated doses. Witness the iodine, or salt, or whatever it is, which gives a sea-side residence its beneficial effect. Deprive a man of all access to herbage, or its extracts; shut him in a ship for a twelvemonths' discovery-voyage, and you will soon learn that, after all, soupe-maigre is not a thing to be safely despised.

Do not, however, suppose that the Flemings care nothing about the ideal of gardening; that the limit of their admiration is a Daniel Lambert turnip, or a fat-fair-and-forty cabbage. On the contrary, they grow even ornamental grass in pots, and treat flowers as tenderly as if they were sentient beings. A notary who should get up a society for the prevention of cruelty to helpless potplants, might enroll a respectable number of members. Tender-hearted Flemings would be just as ready as benevolent Chinese to purchase ill-treated koo-shoo, or trees dwarfed by stunting and starving, for the pleasure of liberating them into the open

ground. They pet their flowers, and introduce them, like spoiled children, into places where they really have no business. In a milliner's shop-window, the silks, satins, and artificial flowers, at ten francs the bouquet, are pushed on one side, to make way for a real pompon rose, which the artiste in personal adornment has bought, for ten sous, of a nurseryman. The cobbler sweeps away his seedy collection of boots and shoes, to display three or four beautiful calceolarias in bloom, at the mouth of the cellar-habitation which serves as his den. His children are dying by inches of asphyxia; himself and his wife—to judge from the hue of their complexions—might pass for having been buried and dug up again; which happens to them daily, barring the digging up. Still, he takes the trouble to bring up and down, every morning and night, that collection of flower-pots and those two long boxes; each of which contains a row of seedling Queen Margarets or German asters. He is more anxious to provide air and sunshine for them than for his own progeny; because his progeny, he thinks, can run about and take care of themselves, which poor sedentary stationary flowers cannot do. Do you feel tempted to mount a ladder, and pluck the bright yellow tuft of wall-flowers whose roots are displacing the tiles on that roof? You had better not. They grow in full view of a score of garret-windows, and their per-

fume is wafted to at least a dozen garetteers. The populace would execrate you and stone you out of the town, as certainly as if you had killed a stork in Holland, or eaten a dish of robin-redbreasts in England.

We are crossing the great place at Dunkerque. It is a bright, breezy spring morning, which puts the women's caps into a flutter, as it has brought the colour into their cheeks. We carry each a spacious basket, to amuse ourselves with a little out-door shopping. Leaving the interesting group of fishwomen, who entreat us to buy with an energy of gesture that would make us fear they were going to tear us to pieces, here we are in the midst of the vegetables, all fresh, clean, and I had almost said perfumed. The Département du Nord may well be proud of her markets; for the articles exposed are more inviting to look at than ever they were when growing in the open ground, or than they ever will be again, unless they fall into the hands of a merciful and artistic cook. At Le Havre, and elsewhere, the vegetables offered for sale look as if they had been kept a week under the greengrocer's bed, to bring them to a proper state of ripeness. But here, the piles of ivory leeks, with their green tails tied up in a knot, like horses on their way to a country fair, would suffice to make Ancient Pistol's mouth water, if it had not ceased watering long ago. What tiny white turnips to economise! not

bigger than pullets' eggs; an English gardener would have tossed them to his pigs. What queer little bunches of tiny celery and other pot-herbs, all to flavour the soup, soup, soup! And sorrel, everlasting sorrel (a touch of Hervey), green and tender in the first spring leaves, claiming to take its place at present on the tables of the luxurious only. By-and-by it will condescend to the multitude, and will then liberally make up for its present reserved behaviour. And what, in Heaven's name, are those? Thongs to administer a dose of knout? No, no; simply dried eelskins, for whips wherewith to thrash out seed, gentle flails whose upper half is composed of tough and elastic fish-leather. Blanched dandelion, for salad! Could you make up your mind to eat it? And lo! pungent horse-radish, a rarity on the continent, starts milk-white and cane-like from unsuspected beds to satisfy the cravings of English captains. The baskets shaped like broad-brimmed hats standing on their crowns, are sadly deceptive in respect to their contents; but precocity in herbs ought to be paid for. Already there are little precursors of the great Spanish radishes that are to be; besides lovely bouquets of pleasing *bonne-dame* and cooling purslane and brilliant bunches of small short-horn carrots, that have all the ornamental effect of cornelian and coral. The nymph who sits in front of her legless wheelbarrow, which is turned

edgewise, standing on one side, to serve as the garden-wall by which she, the lovely passion-flower is supported and sheltered — that fullblown nymph might string those golden carrots as a diadem, and form a green bird-of-paradise plume out of their delicate waving leaves.

Step now to the other side of the big, unmeaning statue of Jean Bart, who looks as if he were about to break his nose by tumbling over the cannon that lies between his legs, to a quite different department of the market. Not that we want to bother ourselves with butter and eggs, with fatted fowl, or rabbits trussed to represent tailors sitting at ease, with their legs a-kimbo. A truce to housekeeping cares, for a while. There, in orderly row, are Flemish wives and maidens, each with a little assortment of blooms and flower-roots; for in the early sunshiny days of the year, it is a natural and instinctive duty to be-flower one's-self. We have undertaken to arrange a young lady's pleasure-ground; here are a few materials to begin with. Forget-me not, for one sou, after a little bargaining about the souvenir. Hen-and-chicken daisy, for two sous, the price demanded. White and crimson double daisy; ditto, ditto each. Beautiful short-legged, round-headed, [double stock, "five sous, mademoiselle!" "You are pleasant, I will give you three." "Impossible; impossible!" "Not a liard more than three sous. I will go and

look at those on the other side." "Take it, my brave man. To the pleasure; to the next time." Double violet, two sous; double scarlet anemone (perfect), two sous, also. And then, here's the great flowerist all the way from Lille, by railway. Alas, alas, that such temptations must be resisted! New-fashioned, round-leaved, Dutch tree-mignonette, covered with bloom, and I dare not remember how tall, only a franc and a few score centimes! But we should break it to smash, and pound it into spinach before we got it home. "This," I knowingly remarked to myself, "is a very, very curious double primrose; in England it would be worth—" and, before I can mentally say another syllable, a straw-hatted, elderly lady whips the whole of the sample into her capped domestic's wicker ark. How greedily she bites at a floral bait! Were she a fine fat turbot, I should know how to catch her. But she shall not have the next lot, the shark! She entombs flowers in her maid's vast basket as fast as a milch-cow swallows blades of grass. This lovely crimson double primrose shall be mine, for the monstrously extravagant price of twenty-five centimes, without haggling. Match that in Covent Garden, for two-pence-halfpenny, if you can! Our vessels are laden, we can stow no more on board with safety. For eightpence halfpenny, English money, I am possessed of a nice little basked-full of flowers, each

with its roots so workmanly packed in a ball of earth, that they will travel from the Place Jean Bart to mademoiselle's parterre, without being aware of the change, unless you are so indiscreet as to tell them of it.

To discover in part whence all this horticultural abundance comes, we will quietly follow that fat old woman, who is going home from market on donkey-back with her empty butter-box behind her sheep's-fleece saddle. Immediately on leaving the gates of Dunkerque, by crossing a bridge to the left, we are in Rosendaël. It is not a dale, but a sandy flat. A few roses may be found by-and-by, but far more vulgar vegetables predominate. You enter a series of kitchen gardens, in which the art is carried to the utmost, with the least possible artificial aid. No cloches, or bell-glasses, are visible. The neighbouring sea prevents extreme severity of frost; and melons, and such like Indians on short furlough, are not taken in and done for here. In almost every garden, the indispensable fixture is a tank of brick for liquid manure. This ambrosial soup (which scatters o'er the daël anything but rosy odours) is brought from the town in long locomotivelike barrels on wheels, drawn by pairs or leashes of such handsome grey horses, that, after seeing them, no lady need feel offended at being called a Flanders mare by sneering royalty. Liquid manure is the grand secret, the powder of pro-

jection in Flemish gardening; it converts sand into gold. If personally-untidy Hervey had travelled in Flanders, he would have been caught and washed clean for the sake of the excellent fertiliser, the fluid result of his ablutions.

High culture and well-contrived shelter have converted a sand-bank into a wilderness of esculents; there are forests of asparagus (as yet in its early drumstick phase), and prairies of salading. The hedges are kept beautifully clean at foot by digging, not hoeing, the earth on each side of their roots. The berceaux, or arbours composed entirely of fruit-trees, would give our country gardeners some trouble to prune them into shape. The difficulty is here got over by a double ladder, like the letter A without the cross-stroke. The sandy soil is warm and dry, and therefore early. Superabundant moisture soon filters away, and is let off at the first ebb-tide into the Furnes canal. Long rows of short stunted pollard willows serve for boundaries, and afford protection, by acting as the columns to which are attached fragile walls of reed, straw, and even of asparagus halm. Within the inclosures, by a cunning device, the stronger things are made to shelter and nurse the weaker. Rows of low apple-trees, with a rank-and-file underwood of currant and gooseberry bushes—the latter now and then so tall and luxuriant as to acquire the character of weeping gooseberries—temper the wind

the wind to the tender seedlings. In the area of these fruit-encircled squares, not a weed is to be seen, if you would give a five-franc piece for it. Horticultural cleanliness is exhibited in Flemish perfection. Amidst a tribe consisting of gardeners only, it becomes a social, quite as much as an individual duty. The thistle, which scatters its down-winged seeds undisturbed, inflicts a greater amount of harm on the community at large, than on the sluggard who harbours it. I do believe that, in Rosendaël, the apparition of a good large tuft of groundsel run to seed in the midst of any vegetable crop — supposing such an enormity possible — would cause its proprietor to be charivari'd as a public nuisance by his disgusted neighbours. On the same principle, poultry are tabooed. Not a solitary cock and hen did I see in all Rosendaël, though I heard plenty of nightingales. As the ancients sacrificed goats to Bacchus, because they devour vines so greedily as to put an effectual stopper on wine-growing, so the Rosendaëlers feel it a matter of duty to immolate cocks and hens, even cochin-chinas, before the altar of the garden god. Some tradition of the tulip mania may be current amongst them; but they are still in incredulous ignorance of the fact that an egg, in England, will sell for as much as a pullet in France. A few snarling, yapping dogs, of only moderate size and savageness, are regarded as more profitable live stock to keep.

A striking feature of Rosendaël, common to all good kitchen gardens, is the close and hard-pressed succession of crops. Little cabbages and cauliflowers of progressive ages, pricked out for gradual transplantation; forward lettuces quincunxed amongst backward greens; radishes broadcast amongst straight rows of over-year's onions; little lettuces, loosely broadcast amongst platoons of summer cabbages; double stocks, and other popular flowers, grown on a large scale as crops; carrots intended to produce seed this summer, planted amongst autumn-sown onions that are meant to be drawn green; spinach sown amongst autumn-planted cabbages; continuous thickets of leeks, like bamboo jungles in miniature, whose standing-place, as fast as they quit it, is occupied by another generation of greens; — these are a few of the ways and means by which the Rosendaëlers pay their rent.

There is another famous Flemish garden about which I cannot walk, but am obliged to swim from bed to bed. But we have had enough garden-walking for once; should you like another stroll before the summer is gone, we will take a turn together on a future occasion; whether in mid-air, or through the water, time and the editorial nod will decide. And so, quoting *Cymbeline*, more or less exactly:

Here's a few flowers; but about next month, more.

MORE GRIST TO THE MILL.

A BOY aged fifteen was killed the other day in a cotton-mill in this manner: — Two persons were mending a strap that turned the dressing-frames, and ran upon a horizontal shaft, four feet from the ceiling. He took hold of the strap to help them, and was instantly pulled up, and carried round the main line shaft (seven feet from the floor). When taken down, both his legs were off at the knees, and an arm was fractured. He died shortly afterwards. It was stated at the inquest that this boy was to blame — that he ought not to have touched the strap, and had frequently been cautioned by the firm, as it was observed (the reprobate!) that he was too much disposed to assist others.

A youth aged twenty-two was smashed the other day in a cotton-factory. We find the facts recorded in the Manchester Guardian of the fifth of July last past. The case preceding it was recorded in the Manchester Examiner and Times of the same day. In the instance of the second victim, the machine being in motion, it was the poor fellow's duty to throw one end of a strap over a pulley eight feet from the floor and near the ceiling. The pulley worked on a horizontal shaft, unfenced in defiance of the law; and, alighting by accident on the shaft, began to wrap round it. The youth when he threw the strap had (as people

out of factories almost invariably do when they throw a rope) given one end a turn round his hand to prevent the chance of its slipping from his hold. By that end he was suddenly drawn up, and squeezed so tightly against a beam in the ceiling that it was very difficult to extricate his body. His head was scalped; his left arm was torn out by the socket — so was one leg; the other arm and leg were broken, and the body was much crushed. An enlightened jury, finding that the youth had held the strap so that he was unable to let go in an instant, determined that, "under these circumstances, the jury were of opinion that no one but the deceased himself was to blame in the matter, and that the occurrence was accidental." Blame was accordingly cast upon the mangled body of the victim; and the gentlemen who, in open defiance of the law, refuse to protect life against such accidents by fencing their machinery, are supposed to have no more to do with the affair than the archangel Gabriel.

But, the factory inspectors will proceed for penalties? Certainly they will; and then, if these gentlemen be members of the National Association of Factory Occupiers, they will have their case defended for them and their fine immediately paid.

It is only because such an association has been formed that we revert to this distressing topic. If factory occupiers orga-

nise a strike against the law — which is an expression of the righteous will of civilised society — they have to be opposed; and, to that end, what they do shall be done openly, so far as we can cause it to be done so. They are now actively engaged among themselves in raising money. The papers which they circulate among themselves are in our hands, and contain matter to this effect: That they will labour to procure a repeal of the inspector's power of examining operatives privately, that they may speak without fear of the wrath of their employers. That they will get rid, if they can, of the chief office of factory inspectors in London. That they will put a stop, if possible, to the right vested in inspectors, of instructing wounded operatives how they may proceed for damages against employers, by whose wilful negligence they have been maimed. That the certifying surgeon shall, if they can manage it, be got into the power of the petty sessions of his district, and not remain responsible to the inspector for his conduct. That no shafts more than seven feet from the floor shall require fencing. That nothing else shall be fenced, if arbitrators overthrow the opinion of the inspector that it ought to be fenced; and that no such protection of operatives shall be held necessary in the case of adult males; but only in the case of women, young persons, and children. That the

clause in the Factory Act which excludes a millowner from deciding upon points closely affecting his own money-interests, in dealings with the operatives, ought to be repealed, indicating as it does "an unwarrantable suspicion upon the honourable conduct of that portion of the magistracy who are engaged in manufactures." Human nature is purely disinterested in the north, — witness the existence of this very National Association, by which the unwarrantable suspicion is, among other measures for the taking care of Number One, cunningly spurned! Finally, the representatives of this body — who would seem to go so far as to oppose everything that might tend to save an operative's life, for they "beg to caution the trade against the adoption of any compromise, whether of hooks or otherwise," — these gentlemen have arrived at the following conclusion: "With these views, the deputation are of opinion that a fund of not less than five thousand pounds should be immediately raised; and they suggest that all cases of prosecution which the committee of management may be of opinion can be legitimately dealt with by the Association, shall be defended by, and the penalties or damages paid out of the funds of the Association."

Who, after this, can share the indignation of the cotton owners when poor operatives strike, — when they subscribe money to

sustain each other in a combination against what they believe — though not always rightly — to be grievous wrong. The operative strikes against hunger, against what he thinks hard dealing on the part of his employers. The employer strikes against humanity, and shows how hardly *he* can deal, by subscribing to help and be helped in a struggle against the necessity of furnishing protection to the lives of his workpeople. The operative has a right to withhold his labour when he is not satisfied with its reward: the master has no right to leave his machinery unfenced, when the law orders him to fence it; and, in spite of the phrase “cases that can be legitimately dealt with,” it is evident that he associates with other masters that he may successfully oppose the law by the payment of a slight annual subscription. Application is made for it by the Association to all factory owners, at the rate of one shilling per nominal horse-power. This subscription will enable him to persist in doing wrong and to take all the consequences, without any great harm to his pocket. Penalties are to be paid out of the funds of the Association. Should the struggle prove expensive, there is a provision made in the rules of the Association for the maintenance of funds to an unlimited amount; for, says the eighth rule, “when the balance in the hands of the treasurer shall be less than the

sum produced by a rate of sixpence per horse-power, the committee shall make a further call.”

We do not know whether the employer of the youth who was crushed the other day by an unfenced shaft, in the manner stated by the newspaper report to which we have referred, had paid his money to the Association. If he had, we suppose he will have his pocket carefully defended from any of the consequences which may fall upon it should he be sued under the act in that case made and provided.

There can be no doubt now, we think, of the direction that will have eventually to be taken by the law, — is it too much to hope that it can be taken with the proper promptitude? A time should be fixed, after which the millowner will leave shafts unfenced at his peril. Being liable, as he now is, and must be made to feel that he is, to penalties only too small upon conviction of the simple fact that he defies the law, he must be held legally, what he is actually, guilty of Manslaughter, whenever it is proved that his illegal practice has destroyed a life. At least, the body of the National Association could not undertake to go to prison for its members.

CRIES FROM THE PAST.

IN my hedge-side wallet there are yet more curiosities of London left, though I may bid Mr. Timbs farewell, with hearty thanks. There are some curious things and curious people about town that are within my ken, and whose acquaintance I should like my readers to make. But they are of a humbler, meaner, less historical order than the curiosities of Mr. Timbs.* They bear, perhaps, about the same relation to the archæological, artistic, or literary curiosities of the metropolis, that one of those grotesque old pew-ledges or ludicrously carved bench-ends you find in mediæval cathedrals, bears to the grand groined and fretted roof, the pillared aisles, the altar-screen decussated with sculptured tracery, the storied windows staining the marble of the tombs beneath with their dim religious light, or flashing on the epitaphs of the good and the brave with many-coloured glories — echoes of the Glory to which they are gone. Mine are the curiosities of obscurity, poverty, and the paltry devices of a cankered civilisation. To others I leave the memorials of arts and learning, and heroic achievements, and pious deeds.

The cries of London are exceeding curious, and have been so for ages. But those I allude to are scarcely commercial. They

are not such as you will find recorded with pencil as well as pen in old books. They do not enter into the same category as “Lily-white muffins!” “Hearth-stones and Silver-sand!” “Umbrellas to mend!” “Knives and scissors to grind, O!” “Maids, have you any coney-skins?” “Cherry-ripe!” “Sparragrass!” “Hot grey pease and a suck of bacon!” (I have a picture of this cry in action, representing the pease merchant holding to the eager lips of a town-made boy a small lump of bacon secured to the end of a string — a taste of this porcine delicacy serving as a “relish” to the hot grey pease; but the string being provided lest the boy in an ecstasy of epicurean delight, should incontinently bolt it altogether.) They are not of the same order of cries as “Tiddy-iddy-doll!” as “Pity the poor Prisoners in the dark Dungeon!” — a cry popular when the infamous city-gates were standing, and used as places of confinement — or as that well-known, long-continued cry of the man who sold the little cakes with currants in them, crying: —

If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I would not cry young lambs to sell.

Nor are my cries to be confounded with the homelier and more modern ones — the cries that come home to our ears, bosoms and pockets every day in the week save Sunday: cries such as “Butcher!” “Baker!” “Dust,

* See *Curiosities of London*, page 495.

O!" "Milk below!" "Beer!" "Watercresses!" and "Clo!"

My cries range over a space of some twenty years (I only quote those that are within my own recollection), yet many of them are obsolete now. They have had their day, like dogs, and have died. Each year has produced its new cry simultaneously with its new bonnet. I can no more trace the exact chronological succession of cries than I can set down (without reference to the Mode and the Belle Assemblée), the rigorous scale of descent from the monster-brimmed bonnet with all its bows, feathers, and streamers of William the Fourth's time, to the incomprehensible mockery delusion and snare of gauze, ribbons and artificial flowers, that ladies are now wearing in a mid region between their back hair and their cervical vertebræ. This last thing is called and charged for in milliners' bills as a bonnet. The vulgar have other names for it, such as "kiss-me-quick!" "fly-by-night!" "fantail!" and the like. Studying it philosophically, myself, I am inclined to regard it as a species of feminine porter's knot.

When I was a very little boy indeed, whose chief knowledge of the curiosities of London was confined to the contents of the various fruit-stalls and the theatrical "characters" of that benefactor of youth, Mr. Marks — one penny plain, and twopence coloured — I remember that the

fashionable, or at least popular, London cry was "Flare up!"

The boys shouted it to one another; they screamed it round old ladies as a war-whoop, accompanying the same with a war-dance; they hurled it round street corners at the then very unpopular police force; hackney coachmen on their boxes bade each other "flare up." In the darkest depth and stillness of the night "flare up" came floating on the wind like the cry of a wolf with slang propensities, whose "howl's his watch." "Flare up" sparkled in the chorus of every comic song; low comedians of transpontine theatres found it invaluable in helping a dull farce along; the gallery shrieked it; it came back from the pit like a vocal boomerang. The cads, the linkboys, the ham-sandwich, pig's-trotter, and play-billsellers, the lurchers outside the theatres and public-houses roared it among themselves for warmth and pulmonary exercise. The cry was heard, not only at public-house bars, in the streets, and courts, and low places, but in society. Comic members of parliament quoted it in the house; ministers and members of the opposition "flared up" in elliptical labels proceeding from their mouths in high-priced political caricatures; horses were entered for cups and plates and sweepstakes under the name of "Flare up!" It passed into the language. From an imperative interjection (excuse the grammatical sole-

cism) it became a substantive. A disturbance, a riot, an altercation, a joyous orgy — these were called “flare-ups.” The substantive remains, and the term “a jolly flare-up” is yet used to express a reckless merry-making; such a combination of punch, gin, bludgeons, door-knockers, constables, ensanguined noses, lobsters, torn clothes, watch-houses, bad characters, and tobacco-pipes as were formerly the delectation of Corinthian Tom, Bob Logic, and Jerry Hawthorn. Such “flare-ups” flourished about the year thirty-eight in the “salad days — when he was green of judgment,” of the nobleman yet affectionately remembered in the police-courts and the cab-stands as “the marquis.” But the cry is dead. You don’t hear the boys cry “flare up!” now. It is no longer the favourite sarcastic expletive of hackney coachmen, cabmen, and omnibus conductors. Nay, there are no hackney coachmen left to “flare up” — dissipati sunt. They are gone to the Limbo of Jehus: their tombstones are their licenses, their coffin-plates their badges. To limbo are gone the purblind old watchmen whom Tom and Jerry used to beat; to limbo the old House of Lords, its shabby throne, and dingy Spanish Armada tapestry. They are gone: they have vanished with the fourpenny newspaper stamp, Grampound and Gatton, the mews at Charing Cross, the re-

surrection-men, the Spanish legion; with the yearly procession of mail-coaches, Mr. Cobbett’s pepper-and-salt suit, and scores of good fellows who “flared up” merrily twenty years since; but have burnt to the socket, and are quite guttered down and extinguished now.

Now, how and with what did “flare up” originate? Who was to flare up, and when, and why? Were mankind, twenty years since, pitch, or tow, or turpentine oakum, or greasy rags, that they were to “flare up” incontinently at the mere lucifer-match bidding of rude boys? Was it possible for a bishop to “flare up?” for a dean of the Court of Arches? Yet how frequently was the ribald behest hooted in his ears, drive as fast, or pull up his carriage windows as tightly, as he would? It is my candid opinion — tracing things to their mean first cause, as I am fond of doing, and knowing how many mountains give birth to mice, and, again, how many mice are often parturient with mountains — that the slang cry “flare up” arose from the incendiary exploits of Captain Swing, and was kept alive with the great European commotions that followed the French Revolution of eighteen hundred and thirty; that it was the Carmagnole, the yoke-off-throwing verb that had kindred gerunds and supines, potentials and subjunctives among French Philadelphi, Italian Carbonari, German Illu-

minati, and English Tradesunion men; and that, in other moods and tenses, it was often unavailingly, hopelessly, despairingly conjugated in the cachots of Mont St. Michel, and the dungeons of the Spielberg, and the Piombi of Venice. The cry is a slang one. Granted. But how many great and noble names have been corrupted to mean and base uses? There is a family in existence now, lineal descendants of the Plantagenets, who have degenerated into Plant. Has not the chivalrous sign of the Landgrave Maurice tavern, in the White-chapel Road, subsided into the Grave Morris? Were not the Chequers once the bearings of the proud Earls of Arundel? Was not the Bull and Mouth, the Boulogne Mouth; the Goat and Compasses, God encompasseth us; the Salutation, in Newgate Street, that of the Blessed Virgin; the Cock, the cognizance of Saint Peter? "Great Cæsar dead and turned to clay:" — the proverb is somewhat musty.

Who does not remember the curious cry "What a shocking bad hat?" Being, as I have before confessed, rather loose in my chronology, I cannot, with any degree of certainty, decide whether it followed or preceded "Flare up!" It was a master cry. It appealed to all bosoms, or rather to all heads; for a hat might be a "shocking bad one" if it had cost five guineas instead of five pence. No man was safe from the imputation of shocking

badness to his hat; and the ruffians who wore caps had every hat-wearer, good, bad, and indifferent, on the hip. Look at a bishop's shovel hat; a judge's three-cornered cock; the misshapen monstrosity like a pancake cut in half, which had been thrust up the chimney, called an opera hat, which fools were wont to carry into Fop's Alley for wags to laugh at; the beadle's gold-laced, tasselled, cocked absurdity; the miserable delusion of beaver and bullion-cord that lieutenants in the navy, under hideous coercive threats from the port admiral, were forced to wear; the preposterous, crushed, battered, maniacal figment of a cocked hat, vacillating in shape between that of a mountebank in a farce, a French travelling dentist, and my lord on May-day, which the Lords Commissioners donned (do they don it still?) on the prorogation of parliament. Were not each and every of these hats amenable to the "Mene, mene, tekell" of shocking badness? I will quite pass over the postman's hat, the footman's hat, and the footpage's hat, — and yet they were shocking bad, every one of them.

A man may wear bad boots, but he can escape, or at least avert, the detection of their badness by an adroit shuffling of the feet along the ground, a quick flinging gait, aided by a dexterous flank movement of a swinging glove or a jaunted cane, or (and this is perhaps the best

mode of all) by looking every person he meets steadily in the face. A bad coat may be carried off by darning, conscious merit, and the honest pride of un-begging poverty, ink, or impudence. A faulty shirt may be disguised and defended by masked batteries of buttons and cuffs, breastworks of clean dickies, or rifle-pits of wrist-bands, false. But you cannot disguise a shocking bad hat. It is THERE. It is the head and front of your offending. It is as conspicuous as a black eye. A man who has no brim — nay, no band — to his hat might just as well have no nose to his face. The badness of a hat *will* make itself felt at first sight, like the badness of an eye; and the eye is the fanlight in the back door of the heart.

The “shocking bad hat” cry was very prevalent in my hot youth. I have been moved to tears frequently by its application to my own personal head-gear. I have an idea that I was once cruelly put upon (and this is nearly the only instance of infantile ill-treatment I can remember), in being made to wear the hat of a Master Sims (calling, appearance, and subsequent fate, as unknown to me as the lost books of Livy), which was either too large, or too small, or too good, or too bad for him. I dare say the hat was quite good enough for me; but I was made to wear it in public; and, being naturally a nervous child, and

suffering besides the additional misery of gold ear-rings (my ears had been pierced for weakness of sight), I never walked abroad without feeling that I was tied to a stake with buffalo thongs, and baited by ten thousand wild Indians. And I *was* staked and baited, morally. The boys used to career about me exactly as the striped pig, the yellow fish, and the spotted eagle of the Pawnee persuasion used, in the story-book, to career about their prisoner of the Choctaw way of thinking. They scorched my feet with fires of sarcasm; they threw tomahawks of insult at me; they discharged poisoned arrows of invective at me; and their war-whoop was always and ever “Oh! what a shocking bad hat! Oh! what a shocking bad hat!”

We lived in the country before this. How long before, I can no more call to mind than I can the winners of the Derby and Oaks for the last half-century. I know it was something Tree-House; that there was a large garden smelling very sweet, and curiously associated in my mind with domestic brewing and somebody having his ears boxed (I may have been that culprit), for drinking sweet wort without permission; and that, at the bottom of the garden, there was a ruinous outhouse, where there were several empty boxes; a dusty, never-used garden-chair; and a vast quantity of wine-bottles. There was a tradition, too, that somebody “used to cut

his throat" here, a long time ago. Some of the wine-bottles were full, and we boys drew the corks of a few, one day; but the contents had turned quite sour, and, throwing the bottles on the ground, we saw the lees run out like blood, and ran frightened back to the house.

What something Tree-House had to do with "a shocking bad hat" shall presently appear. We kept a carriage. I don't think it would have been called a carriage in London; and it was nothing to be at all proud of, for it was a superannuated, rickety, unpainted old box upon wheels, something between an obsolete fly and a post-chaise that had seen better days. None of the wheels were of a size; and they might all have belonged to Ixion for any progress they made, worth mentioning. One of the shutter-blinds was irremovably fixed in its window by age, or stiffness, or obstinacy; and there it was, like a wall-eye. The thing was intended to be drawn by two horses; but we never had more than one, and he was a rough colt of all-work, without a hap'orth of breeding in him. He was troubled with a perpetual cough; was suspected of having once eaten a ginger-beer bottle, which had disagreed with him; had a strong dash of the mule in his appearance; had a face very like a cow; and would not have at all surprised us by turning out a donkey, some fine day. When he had nothing to do, he used to

loaf about a paddock, resting his foolish nose on the palings; and the blue-bottles used to come and chaff him, asking him, no doubt, whether he had enough corn to eat, and how he liked the ginger-beer bottle. Before we became possessed of our carriage, it used to stand forlorn in the middle of the village street, stranded, high and dry, like a boat. The boys used to play games on its box; and there was a report that hens were accustomed to roost in its interior. But it served our turn; for we lived a long distance from a town, and there were no railway stations in those days. Our coachman, who was a man of all-work, like the horse, was half-ashamed of our vehicle. He had not the hardihood to call in the "carriage" — he spoke of it as the "conveyance." At all events, he had to convey us all to the races. A lovely day it was; and happy all we children were, and brave I thought the coachman looked, in a new coat and a new hat, — not quite a bran new hat, perhaps; for it had originally been a riding-hat of my mother's — very broad in the brim, as all ladies' hats were worn then. It had since been cut down, and had lain about and knocked about a little, and had at last been furbished up anew, with a smart silver band, for the coachman. The man wore it, and, I verily believe, was proud of it. But woe is me! we had to pass Doctor Strong'i'th'arm's estab-

lishment for young gentlemen (Sampson House, Birchhampstead), and Doctor Strong'i'th'-arm's four-and-twenty boarders were drawn up to see the company go to the races; and, from the four-and-twenty throats of those unfeeling boys, there came, as we passed, a scream — a yell — of "What a shocking bad hat!" I hear it now. It is years ago. The Reform Bill has passed since then. I am nearly the only one of that carriage party who has not gone another journey in another carriage, with plumes; but the coachman's silver-laced hat, and Doctor Strong'i'th'-arm's boarders' criticisms thereupon, will never be effaced from my mind.

A POET'S HOME.

A POET'S home! On earth what spot
Is that where lodge the Muses?
A tropic isle, a warm south plot
Round which fresh sunlight cruises.

Walks which a sleeping ocean bounds
With hints of worlds hereafter
Rare scents of wild flowers, and the
sounds
Of Bachant girlish laughter.

A hill that hides a drowsy town,
A great cloud sauntering by it:
A streamlet poured in sunshine down
In almost visible quiet.

Ah me! I fear Greek tales are lies;
We live a life too real
To dally 'neath Arcadian skies,
And list to sounds ideal.

A poet's home! What prospect hath
His eye — what sights Elysian?
A rough highway, a dusty path
Where brick-kilns blur the vision.

A want of light, a want of air,
A want of poet-neighbour:
A wooing of all wishes fair,
A winning but of labour.

Sing on, O poet! Time is just,
Sing, 'mid the city shadows:
A flower that beautifies the dust
Shames blooms that droop in meadows.

Better than poet-friend to thee,
And dearer, is employment:
Thy duty is an Arcady
More glorious than enjoyment.

Where common eyes nought rare can scan
Thou findest angel faces,
And in each highway trod by man
Greetest holy places.

THE YELLOW MASK.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER X.

OF all the persons who had been present, in any capacity, at the Marquis Melani's ball, the earliest riser, on the morning after it, was Nanina. The agitation produced by the strange events in which she had been concerned, destroyed the very idea of sleep. Through the hours of darkness she could not even close her eyes; and, as soon as the new day broke, she rose to breathe the early morning air at her window, and to think in perfect tranquillity over all that had passed since she entered the Melani Palace to wait on the guests at the masquerade.

On reaching home the previous night, all her other sensations had been absorbed in a vague feeling of mingled dread and curiosity, produced by the sight of the weird figure in the yellow mask,

which she had left standing alone with Fabio in the palace corridor. The morning light, however, suggested new thoughts. She now opened the note which the young nobleman had pressed into her hand, and read the hurried pencil lines scrawled on the paper, over and over again. Could there be any harm, any forgetfulness of her own duty, in using the key enclosed in the note, and keeping her appointment in the Ascoli gardens at ten o'clock? Surely not — surely the last sentence he had written — "Believe in my truth and honour, Nanina, for I believe implicitly in yours" — was enough to satisfy her, this time, that she could not be doing wrong in listening for once to the pleading of her own heart. And, besides, there, in her lap, lay the key of the wicket-gate. It was absolutely necessary to use that, if only for the purpose of giving it back safely into the hands of its owner.

As this last thought was passing through her mind, and plausibly overcoming any faint doubts and difficulties which she might still have felt, she was startled by a sudden knocking at the street-door; and, looking out of window immediately, saw a man in livery standing in the street, anxiously peering up at the house to see if his knocking had aroused anybody.

"Does Marta Angrisani, the sick-nurse, live here?" inquired the man, as soon as Nanina showed herself at the window.

"Yes," she answered. "Must I call her up? Is there some person ill?"

"Call her up directly," said the servant. "She is wanted at the Ascoli Palace. My master, Count Fabio —"

Nanina waited to hear no more. She flew to the room in which the sick-nurse slept, and awoke her, almost roughly, in an instant.

"He is ill!" she cried, breathlessly. "Oh, make haste — make haste! he is ill, and he has sent for you!"

Marta inquired who had sent for her; and, on being informed, promised to lose no time. Nanina ran downstairs to tell the servant that the sick-nurse was getting on her clothes. The man's serious expression, when she came close to him, terrified her. All her usual self-distrust vanished; and she entreated him, without attempting to conceal her anxiety, to tell her particularly what his master's illness was, and how it had affected him so suddenly after the ball.

"I know nothing about it," answered the man, noticing Nanina's manner as she put her question, with some surprise; "except that my master was brought home by two gentlemen, friends of his, about a couple of hours ago, in a very sad state; half out of his mind, as it seemed to me. I gathered from what was said, that he had got a dreadful shock from seeing some woman take off her mask and show her face to him at the ball. How that

could be I don't in the least understand; but I know that when the doctor was sent for, he looked very serious, and talked about fearing brain fever."

Here the servant stopped; for, to his astonishment, he saw Nanina suddenly turn away from him, and then heard her crying bitterly as she went back into the house.

Marta Angrisani had huddled on her clothes, and was looking at herself in the glass, to see that she was sufficiently presentable to appear at the palace, when she felt two arms flung round her neck; and, before she could say a word, found Nanina sobbing on her bosom.

"He is ill — he is in danger!" cried the girl. "I must go with you to help him. You have always been kind to me, Marta — be kinder than ever now. Take me with you! Take me with you to the palace!"

"You, child!" exclaimed the nurse, gently unclasping her arms.

"Yes — yes! if it is only for an hour," pleaded Nanina — "if it is only for one little hour every day. You have only to say that I am your helper, and they would let me in. Marta! I shall break my heart if I can't see him now, and help him to get well again."

The nurse still hesitated. Nanina clasped her round the neck once more, and laid her cheek — burning hot now, though the tears had been streaming down it

but an instant before — close to the good woman's face.

"I love him, Marta — great as he is, I love him with all my heart and soul and strength," she went on, in quick, eager, whispering tones. "And he loves me. He would have married me if I had not gone away to save him from it. I could keep my love for him a secret while he was well — I could stifle it, and crush it down, and wither it up by absence. But now he is ill, it gets beyond me; I can't master it. Oh, Marta! don't break my heart by denying me! I have suffered so much for his sake that I have earned the right to nurse him!"

Marta was not proof against this last appeal. She had one great and rare merit for a middle-aged woman — she had not forgotten her own youth.

"Come child," said she, soothingly. "I won't attempt to deny you. Dry your eyes, put on your mantilla, and, when we get face to face with the doctor, try to look as old and ugly as you can, if you want to be let into the sick-room along with me."

The ordeal of medical scrutiny was passed more easily than Marta Angrisani had anticipated. It was of great importance, in the doctor's opinion, that the sick man should see familiar faces at his bedside. Nanina had only, therefore, to state that he knew her well, and that she had sat to him as a model in the days when he was learning the art of sculpture, to be immediately

accepted as Marta's privileged assistant in the sick-room.

The worst apprehensions felt by the doctor for the patient, were soon realised. The fever flew to his brain. For nearly six weeks he lay prostrate, at the mercy of death; now raging with the wild strength of delirium, and now sunk in the speechless, motionless, sleepless exhaustion which was his only repose. At last the blessed day came when he enjoyed his first sleep, and when the doctor began, for the first time, to talk of the future with hope. Even then, however, the same terrible peculiarity marked his light dreams, which had previously shown itself in his fierce delirium. From the faintly-uttered, broken phrases which dropped from him when he slept, as from the wild words which burst from him when his senses were deranged, the one sad discovery inevitably resulted—that his mind was still haunted, day and night, hour after hour, by the figure in the yellow mask.

As his bodily health improved, the doctor in attendance on him grew more and more anxious as to the state of his mind. There was no appearance of any positive derangement of intellect, but there was a mental depression—an unaltering, invincible prostration, produced by his absolute belief in the reality of the dreadful vision that he had seen at the masked ball—which suggested to the physician the gravest doubts about the case.

He saw with dismay that the patient showed no anxiety, as he got stronger, except on one subject. He was eagerly desirous of seeing Nanina every day by his bedside; but, as soon as he was assured that his wish should be faithfully complied with, he seemed to care for nothing more. Even when they proposed, in the hope of rousing him to an exhibition of something like pleasure, that the girl should read to him for an hour every day out of one of his favourite books, he only showed a languid satisfaction. Weeks passed away, and still, do what they would, they could not make him so much as smile.

One day, Nanina had begun to read to him as usual; but had not proceeded far before Marta Angrisani informed her that he had fallen into a doze. She ceased, with a sigh, and sat looking at him sadly, as he lay near her, faint and pale and mournful in his sleep—miserably altered from what he was when she first knew him. It had been a hard trial to watch by his bedside in the terrible time of his delirium; but it was a harder trial still to look at him now, and to feel less and less hopeful with each succeeding day.

While her eyes and thoughts were still compassionately fixed on him, the door of the bed-room opened, and the doctor came in, followed by Andrea d'Arbino, whose share in the strange adventure with the Yellow Mask

caused him to feel a special interest in the progress towards recovery.

"Asleep, I see; and sighing in his sleep," said the doctor, going to the bedside. "The grand difficulty with him," he continued, turning to d'Arbino, "remains precisely what it was. I have hardly left a single means untried of rousing him from that fatal depression; yet, for the last fortnight, he has not advanced a single step. It is impossible to shake his conviction of the reality of that face which he saw (or rather, which he thinks he saw) when the yellow mask was removed; and, as long as he persists in his own shocking view of the case, so long he will lie there, getting better, no doubt, as to his body, but worse as to his mind."

"I suppose, poor fellow, he is not in a fit state to be reasoned with?"

"On the contrary, like all men with a fixed delusion, he has plenty of intelligence to appeal to on every point, except the one point on which he is wrong. I have argued with him vainly by the hour together. He possesses, unfortunately, an acute nervous sensibility and a vivid imagination; and besides, he has, as I suspect, been superstitiously brought up as a child. It would be probably useless to argue rationally with him, on certain spiritual subjects, even if his mind was in perfect health. He has a good deal of the mystic and

the dreamer in his composition; and science and logic are but broken reeds to depend upon with men of that kind."

"Does he merely listen to you, when you reason with him, or does he attempt to answer?"

"He has only one form of answer, and that is unfortunately the most difficult of all to dispose of. Whenever I try to convince him of his delusion, he invariably retorts by asking me for a rational explanation of what happened to him at the masked ball. Now, neither you nor I, though we believe firmly that he has been the dupe of some infamous conspiracy, have been able, as yet, to penetrate thoroughly into this mystery of the Yellow Mask. Our common sense tells us that he must be wrong in taking his view of it, and that we must be right in taking ours; but if we cannot give him actual, tangible proof of that — if we can only theorise, when he asks us for an explanation — it is but too plain, in his present condition, that every time we remonstrate with him on the subject, we only fix him in his delusion more and more firmly."

"It is not for want of perseverance on my part," said d'Arbino, after a moment of silence, "that we are still left in the dark. Ever since the extraordinary statement of the coachman who drove the woman home, I have been inquiring and investigating. I have offered a reward of two hundred scudi for the

discovery of her; I have myself examined the servants at the palace, the night-watchman at the Campo Santo, the police-books, the lists of keepers of hotels and lodging-houses, to hit on some trace of this woman; and I have failed in all directions. If my poor friend's perfect recovery does indeed depend on his delusion being combatted by actual proof, I fear we have but little chance of restoring him. So far as I am concerned, I confess myself at the end of my resources."

"I hope we are not quite conquered yet," returned the doctor. "The proofs we want may turn up when we least expect them. It is certainly a miserable case," he continued, mechanically laying his fingers on the sleeping man's pulse. "There he lies, wanting nothing now but to recover the natural elasticity of his mind; and here we stand at his bedside, unable to relieve him of the weight that is pressing his faculties down. I repeat it, Signor Andrea, nothing will rouse him from his delusion that he is the victim of a supernatural interposition, but the production of some startling, practical proof of his error. At present, he is in the position of a man who has been imprisoned from his birth in a dark room, and who denies the existence of daylight. If we cannot open the shutters, and show him the sky outside, we shall never convert him to a knowledge of the truth."

Saying these words, the doctor turned to lead the way out of the room, and observed Nanina, who had moved from the bedside on his entrance, standing near the door. He stopped to look at her, shook his head good-humouredly, and called to Marta, who happened to be occupied in an adjoining room.

"Signora Marta," said the doctor, "I think you told me, some time ago, that your pretty and careful little assistant lives in your house. Pray does she take much walking exercise?"

"Very little, Signor Dottore. She goes home to her sister when she leaves the palace. Very little walking exercise indeed."

"I thought so! Her pale cheeks and heavy eyes told me as much. Now, my dear," said the doctor, addressing Nanina, "you are a very good girl, and I am sure you will attend to what I tell you. Go out every morning before you come here, and take a walk in the fresh air. You are too young not to suffer by being shut up in close rooms every day, unless you get some regular exercise. Take a good long walk in the morning, or you will fall into my hands as a patient, and be quite unfit to continue your attendance here. — Now, Signor Andrea, I am ready for you. — Mind, my child, a walk every day in the open air, outside the town, or you will fall ill, take my word for it!"

Nanina promised compliance; but she spoke rather absently, and seemed scarcely conscious

of the kind familiarity which marked the doctor's manner. The truth was, that all her thoughts were occupied with what he had been saying by Fabio's bedside. She had not lost one word of the conversation while the doctor was talking of his patient, and of the conditions on which his recovery depended. "Oh, if that proof which would cure him, could only be found!" she thought to herself, as she stole back anxiously to the bedside when the room was empty.

On getting home that day, she found a letter waiting for her, and was greatly surprised to see that it was written by no less a person than the master-sculptor, Luca Lomi. It was very short; simply informing her that he had just returned to Pisa; and that he had just returned to Pisa; and that he was anxious to know when she could sit to him for a new bust, — a commission from a rich foreigner at Naples.

Nanina debated with herself for a moment whether she should answer the letter in the hardest way, to her, by writing, or, in the easiest way, in person; and decided on going to the studio and telling the master-sculptor that it would be impossible for her to serve him as a model, at least for some time to come. It would have taken her a long hour to say this with due propriety on paper; it would only take her a few minutes to say it with her own lips — so she put on her

mantilla again, and departed for the studio.

On arriving at the gate and ringing the bell, a thought suddenly occurred to her, which she wondered had not struck her before. Was it not possible that she might meet Father Rocco in his brother's work-room! It was too late to retreat now, but not too late to ask, before she entered, if the priest was in the studio. Accordingly, when one of the workmen opened the door to her, she enquired first, very confusedly and anxiously, for Father Rocco. Hearing that he was not with his brother then, she went tranquilly enough to make her apologies to the master-sculptor.

She did not think it necessary to tell him more than that she was now occupied every day by nursing duties in a sick-room, and that it was consequently out of her power to attend at the studio. Luca Lomi expressed, and evidently felt, great disappointment at her failing him, as a model, and tried hard to persuade her that she might find time enough, if she chose, to sit to him, as well as to nurse the sick person. The more she resisted his arguments and entreaties, the more obstinately he reiterated them. He was dusting his favourite busts and statues after his long absence, with a feather-brush when she came in; and he continued this occupation all the while he was talking — urging a fresh plea to induce

Nanina to reconsider her refusal to sit, at every fresh piece of sculpture he came to; and always receiving the same resolute apology from her, as she slowly followed him down the studio towards the door.

Arriving thus at the lower end of the room, Luca stopped with a fresh argument on his lips before his statue of Minerva. He had dusted it already, but he lovingly returned to dust it again. It was his favourite work — the only good likeness (although it did assume to represent a classical subject) of his dead daughter that he possessed. He had refused to part with it for Maddalena's sake; and, as he now approached it with his brush for the second time, he absently ceased speaking, and mounted on a stool to look at the face near and to blow some specks of dust off the forehead. Nanina thought this a good opportunity of escaping from further importunities. She was on the point of slipping away to the door with a word of farewell when a sudden exclamation from Luca Lomi arrested her.

"Plaster!" cried the master-sculptor, looking intently at that part of the hair of the statue which lay lowest on the forehead. "Plaster here!" He took out his penknife, as he spoke, and removed a tiny morsel of some white substance from an interstice between two folds of the hair where it touched the face. "It is plaster!" he exclaimed

excitedly. "Somebody has been taking a cast from the face of my statue!"

He jumped off the stool, and looked all round the studio with an expression of suspicious inquiry. "I must have this cleared up," he said. "My statues were left under Rocco's care, and he is answerable if there has been any stealing of casts from any one of them. I must question him directly."

Nanina seeing that he took no notice of her, felt that she might now easily effect her retreat. She opened the studio door, and repeated, for the twentieth time at least, that she was sorry she could not sit to him.

"I am sorry too, child," he said, irritably looking about for his hat. He found it, apparently, just as Nanina was going out; for she heard him call to one of the workmen in the inner studio, and order the man to say, if anybody wanted him, that he had gone to Father Rocco's lodgings.

CHAPTER XI.

THE next morning, when Nanina arose, a bad attack of headache, and a sense of languor and depression, reminded her of the necessity of following the doctor's advice, and preserving her health by getting a little fresh air and exercise. She had more than two hours to spare before the usual time when her daily attendance began at the Ascoli palace; and she determined to employ the

interval of leisure in taking a morning walk outside the town. La Biondella would have been glad enough to go too, but she had a large order for dinner-mats on hand, and was obliged, for that day, to stop in the house and work. Thus it happened, that when Nanina set forth from home, the learned poodle, Scaramuccia, was her only companion.

She took the nearest way out of the town; the dog trotting along in his usual steady, observant way, close at her side, pushing his great rough muzzle, from time to time, affectionately into her hand, and trying hard to attract her attention, at intervals, by barking and capering in front of her. He got but little notice, however, for his pains. Nanina was thinking again, of all that the physician had said the day before, by Fabio's bedside: and these thoughts brought with them others, equally absorbing, that were connected with the mysterious story of the young nobleman's adventure with the Yellow Mask. Thus preoccupied, she had little attention left for the gambols of the dog. Even the beauty of the morning appealed to her in vain. She felt the refreshment of the cool, fragrant air, but she hardly noticed the lovely blue of the sky, or the bright sunshine that gave a gaiety and an interest to the commonest objects around her.

After walking nearly an hour,

she began to feel tired, and looked about for a shady place to rest in. Beyond and behind her there was only the high road and the flat country; but, by her side, stood a little wooden building, half inn, half coffee-house, backed by a large, shady pleasure-garden, the gates of which stood invitingly open. Some workmen in the garden were putting up a stage for fireworks, but the place was otherwise quiet and lonely enough. It was only used at night as a sort of rustic Ranelagh, to which the citizens of Pisa resorted for pure air and amusement after the fatigues of the day. Observing that there were no visitors in the grounds, Nanina ventured in, intending to take a quarter of an hour's rest in the coolest place she could find, before returning to Pisa.

She had passed the back of a wooden summer-house in a secluded part of the gardens, when she suddenly missed the dog from her side; and, looking round after him, saw that he was standing behind the summer-house with his ears erect and his nose to the ground, having evidently that instant scented something that excited his suspicion.

Thinking it possible that he might be meditating an attack on some unfortunate cat, she turned to see what he was watching. The carpenters engaged on the firework stage, were, just then, hammering at it

violently. The noise prevented her from hearing that Scaramuccia was growling, but she could feel that he was, the moment she laid her hand on his back. Her curiosity was excited, and she stooped down close to him, to look through the crack in the boards, before which he stood, into the summer-house.

She was startled at seeing a lady and gentleman sitting inside. The place she was looking through was not high enough up to enable her to see their faces; but she recognised, or thought she recognised, the pattern of the lady's dress, as one which she had noticed in former days in the Demoiselle Grifoni's show-room. Rising quickly, her eye detected a hole in the boards about the level of her own height, caused by a knot having been forced out of the wood. She looked through it to ascertain, without being discovered, if the wearer of the familiar dress was the person she had taken her to be; and saw, not Brigida only, as she had expected, but Father Rocco, as well. At the same moment, the carpenters left off hammering and began to saw. The new sound from the firework stage was regular and not loud. The voices of the occupants of the summer-house reached her through it, and she heard Brigida pronounce the name of Count Fabio.

Instantly stooping down once more by the dog's side, she caught his muzzle firmly in both

her hands. It was the only way to keep Scaramuccia from growling again, at a time when there was no din of hammering to prevent him from being heard. Those two words, "Count Fabio," in the mouth of another woman, excited a jealous anxiety in her. What could Brigida have to say in connection with that name? She never came near the Ascoli Palace — what right, or reason, could she have to talk of Fabio?

"Did you hear what I said?" she heard Brigida ask, in her coolest, hardest tone.

"No," the priest answered. "At least, not all of it."

"I will repeat it then. I asked what had so suddenly determined you to give up all idea of making any future experiments on the superstitious fears of Count Fabio?"

"In the first place, the result of the experiment already tried, has been so much more serious than I had anticipated, that I believe the end I had in view in making it, has been answered already."

"Well; that is not your only reason?"

"Another shock to his mind might be fatal to him. I can use what I believe to be a justifiable fraud to prevent his marrying again; but I cannot burthen myself with a crime."

"That is your second reason; but I believe you have another yet. The suddenness with which you sent to me last night, to appoint a meeting in this lonely

place; the emphatic manner in which you requested — I may almost say ordered — me to bring the wax mask here, suggest to my mind that something must have happened. What is it? I am a woman, and my curiosity must be satisfied. After the secrets you have trusted to me already, you need not hesitate, I think, to trust me with one more."

"Perhaps not. The secret this time is, moreover, of no great importance. You know that the wax mask you wore at the ball, was made in a plaster mould taken off the face of my brother's statue."

"Yes, I know that."

"My brother has just returned to his studio; has found a morsel of the plaster I used for the mould sticking in the hair of the statue; and has asked me, as the person left in charge of his work-rooms, for an explanation. Such an explanation as I could offer, has not satisfied him, and he talks of making further inquiries. Considering that it will be used no more, I think it safest to destroy the wax mask; and I asked you to bring it here that I might see it burnt or broken up, with my own eyes. Now you know all you wanted to know; and now, therefore, it is my turn to remind you that I have not yet had a direct answer to the first question I addressed to you when we met here. Have you brought the wax mask with you, or have you not?"

"I have not."

"And why?"

Just as that question was put, Nanina felt the dog dragging himself free of her grasp on his mouth. She had been listening hitherto with such painful intensity, with such all-absorbing emotions of suspense, terror, and astonishment, that she had not noticed his efforts to get away, and had continued mechanically to hold his mouth shut. But now she was aroused by the violence of his struggles, to the knowledge that unless she hit upon some new means of quieting him, he would have his mouth free, and would betray her by a growl. In an agony of apprehension lest she should lose a word of the momentous conversation she made a desperate attempt to appeal to the dog's fondness for her, by suddenly flinging both her arms round his neck, and kissing his rough hairy cheek. The stratagem succeeded. Scaramuccia had, for many years past, never received any greater marks of his mistress's kindness for him than such as a pat on the head, or a present of a lump of sugar might convey. His dog's nature was utterly confounded by the unexpected warmth of Nanina's caress, and he struggled up vigorously in her arms to try and return it by licking her face. She could easily prevent him from doing this, and could so gain a few minutes more to listen behind the summer-house without danger of discovery.

She had lost Brigida's answer to Father Rocco's question; but she was in time to hear her next speech.

"We are alone here," said Brigida. "I am a woman, and I don't know that you may not have come armed. It is only the commonest precaution on my part, not to give you a chance of getting at the wax mask till I have made my conditions."

"You never said a word about conditions before."

"True. I remember telling you that I wanted nothing but the novelty of going to the masquerade in the character of my dead enemy, and the luxury of being able to terrify the man who had brutally ridiculed me in old days in the studio. That was the truth. But it is not the less the truth, that our experiment on Count Fabio has detained me in this city much longer than I ever intended, that I am all but penniless, and that I deserve to be paid. In plain words, will you buy the mask of me for two hundred scudi?"

"I have not twenty scudi in the world, at my own free disposal."

"You must find two hundred if you want the wax mask. I don't wish to threaten — but money I must have. I mention the sum of two hundred scudi, because that is the exact amount offered in the public handbills by Count Fabio's friends, for the discovery of the woman who wore the yellow mask at the Marquis Melani's ball. What have I to do

but to earn that money if I please, by going to the palace, taking the wax mask with me, and telling them that I am the woman. Suppose I confess in that way! they can do nothing to hurt me, and I should be two hundred scudi the richer. You might be injured, to be sure, if they insisted on knowing who made the wax model, and who suggested the ghastly disguise—"

"Wretch! do you believe that my character could be injured on the unsupported evidence of any words from your lips?"

"Father Rocco! for the first time since I have enjoyed the pleasure of your acquaintance, I find you committing a breach of good manners. I shall leave you until you become more like yourself. If you wish to apologise for calling me a wretch, and if you want to secure the wax mask, honour me with a visit before four o'clock this afternoon, and bring two hundred scudi with you. Delay till after four, and it will be too late."

An instant of silence followed; and then Nanina judged that Brigida must be departing, for she heard the rustling of a dress on the lawn in front of the summer-house. Unfortunately Scaramuccia heard it too. He twisted himself round in her arms and growled.

The noise disturbed Father Rocco. She heard him rise and leave the summer-house. There would have been time enough, perhaps, for her to conceal her-

self among some trees, if she could have recovered her self-possession at once; but she was incapable of making an effort to regain it. She could neither think nor move — her breath seemed to die away on her lips — as she saw the shadow of the priest stealing over the grass slowly, from the front to the back of the summer-house. In another moment they were face to face.

He stopped a few paces from her, and eyed her steadily in dead silence. She still crouched against the summer-house, and still with one hand mechanically kept her hold of the dog. It was well for the priest that she did so. Scaramuccia's formidable teeth were in full view, his shaggy coat was bristling, his eyes were starting, his growl had changed from the surly to the savage note; he was ready to tear down, not Father Rocco only, but all the clergy in Pisa, at a moment's notice.

"You have been listening," said the priest, calmly. "I see it in your face. You have heard all."

She could not answer a word: she could not take her eyes from him. There was an unnatural stillness in his face, a steady, unrepentant, unfathomable despair in his eyes, that struck her with horror. She would have given worlds to be able to rise to her feet and fly from his presence.

"I once distrusted you and watched you in secret," he said, speaking after a short silence, thoughtfully, and with a strange tranquil sadness in his voice.

"And now, what I did by you, you do by me. You put the hope of your life once in my hands. Is it because they were not worthy of the trust, that discovery and ruin overtake me, and that you are the instrument of the retribution? Can this be the decree of heaven? or is it nothing but the blind justice of chance?"

He looked upward, doubtfully, to the lustrous sky above him, and sighed. Nanina's eyes still followed his mechanically. He seemed to feel their influence, for he suddenly looked down at her again.

"What keeps you silent? Why are you afraid?" he said. "I can do you no harm, with your dog at your side, and the workmen yonder within call. I can do you no harm, and I wish to do you none. Go back to Pisa, tell what you have heard, restore the man you love to himself, and ruin me. That is your work. Do it! I was never your enemy even when I distrusted you. I am not your enemy now. It is no fault of yours that a fatality has been accomplished through you — no fault of yours that I am rejected as the instrument of securing a righteous restitution to the church. Rise, child, and go your way, while I go mine and prepare for what is to come. If we never meet again, remember that I parted from you without one hard saying or one harsh look — parted from you so, knowing that the first words you speak in Pisa will be death to my character, and destruction to the great purpose of my life."

Speaking these words, always with the same calmness which had marked his manner from the first, he looked fixedly at her for a little while—sighed again—and turned away. Just before he disappeared among the trees, he said “Farewell;” but so softly that she could barely hear it. Some strange confusion clouded her mind as she lost sight of him. Had she injured him? or had he injured her? His words bewildered and oppressed her simple heart. Vague doubts and fears, and a sudden antipathy to remaining any longer near the summer-house, overcame her. She started to her feet, and, keeping the dog still at her side, hurried from the garden to the high road. There, the wide glow of sunshine, the sight of the city lying before her, changed the current of her thoughts, and directed them all to Fabio and to the future.

A burning impatience to be back in Pisa now possessed her. She hastened towards the city at her utmost speed. The doctor was reported to be in the palace when she passed the servants, lounging in the courtyard. He saw, the moment she came into his presence, that something had happened; and led her away from the sick-room into Fabio’s empty study. There she told him all.

“You have saved him,” said the doctor, joyfully. “I will answer for his recovery. Only let that woman come here for the reward; and leave me to deal with her as she deserves. In the mean-

time, my dear, don’t go away from the palace on any account until I give you permission. I am going to send a message immediately to Signor Andrea d’Arbino to come and hear the extraordinary disclosure that you have made to me. Go back to read to the count, as usual, until I want you again; but, remember you must not drop a word to him yet, of what you have said to me. He must be carefully prepared for all that we have to tell him; and must be kept quite in the dark until those preparations are made.”

D’Arbino answered the doctor’s summons in person; and Nanina repeated her story to him. He and the doctor remained closeted together for some time after she had concluded her narrative, and had retired. A little before four o’clock they sent for her again into the study. The doctor was sitting by the table with a bag of money before him, and d’Arbino was telling one of the servants that if a lady called at the palace on the subject of the handbill which he had circulated, she was to be admitted into the study immediately.

As the clock struck four, Nanina was requested to take possession of a window-seat, and to wait there until she was summoned. When she had obeyed, the doctor loosened one of the window-curtains, to hide her from the view of any one entering the room.

About a quarter of an hour elapsed; and then the door was

thrown open, and Brigida herself was shown into the study. The doctor bowed, and d'Arbino placed a chair for her. She was perfectly collected, and thanked them for their politeness with her best grace.

"I believe I am addressing confidential friends of Count Fabio d'Ascoli?" Brigida began. "May I ask if you are authorised to act for the count, in relation to the reward which this handbill offers?"

The doctor, having examined the handbill, said that the lady was quite right, and pointed significantly to the bag of money.

"You are prepared then," pursued Brigida, smiling, "to give a reward of two hundred scudi to any one able to tell you who the woman is who wore the yellow mask at the Marquis Melani's hall, and how she contrived to personate the face and figure of the late Countess d'Ascoli?"

"Of course we are prepared," answered d'Arbino, a little irritably. "As men of honour we are not in the habit of promising anything that we are not perfectly willing, under proper conditions, to perform."

"Pardon me, my dear friend," said the doctor; "I think you speak a little too warmly to the lady. She is quite right to take every precaution. We have the two hundred scudi here, madam," he continued, patting the money-bag. "And we are prepared to pay that sum for the information we want. But" (here the doctor suspiciously moved the bag of

scudi from the table to his lap) "we must have proofs that the person claiming the reward is really entitled to it."

Brigida's eyes followed the money-bag greedily.

"Proofs!" she exclaimed, taking a small flat box from under her cloak, and pushing it across to the doctor. "Proofs! there you will find one proof that establishes my claim beyond the possibility of doubt."

The doctor opened the box, and looked at the wax mask inside it; then handed it to d'Arbino, and replaced the bag of scudi on the table.

"The contents of that box seem certainly to explain a great deal," he said, pushing the bag gently towards Brigida, but always keeping his hand over it. "The woman who wore the yellow domino was, I presume, of the same height as the late countess?"

"Exactly," said Brigida. "Her eyes were also of the same colour as the late countess's; she wore yellow of the same shade as the hangings in the late countess's room, and she had on, under her yellow mask, the colourless wax model of the late countess's face, now in your friend's hand. So much for that part of the secret. Nothing remains now to be cleared up but the mystery of who the lady was. Have the goodness, sir, to push that bag an inch or two nearer my way, and I shall be delighted to tell you."

"Thank you, madam," said the doctor, with a very percep-

tible change in his manner. "We know who the lady was already."

He moved the bag of scudi while he spoke back to his own side of the table. Brigida's cheeks reddened, and she rose from her seat.

"Am I to understand, sir," she said, haughtily, "that you take advantage of my position here, as a defenceless woman, to cheat me out of the reward?"

"By no means, madam," rejoined the doctor. "We have covenanted to pay the reward to the person who could give us the information we required."

"Well, sir! have I not given you part of it? And am I not prepared to give you the whole?"

"Certainly; but the misfortune is, that another person has been beforehand with you. We ascertained who the lady in the yellow domino was, and how she contrived to personate the face of the late Countess d'Ascoli, several hours ago, from another informant. That person has, consequently, the prior claim; and, on every principle of justice, that person must also have the reward. Nanina, this bag belongs to you — come and take it."

Nanina appeared from the window-seat. Brigida, thunderstruck, looked at her in silence for a moment; gasped out, "That girl!" — then stopped again, breathless.

"That girl was at the back of the summer-house this morning, while you and your accomplice were talking together," said the doctor.

D'Arbino had been watching Brigida's face intently from the moment of Nanina's appearance, and had quietly stolen close to her side. This was a fortunate movement; for the doctor's last words were hardly out of his mouth before Brigida seized a heavy ruler lying, with some writing materials, on the table. In another instant, if d'Arbino had not caught her arm, she would have hurled it at Nanina's head.

"You may let go your hold, sir," she said, dropping the ruler, and turning towards d'Arbino with a smile on her white lips and a wicked calmness in her steady eyes. "I can wait for a better opportunity."

With these words, she walked to the door; and, turning round there, regarded Nanina fixedly.

"I wish I had been a moment quicker with the ruler," she said, and went out.

"There!" exclaimed the doctor: "I told you I knew how to deal with her as she deserved. One thing I am certainly obliged to her for: she has saved us the trouble of going to her house, and forcing her to give up the mask. And now, my child," he continued, addressing Nanina, "you can go home, and one of the men servants shall see you safe to your own door, in case that woman should still be lurking about the palace. Stop! you are leaving the bag of scudi behind you."

"I can't take it, sir," said Nanina, very quietly and firmly.

"And why not?"

"*She* would have taken money!" she said, reddening, and looking towards the door.

The doctor glanced approvingly at d'Arbino. "Well, well, we won't argue about that now," he said. "I will lock up the money with the mask for to-day. Come here to-morrow morning as usual, my dear. By that time I shall have made up my mind on the right means for breaking your discovery to Count Fabio. Only let us proceed slowly and cautiously, and I answer for success."

The next morning, among the first visitors at the Ascoli Palace was the master-sculptor, Luca Lomi. He seemed, as the servants thought, agitated, and said he was especially desirous of seeing Count Fabio. On being informed that this was impossible, he reflected a little, and then inquired if the medical attendant of the Count was at the palace, and could be spoken with. Both questions were answered in the affirmative, and he was ushered into the doctor's presence.

"I know not how to preface what I want to say," Luca began, looking about him confusedly. "May I ask you, in the first place, if the work-girl, named Nanina, was here yesterday?"

"She was," said the doctor.

"Did she speak in private with any one?"

"Yes; with me."

"Then, you know everything?"

"Absolutely everything."

"I am glad at least to find that my object in wishing to see the count can be equally well answered by seeing you. My brother, I regret to say —" He stopped perplexedly, and drew from his pocket a roll of papers.

"You may speak of your brother in the plainest terms," said the doctor. "I know what share he has had in promoting the infamous conspiracy of the Yellow Mask."

"My petition to you, and through you to the count, is, that your knowledge of what my brother has done may go no further. If this scandal becomes public it will ruin me in my profession. And I make little enough by it already," said Luca, with his old sordid smile breaking out again faintly on his face.

"Pray, do you come from your brother with this petition?" inquired the doctor.

"No; I come solely on my own account. My brother seems careless what happens. He has made a full statement of his share in the matter from the first; has forwarded it to his ecclesiastical superior (who will send it to the archbishop), and is now awaiting whatever sentence they choose to pass on him. I have a copy of the document, to prove that he has at least been candid, and that he does not shrink from consequences which he might have avoided by flight. The Law can-

not touch him, but the church can — and to the church he has confessed. All I ask is, that he may be spared a public exposure. Such an exposure would do no good to the count, and it would do dreadful injury to me. Look over the papers yourself, and show them, whenever you think proper, to the master of this house. I have every confidence in his honour and kindness, and in yours."

He laid the roll of papers open on the table, and then retired with great humility to the window. The doctor looked over them with some curiosity.

The statement or confession began by boldly avowing the writer's conviction that part of the property which the Count Fabio d'Ascoli had inherited from his ancestors had been obtained by fraud and misrepresentation, from the church. The various authorities on which this assertion was based were then produced in due order; along with some curious particles of evidence culled from old manuscripts, which it must have cost much trouble to collect and decypher.

The second section was devoted, at great length, to the reasons which induced the writer to think it his absolute duty, as an affectionate son and faithful servant of the church, not to rest until he had restored to the successors of the Apostles, in his day, the property which had been fraudulently taken from

them in days gone by. The writer held himself justified, in the last resort, and in that only, in using any means for effecting this restoration, except such as might involve him in mortal sin.

The third section described the priest's share in promoting the marriage of Maddalena Lomi with Fabio; and the hopes he entertained of securing the restitution of the church property through his influence over his niece, in the first place, and, when she had died, through his influence over her child, in the second. The necessary failure of all his projects, if Fabio married again, was next glanced at; and the time at which the first suspicion of the possible occurrence of this catastrophe occurred to his mind, was noted with scrupulous accuracy.

The fourth section narrated the manner in which the conspiracy of the Yellow Mask had originated. The writer described himself as being in his brother's studio, on the night of his niece's death, harassed by forebodings of the likelihood of Fabio's marrying again, and filled with the resolution to prevent any such disastrous second union at all hazards. He asserted that the idea of taking the wax mask from his brother's statue flashed upon him on a sudden, and that he knew of nothing to lead to it, except, perhaps, that he had been thinking, just before, of the superstitious nature of the young man's character, as he had him-

self observed it in the studio. He further declared that the idea of the wax mask terrified him at first; that he strove against it as against a temptation of the devil; that, from fear of yielding to this temptation, he abstained even from entering the studio during his brother's absence at Naples, and that he first faltered in his good resolution when Fabio returned to Pisa, and when it was rumoured, not only that the young nobleman was going to the ball, but that he would certainly marry for the second time.

The fifth section related, that the writer, upon this, yielded to temptation rather than forego the cherished purpose of his life, by allowing Fabio a chance of marrying again — that he made the wax mask in a plaster mould taken from the face of his brother's statue — and that he then had two separate interviews with a woman named Brigida (of whom he had some previous knowledge) who was ready and anxious, from motives of private malice, to personate the deceased countess at the masquerade. This woman had suggested that some anonymous letters to Fabio would pave the way in his mind for the approaching impersonation, and had written the letters herself. However, even when all the preparations were made, the writer declared that he shrank from proceeding to extremities; and that he would have abandoned the whole project, but for the woman Brigida informing him, one day, that a

work-girl named Nanina was to be one of the attendants at the ball. He knew the count to have been in love with this girl, even to the point of wishing to marry her; he suspected that her engagement to wait at the ball was preconcerted; and, in consequence, he authorised his female accomplice to perform her part in the conspiracy.

The sixth section detailed the proceedings at the masquerade, and contained the writer's confession that, on the night before it, he had written to the count proposing the reconciliation of a difference that had taken place between them, solely for the purpose of guarding himself against suspicion. He next acknowledged that he had borrowed the key of the Campo Santo gate, keeping the authority to whom it was entrusted in perfect ignorance of the purpose for which he wanted it. That purpose was to carry out the ghastly delusion of the wax mask (in the very probable event of the wearer being followed and enquired after) by having the woman Brigida taken up, and set down, at the gate of the cemetery in which Fabio's wife had been buried.

The seventh section solemnly averred that the sole object of the conspiracy was to prevent the young nobleman from marrying again, by working on his superstitious fears; the writer repeating, after this avowal, that any such second marriage would necessarily destroy his project

for promoting the ultimate restoration of the church possessions, by diverting Count Fabio's property, in great part, from his first wife's child, over whom the priest would always have influence, to another wife and probably other children, over whom he could hope to have none.

The eighth and last section expressed the writer's contrition for having allowed his zeal for the church to mislead him into actions liable to bring scandal on his cloth; reiterated in the strongest language, his conviction, that, whatever might be thought of the means employed, the end he had proposed to himself was a most righteous one; and concluded by asserting his resolution to suffer with humility any penalties, however severe, which his ecclesiastical superiors might think fit to inflict on him.

Having looked over this extraordinary statement, the doctor addressed himself again to Luca Lomi.

"I agree with you," he said, "that no useful end is to be gained now by mentioning your brother's conduct in public — always provided, however, that his ecclesiastical superiors do their duty. I shall show these papers to the count as soon as he is fit to peruse them, and I have no doubt that he will be ready to take my view of the matter."

This assurance relieved Luca Lomi of a great weight of anxiety. He bowed and withdrew.

The doctor placed the papers in the same cabinet in which he had secured the wax mask. Before he locked the doors again, he took out the flat box, opened it, and looked thoughtfully for a few minutes at the mask inside; then sent for Nanina.

"Now, my child," he said, when she appeared, "I am going to try our first experiment with Count Fabio; and I think it of great importance that you should be present while I speak to him."

He took up the box with the mask in it, and, beckoning to Nanina to follow him, led the way to Fabio's chamber.

CHAPTER XII.

ABOUT six months after the events already related, Signor Andrea d'Arbino, and the Cavaliere Finello happened to be staying with a friend, in a seaside villa on the Castellamare shore of the Bay of Naples. Most of their time was pleasantly occupied on the sea, in fishing and sailing. A boat was placed entirely at their disposal. Sometimes they loitered whole days along the shore; sometimes made trips to the lovely islands in the Bay.

One evening they were sailing near Sorrento, with a light wind. The beauty of the coast tempted them to keep the boat close in shore. A short time before sunset, they rounded the most picturesque headland they had yet passed; and a little bay with a white sand beach opened on

their view. They noticed first a villa surrounded by orange and olive trees on the rocky heights inland — then a path in the cliff-side, leading down to the sands — then, a little family party on the beach, enjoying the fragrant evening air.

The elders of the group were a lady and gentleman, sitting together on the sand. The lady had a guitar in her lap, and was playing a simple dance melody. Close at her side, a young child was rolling on the beach in high glee: in front of her a little girl was dancing to the music, with a very extraordinary partner in the shape of a dog, who was capering on his hind legs in the most grotesque manner. The merry laughter of the girl, and the lively notes of the guitar were heard distinctly across the still water.

"Edge a little nearer in shore," said d'Arbino to his friend, who was steering. "And keep as I do in the shadow of the sail. I want to see the faces of those persons on the beach, without being seen by them."

Finello obeyed. After approaching just near enough to see the countenances of the party on shore, and to be barked at lustily by the dog, they turned the boat's head again towards the offing.

"A pleasant voyage, gentlemen," cried the clear voice of the little girl. They waved their hats in return; and then saw her run to the dog and take him by the fore legs. "Play, Nanina,"

they heard her say. "I have not half done with my partner yet." The guitar sounded once more, and the grotesque dog was on his hind legs in a moment.

"I had heard that he was well again, that he had married her lately, and that he was away with her, and her sister, and his child by the first wife," said d'Arbino. "But I had no suspicion that their place of retirement was so near us. It is too soon to break in upon their happiness, or I should have felt inclined to run the boat on shore."

"I never heard the end of that strange adventure of the Yellow Mask," said Finello. "There was a priest mixed up in it, was there not?"

"Yes; but nobody seems to know exactly what has become of him. He was sent for to Rome, and has never been heard of since. The report is, that he volunteered to serve on the new mission, despatched some months since to Japan. In that case, he has gone to almost certain death — for the last mission perished under torture in the hands of the natives. I asked his brother, the sculptor, about him, a little while ago, but he only shook his head, and said nothing."

"And the woman who wore the yellow mask?"

"She, too, has ended mysteriously. At Pisa, she was obliged to sell off everything she possessed to pay her debts. Some friends of hers at a mil-

liner's shop, to whom she applied for help, would have nothing to do with her. She left the city alone and penniless."

The boat had approached the next headland on the coast, while they were talking. They looked back for a last glance at the beach. Still the notes of the guitar came gently across the quiet water; but there mingled with them now, the sound of the lady's voice. She was singing. The little girl and the dog were at her feet, and the gentleman was still in his old place, close at her side.

In a few minutes more, the boat rounded the next headland, the beach vanished from view, and the music died away softly in the distance.

WIGS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Gentleman's Magazine, in some back number — I am not antiquary enough to desire more recondite authority — says that the first wig was made of a goat's skin and was worn by Saul. In the British Museum there is an Egyptian wig with flowing ringlets, manufactured, as I think, before Saul's time. If I were myself the wearer of the last wig I would burn it, and so put an end to as unhandsome a race of cheats as ever discredited humanity.

For the head of hair is the most worshipful and noble part

— the very crown — of the whole human body. Hair is also set over the eyes, which speak the language of the soul, and over the mouth, which speaks the language of the understanding. Some nations have, indeed, attempted to conceal the dominance of hair over the lips of man; but it has, persistently, continued to demand its place. The Greeks and Romans offered the first-fruits of the human temples to the temples of the gods. I say no more. When Christians were primitive, a man swore by his beard as by the most precious thing he had, and the man who lied by his beard was of all liars the most wicked. I say no more. In those good times the act of salutation never was so graceful as when it was accompanied by plucking a hair from the head, and presenting it as the most worthy of all human offerings to the person so respectfully saluted. But I say no more. There was a time when the offering of the hair to be cut was an acknowledgment of sovereignty; now, we sell ourselves thus into the hands of any fellow who is base enough to refuse an offer by which he is honoured so enormously, unless we pay him sixpence for accepting it. Enough; I feel very strongly on such subjects. Short hair used, in the good old times, to be the mark of serfs or bondsmen, as indeed it is now partly to be taken as the mark of persons lately come from gaol. The in-

solvent debtor, who forfeited himself as a slave to his creditor, cut off the flowing locks that were his glory, and should not be made partakers of his shame. I say no more — positively not another word. Long hair was the mark of nobility and royalty in England till, in the time of the most contemptible of all our monarchs, Charles the Second, when there was nothing but a goat upon the throne, goat's hair usurped the place of man's hair on the throne of a man's body, and full-bottomed wigs came in.

Louis the Twelfth of France was noticeable for his flowing locks until disease compelled him to replace them with a wig. His loyal subjects instantly shaved their heads, and, abdicating nature's crown, because it had been taken from their master, warmed their brains in the tails of horses and the fleece of goats. Louis Quatorze knew how despicable he had made his own head when he staked his dignity on a peruke; and, with an instinct that betrayed his sense of the height from which he had fallen through the realms of hair, allowed no man but the barber who shaved it to behold the poll that was stewed daily within the close oven of his enormous wig. Not even his most familiar valet ever beheld Louis Quatorze bareheaded. He was undressed, and retired to bed with his wig on, and it was only when the curtains had been closely drawn around him that

his royal hand protruded from beneath their folds, deposited the thatch of his sublime skull in the arms of a page, and received in exchange a nightcap. In the morning the same page attended to receive from the same protruded hand the nightcap and restore the awful wig. When, shortly afterwards, the curtains were withdrawn, his majesty was seen between the sheets with his head already baking in its oven, and, as usual, offering to the gaze of his awe-stricken valet a majestic friz.

When false crowns were made of human hair, it was commonly of hair cut from corpses. In the time of the Plague, wigs were in fashion, and were, therefore, even a much greater source of terror to their wearers than they are just now to me. On the third of September, sixteen' sixty-four, says Mr. Pepys: — "(Lord's day) Up, and put on my coloured silk suit, very fine, and my new periwig, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to periwigs, for nobody will buy any hair for fear of infection, that it had been cut off the heads of people dead of the plague."

In the time of Queen Anne and George the First, full-bottomed wigs, "high on the shoulders in a basket borne," inasmuch as they were worth some pounds a-piece, were thought worth

stealing in the streets from the heads of their wearers. I shall not talk of Dr. Johnson's wigs: either of his work-a-day or of the dress wig that he kept at Mrs. Thrale's, and put on in the hall before making his appearance in the parlour. But I will dissect, tear, separate, and divide, all wigs, because I hate them. I wish I had been a critic in the day when these appeared. The Storehouse of Armoury and Blazon, containing the several variety of Created Beings, and how borne in Coats of Arms, both Foreign and Domestic; with the Instruments used in all Trades and Sciences, together with their Terms of Art, by Randle Holme of Chester, Gentleman Sewer to his late Majesty King Charles the Second. I would have massacred this book unmercifully; especially for the following passages:

"A border of hair is only locks to cover the ears and neck, and is fixed in a cap, having no head of hair.

"A short-bob — a head of hair, is a wig" (the villain dares to call a head of hair a wig) "that hath short locks and a hairy crown.

"A long perawick, with side hair and a poll lock behind.

"A campaign wig hath knots or bobs on each side, with a curled forehead. A travelling wig."

He goes on to "a grafted wig," "drakes' tails," "frizzes," "thoughts of hair," "thread wafts," "two-thread wafts,"

"three-thread wafts!" What! Is a man's own head thus to be cobbled for him with needles, silk thread, tape, and a "perawick thimble?" If all my hair falls off, let me go bald. As man, I am a king; and if it be my fate ever to lose the crown of silver that is now set on my brow, I will not seek unworthy consolation by replacing it with any sham that can be stitched together. If ever the day comes for me to be ashamed to show my head among my fellows, I will hide it from them.

THE GREAT BABY.

HAS it occurred to any of our readers that that is surely an unsatisfactory state of society which presents, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-five, the spectacle of a committee of the People's representatives, pompously and publicly inquiring how the People shall be trusted with the liberty of refreshing themselves in humble taverns and tea-gardens on their day of rest? Does it appear to any one whom we now address, and who will pause here to reflect for a moment on the question we put, that there is anything at all humiliating and incongruous in the existence of such a body, and pursuit of such an enquiry, in this country, at this time of day?

For ourselves, we will answer the question without hesitation.

We feel indignantly ashamed of the thing as a national scandal. It would be merely contemptible, if it were not raised into importance by its slanderous aspersions of a hard-worked, heavily-taxed, but good-humoured and most patient people, who have long deserved far better treatment. In this green midsummer, here is a committee virtually enquiring whether the English can be regarded in any other light, and domestically ruled in any other manner, than as a gang of drunkards and disorderlies on a Police charge-sheet! O my Lords and Gentlemen, my Lords and Gentlemen, have we got so very near Utopia after our long travelling together over the dark and murderous road of English history, that we have nothing else left to say and do to the people but this? Is there nothing abroad, nothing at home, nothing seen by us, nothing hidden from us, which points to higher and more generous things?

There are two public bodies remarkable for knowing nothing of the people, and for perpetually interfering to put them right. The one is the House of Commons; the other the Monomaniacs. Between the Members and the Monomaniacs, the devoted People, quite unheard, get harried and worried to the last extremity. Everybody of ordinary sense, possessing common sympathies with necessities not their own, and common means of ob-

servation — Members and Monomaniacs are of course excepted — has perceived for months past, that it was manifestly impossible that the People could or would endure the inconveniences and deprivations, sought to be imposed upon them by the latest Sunday restrictions. We who write this, have again and again by word of mouth forewarned many scores both of Members and Monomaniacs, as we have heard others forewarn them, that what they were in the densest ignorance allowing to be done, could not be borne. Members and Monomaniacs knew better, or cared nothing about it; and we all know the rest — to this time.

Now, the Monomaniacs, being by their disease impelled to clamber upon platforms, and there squint horribly under the strong possession of an unbalanced idea, will of course be out of reason and go wrong. But, why the Members should yield to the Monomaniacs is another question. And why do they? Is it because the People is altogether an abstraction to them; a Great Baby, to be coaxed and chucked under the chin at elections, and frowned upon at quarter sessions, and stood in the corner on Sundays, and taken out to stare at the Queen's coach on holidays, and kept in school under the rod, generally speaking, from Monday morning to Saturday night? Is it because they have no other idea of the

People than a big-headed Baby, now to be flattered and now to be scolded, now to be sung to and now to be denounced to old Boguey, now to be kissed and now to be whipped, but always to be kept in long clothes, and never under any circumstances to feel its legs and go about of itself? We take the liberty of replying, Yes.

And do the Members and Monomaniacs suppose that this is *our* discovery? Do they live in the shady belief that the object of their capricious dandling and punishing does not resentfully perceive that it is made a Great Baby of, and may not begin to kick thereat with legs that may do mischief?

In the first month of the existence of this Journal, we called attention to a detachment of the Monomaniacs, who, under the name of jail-chaplains, had taken possession of the prisons, and were clearly offering premiums to vice, promoting hypocrisy, and making models of dangerous scoundrels.* They had their way, and the Members backed them; and now their Pets recruit the very worst class of criminals known. The Great Baby, to whom this copy was set as a moral lesson, is supposed to be perfectly unimpressed by the real facts, and to be entirely ignorant of them. So, down at Westminster, night after night, the Right Honourable Gentleman the Member for Somewhere, and

the Honourable Gentleman the Member for Somewhere else, badger one another, to the infinite delight of their adherents in the cockpit; and when the Prime Minister has released his noble bosom of its personal injuries, and has made his jokes and retorts for the evening, and has said little and done less, he winds up with a standard form of words respecting the vigorous prosecution of the war, and a just and honourable peace, which are especially let off upon the Great Baby; which Baby is always supposed never to have heard before; and which it is understood to be a part of Baby's catechism to be powerfully affected by. And the Member for Somewhere, and the Member for Somewhere else, and the Noble Lord, and all the rest of that Honourable House, go home to bed, really persuaded that the Great Baby has been talked to sleep!

Let us see how the unfortunate Baby is addressed and dealt with, in the inquiry concerning his Sunday eatings and drinkings — as wild as a nursery rhyme, and as inconclusive as Bedlam.

The Great Baby is put upon his trial. A mighty noise of creaking boots is heard in an outer passage. O good gracious, here's an official personage! Here's a solemn witness! Mr. Gamp, we believe you have been a dry-nurse to the Great Baby

* Volume the First, page 188.

for some years? Yes, I have. — Intimately acquainted with his character? Intimately acquainted. — As a police magistrate, Mr. Gamp? As a police magistrate. (Sensation.) — Pray, Mr. Gamp, would you allow a working man, a small tradesman, clerk, or the like, to go to Hampstead or to Hampton Court at his own convenience on a Sunday, with his family, and there to be at liberty to regale himself and them, in a tavern where he could buy a pot of beer and a glass of gin-and-water? I would on no account concede that permission to any person. — Will you be so kind as to state why, Mr. Gamp? Willingly. Because I have presided for many years at the Bo-Peep police office, and have seen a great deal of drunkenness there. A large majority of the Bo-Peep charges are charges against persons of the lowest class, of having been found drunk and incapable of taking care of themselves. — Will you instance a case, Mr. Gamp? I will instance the case of Sloggins. — Was that a man with a broken nose, a black eye, and a bull-dog? Precisely so. — Was Sloggins frequently the subject of such a charge? Continually. I may say, constantly. — Especially on Monday? Just so. Especially on Monday. — And therefore you would shut the public-houses, and particularly the suburban public-houses, against the free access of working-people on Sunday? Most decidedly so. (Mr.

Gamp retires, much complimented.)

Naughty Baby, attend to the Reverend Single Swallow! Mr. Swallow, you have been much in the confidence of thieves and miscellaneous miscreants? I have the happiness to believe that they have made me the unworthy depository of their unbounded confidence. — Have they usually confessed to you that they have been in the habit of getting drunk? Not drunk; upon that point I wish to explain. Their ingenuous expression has generally been, "lushy." — But those are convertible terms? I apprehend they are; still, as gushing freely from a penitent breast, I am weak enough to wish to stipulate for lushy; I pray you bear with me. — Have you reason, Mr. Swallow, to believe that excessive indulgence in "lush" has been the cause of these men's crimes? O yes indeed. O yes! — Do you trace their offences to nothing else? They have always told me, that they themselves traced them to nothing else worth mentioning. — Are you acquainted with a man named Sloggins? O yes! I have the truest affection for Sloggins. — Has he made any confidence to you that you feel justified in disclosing, bearing on this subject of becoming lushy? Sloggins, when in solitary confinement, informed me, every morning for eight months, always with tears in his eyes, and uniformly at five minutes past eleven o'clock, that

he attributed his imprisonment to his having partaken of rum-and-water at a licensed house of entertainment, called (I use his own words) The Wiry Tarrier. He never ceased to recommend that the landlord, landlady, young family, potboy, and the whole of the frequenters of that establishment, should be taken up. — Did you recommend Slog-gins for a commutation of his term, on a ticket of leave? I did. — Where is he now? I believe he is in Newgate now. — Do you know what for? Not of my own knowledge, but I have heard that he got into trouble through having been weakly tempted into the folly of garotting a market gardener. — Where was he taken for this last offence? At The Wiry Tarrier, on a Sunday. — It is unnecessary to ask you, Mr. Single Swallow, whether you therefore recommend the closing of all public-houses on a Sunday? Quite unnecessary.

Bad Baby, fold your hands and listen to the Reverend Temple Pharisee, who will step out of his carriage at the Committee Door, to give you a character that will rather astonish you. Mr. Temple Pharisee, you are the incumbent of the extensive rectory of Camel-cum-Needle's-eye? I am. — Will you be so good as to state your experience of that district on a Sunday? Nothing can be worse. That part of the Rectory of Camel-cum-Needle's-eye in which my

principal church is situated, abuts upon the fields. As I stand in the pulpit, I can actually see the people, through the side windows of the building (when the heat of the weather renders it necessary to have them open), walking. I have, on some occasions, heard them laughing. Whistling has reached my curate's ears (he is an industrious and well-meaning young man); but I cannot say I have heard it myself. — Is your church well frequented? No. I have no reason to complain of the Pew-portion of my flock, who are eminently respectable; but, the Free Seats are comparatively deserted: which is the more emphatically deplorable, as there are not many of them. — Is there a Railway near the church? I regret to state that there is, and that I hear the rush of the trains, even while I am preaching. — Do you mean to say that they do not slacken speed for your preaching? Not in the least. — Is there anything else near the church, to which you would call the Committee's attention? At the distance of a mile and a half and three rods (for my clerk has measured it by my direction), there is a common public-house with tea-gardens, called The Glimpse of Green. In fine weather these gardens are filled with people on a Sunday evening. Frightful scenes take place there. Pipes are smoked; liquors mixed with hot water are drunk; shrimps are eaten; cockles are consumed; tea is

swilled; ginger-beer is loudly exploded. Young women with their young men; young men with their young women; married people with their children; baskets, bundles, little chaises, wicker-work perambulators, every species of low abomination, is to be observed there. As the evening closes in, they all come straggling home together through the fields; and the vague sounds of merry conversation which then strike upon the ear, even at the further end of my dining-room (eight-and-thirty feet by twenty-seven), are most distressing. I consider *The Glimpse of Green* irreconcilable with public morality. — Have you heard of pick-pockets resorting to this place? I have. My clerk informed me that his uncle's brother-in-law, a marine store-dealer who went there to observe the depravity of the people, missed his pocket-handkerchief when he reached home. Local ribaldry has represented him to be one of the persons who had their pockets picked at St. Paul's Cathedral on the last occasion when the Bishop of London preached there. I beg to deny this; I know those individuals very well, and they were people of condition. — Do the mass of the inhabitants of your district work hard all the week? I believe they do. — Early and late? My curate reports so. — Are their houses close and crowded? I believe they are. — Abolishing *The Glimpse of*

Green, where would you recommend them to go on a Sunday? I should say to church. — Where after church? Really, that is their affair; not mine.

Adamantine-hearted Baby, dissolve into scalding tears at sight of the next witness, hanging his head and beating his breast. He was one of the greatest drunkards in the world, he tells you. When he was drunk, he was a very demon — and he never was sober. He never takes any strong drink now, and is as an angel of light. And because this man never could use without abuse; and because he imitated the Hyæna or other obscene animal, in not knowing, in the ferocity of his appetites, what Moderation was; therefore, O Big-headed Baby, you perceive that he must become as a standard for you; and for his backslidings you shall be put in the corner evermore.

Ghost of John Bunyan, it is surely thou who usherest into the Committee Room, the volunteer testifier, Mr. Monomaniacal Patriarch! Baby, a finger in each eye, and ashes from the nearest dustbin on your wretched head, for it is all over with you now. Mr. Monomaniacal Patriarch, have you paid great attention to drunkenness? Immense attention, unspeakable attention. — For how many years? Seventy years. — Mr. Monomaniacal Patriarch, have you ever been in Whitechapel? Millions of times. — Did you ever shed tears over the scenes you have witnessed

there? Oceans of tears. — Mr. Monomaniacal Patriarch, will you proceed with your testimony? Yes; I am the only man to be heard on the subject; I am the only man who knows anything about it. No connexion with any other establishment; all others are impostors; I am the real original. Other men are said to have looked into these places, and to have worked to raise them out of the Slough of Despond. Don't believe it. Nothing is genuine unless signed by me. I am the original fly with the little eye. Nobody ever mourned over the miseries and vices of the lowest of the low, but I. Nobody has ever been haunted by them, waking and sleeping, but I. Nobody would raise up the sunken wretches, but I. Nobody understands how to do it, but I. — Do you think the People ever really want any beer or liquor to drink? Certainly not. I know all about it, and I know they don't. — Do you think they ever ought to have any beer or liquor to drink? Certainly not. I know all about it, and I know they oughtn't. — Do you think they could suffer any inconvenience from having their beer and liquor entirely denied them? Certainly not. I know all about it, and I know they couldn't.

Thus, the Great Baby is dealt with from the beginning to the end of the chapter. It is supposed equally by the Members and by the Monomaniacs to be incapable of putting This and

That together, and of detecting the arbitrary nonsense of these monstrous deductions. That a whole people, — a domestic, reasonable, considerate people, whose good-nature and good sense are the admiration of intelligent foreigners, and who are no less certain to secure the affectionate esteem of such of their own countrymen as will have the manhood to be open with them, and to trust them, — that a whole people should be judged by, and made to answer and suffer for, the most degraded and most miserable among them, is a principle so shocking in its injustice, and so lunatic in its absurdity, that to entertain it for a moment is to exhibit profound ignorance of the English mind and character. In Monomaniacs this may be of no great significance, but in Members it is alarming; for, if they cannot be brought to understand the People for whom they make laws, and if they so grievously under-rate them, how is it to be hoped that they, and the laws, and the People, being such a bundle of anomalies, can possibly thrive together?

It is not necessary for us, or for any decent person to go to Westminster, or anywhere else, to make a flourish against intemperance. We abhor it; would have no drunkard about us, on any consideration; would thankfully see the child of our heart, dead in his baby beauty, rather than he should live and grow

with the shadow of such a horror upon him. In the name of Heaven, let drunkards and ruffians restrain themselves and be restrained by all conceivable means — but, not govern, bind, and defame, the temperance, the industry, the rational wants and decent enjoyments of a whole toiling nation! We oppose those virtuous Malays who run a-muck out of the House of Peers or Exeter Hall, as much as those vicious Malays who run a-muck out of Sailors' lodging-houses in Rotherhithe. We have a constitutional objection in both cases to being stabbed in the back, and we claim that the one kind of Monomaniac has no more right than the other to gash and disfigure honest people going their peaceable way. Lastly, we humbly beg to assert and protest with all the vigour that is in us, that the People is, in sober truth and reality, something very considerably more than a Great Baby; that it has come to an age when it can distinguish sound from sense; that mere jingle, will not do for it; in a word, that the Great Baby is growing up, and had best be measured accordingly.

TWO DAYS IN RIO JANEIRO.

If there be one luxury in this world greater than another, it is that of coming to some fine tropical country after a dreary sea-voyage; and if there be one sea-

voyage more dreary and monotonous than another, it is that across the South Pacific from Australia round the Horn. A voyage into the Arctic regions may be more savagely cold, but it has more variety. You have, at least, bears, seals, icebergs, and northern lights to vary your views; but the long five-thousand-mile track from Australia to the Horn has often none of these. Sometimes you are treated to a few icebergs slumbering, as it were, in a sublime isolation in that vast solitude, but at others you do not even catch a glimpse of these imposing anchorites of the ocean. You sweep on day after day, week after week, without the sight of ship or land, the very fish refusing to rise and divert your tedium with their gambols, or their inconceivable speed. A flock of pursuing seabirds and the antarctic cold are your only companions by day; the moon, and stars, and clouds, by night.

With what delight, therefore, do you catch the first glimpse of land, as you advance into more genial latitudes. How airy and inviting look those mountain chains and peaks, that, at length, sever themselves from the delusive mockeries of cloudland, and firm and real in their azure distance, kindle your imagination with visions of new aspects of nature, and new forms of human life! How the sea changes under your prow from the intense blue of mid ocean to the green of

shallower soundings; how bland breathes the air from land charged with spicy odours; how the naked tawny cliffs skirting the ocean grow and grow upon you, and the slender palms lift, here and there, solitarily, their leafy crowns into the clear air; assuring you that you are on the threshold of Indian lands, on the native shores of the palm, the cocoa, the plantain, and the pine.

There is no place that more frequently greets, in this cheering manner, the weary traversers of the ocean than Rio de Janeiro. There are none that are more calculated to delight them. A splendid climate, bright skies, a magnificent bay, the white walls and lofty towers of a great city, surrounded by most picturesque mountains, by lovely villas, and plantations of plantain and banana, orange and cocoa-nut palm, and by a vegetation new and luxuriant, receive you from your sea-prison to all that is beautiful and exhilarating.

The first point of land that we caught sight of was Cape Frio, a lofty bluff on which stood a lighthouse, and the white cottage of the keeper. As we drew nearer nothing could exceed the fineness of the approach to this capital of the Brazils. Bold ranges of mountains in extremely varied forms, and lovely islands stud-ding the ocean at their feet, with palms showing themselves on their ridges, welcomed us to land, and made us think of the wonder

and enthusiasm with which the first discoverers must have approached these shores. As we glided along on a splendid day, beautiful peeps of country at the feet of the hills, with villages, and solitary cottages, and country houses built in a quaint and antique style, raised every moment our desire for a further acquaintance with these elysian scenes. The entrance to the bay was guarded as it were, by islands right and left, and by rocky hills of a most bold and abrupt character. To our left lay two remarkable islands, Rodonda, so called from its very round form, and Raza, on which stands a lighthouse. The mountains, particularly on the city side, were extremely bold, and those on the very verge of the bay were strangely broken up, and, as it were, clustered together. Amongst these towered conspicuously the one called the Sugar-loaf from its smooth and conical form rising perpendicularly from the water nine hundred feet high. To all appearance its summit must be inaccessible; yet not so, for we were informed that a party, including an English and an American lady, not long ago scaled it, carrying up a tent and all the requisites for a gay picnic, and there spent not only a jovial day, but also passed the night. They had to be pulled up and let down by ropes in some places; but such matters are trifles to the mountain-climbing ladies of English blood or descent.

These rocky hills on the margin of the bay are backed by much loftier ones, actual mountains, which are spurs of the mighty Andes, which ascend higher and higher towards the interior. High above them all towers the Corcovada, a huge square-headed mountainous crag, shooting up like some tower of the ancient Anakims, and the Gavia and their neighbouring heights look sublimely down on the noble bay of Nitherohy, or the Hidden Water. This range forms also a grand background to the city, and at its feet, some four miles beyond this, lies the emperor's palace of Boa Vista. The hills on the opposite side of the bay are very fine, and near the entrance very bold too, having amongst them also a sugar-loaf. There are several forts, on the shores and on islands in the bay; the chief, Fort Santa Cruz, on the right hand as you enter, where all ships passing in or out are hailed, and required to give an account of themselves.

As you advance the city opens gradually upon you imposingly, stretching along the shores, and crowning sundry hills, with its white-walled and red-tiled houses, its churches, convents, and fine terraces; and the town of Praia Grande, or the Great Strand, on the opposite shores, at a distance of several miles, extending along its fine crescent-shaped shore, amongst lovely hills and woods, completes one of the most enchanting pano-

ramas in the world. At night, both Rio — or properly, St. Sebastian — and Praia Grande, are extremely well lighted with gas, and the effect is magical. Long circling sweeps of lights, all apparently on an exact level, and at regular intervals, present the illuminated outlines of the towns on both sides of the bay. Above these starlike dottings, the illumination is extended according as the streets and houses ascend the sides and crown the summits of the hills.

By day, the eye wanders from the wonderful group of cones, peaks, and broken eminences near the mouth of the bay, up to the lofty Corcovada; and thence, to the dense expanses of red-tiled roofs, the long white façades of public and private buildings, inns, hospitals, arsenals, academies, monasteries, and colleges of Jesuits, the domed towers of churches, intermingled with pleasant hills and deep-green masses of evergreen foliage.

Rio is a city of two hundred thousand people, and presents a lively scene of varied nationalities and costumes. Black, and white, and tawny faces vary the aspect of the throngs on the quays, the ample squares, and streets. Vessels of war, English, French, and American, lie off the town; further up a numerous assemblage of vessels of commerce and small craft shows itself behind the Isle of Cobras. Steamers are continually plying across to Praia Grande, or down-

wards to Botafogo, whence gay music often sounds. Strong, active, merry-looking Africans, all slaves, but looking not a whit depressed by their slavery, pull your boat to the quay, where very motley groups surround you, and all sorts of cards are thrust into your hands by the touters of inns, and vendors of all imaginable things, from ship's stores down to straw-hats and drapery, feather flowers and stuffed birds. Numbers of very blue cards offer you "wines, spirits, tobacco, cigars, soap, and groceries of the best description." Others kindly invite you to the Hotel Pharoux, the Exchange Hotel, in the Rua Direita, kept by your countrymen, Macdowall and Loader, and greatly frequented by the English merchants. Others entice you "to the Duck," and like genteel establishments.

Intending to make our way to the Hotel Pharoux, a large house facing the quay, and looking just like one of the great hotels on the Rhine, having its name blazoned in French, English, and Portuguese, along its front between numerous rows of windows, we found ourselves officiously attended by a waiter-looking personage, who on stepping on land, instantly, to our great astonishment, seized our hands in a most familiar manner and exclaimed, "How d'ye do? Glad to see you in Rio!" Preceded by this very amicable gentleman, we advanced into what we thought the

Hotel Pharoux, but which turned out to be a shop, where our guide, with profound bows and most gracious smiles, begged us to survey his establishment, and honour his Magazine by an order. We made a rapid retreat, and perceiving a large French-looking staircase, at the back of the huge pile of building, ascended successfully into the inn.

Here we seemed at once transported to the European continent. There were the same groups of tables ready spread for lunching, or dining à la carte; the same sort of people seated at some of them; the same buzz of conversation, in various languages, going on; the same French waiters, French dishes, French wines; the same half shabby, half gentlemanly host, paying no apparent attention to the guests, or the business of the house; and the same lady-like young hostess, very slim and very brunette, seated at her bar, or desk, in the table-d'hôte room, receiving and issuing orders, issuing bills, which looked astounding as calculated in rials and milries, and talking, not Portuguese, but French all the time.

Here we made a superb dinner, enlivened by superb Château Margaux, and followed by a superb bill, and then proceeded to arrange for the night; but now the prospect was not equally superb. We were assured that every room was occupied but one, and to obtain a glimpse of

this, we followed a waiter along a number of great, desolate galleries and passages, up one pair of great stone stairs, and down another, through a variety of rooms, in some of which ancient negresses seemed to be getting up a wash, in others cooking appeared to be in progress; in one, an invalid negro man, with his head tied in a handkerchief, was sitting on the floor; and in another, we surprised several young women, who, from dress and features, might have been sisters to the hostess. Here a little plump black-pudding had reared itself on end, and turned itself into a negro child, which came and, seizing one of our fingers, grinned merrily in our faces, showing a dazzling row of white teeth; and here a little white child in petticoats, was playing with a cavi, or some such creature, about as big as a hare, and which our dog seemed very much inclined to treat as one. At length, after passing through various bed-rooms and bath-rooms, we reached a large and lofty apartment, occupied with much lumber, and no beds at all; and with a very dusty, dirty floor. At this we shook our heads, but the waiter assured us that before night the lumber would be removed, and beds laid on the floor for us; and, probably for a great many other gentlemen, as people arriving, must sleep somewhere. We thanked him for his offer of such ample accommodation, and so much good company, and made

our way to the Exchange Hotel, where we found admirable arrangements, clean private rooms, clean beds, a first-rate cuisine, and numbers of Englishmen, ready to give us all sorts of information about the city and the country, and the bill not half so superb.

Issuing from our excellent inn to survey the town, we still felt ourselves on the European continent, and not in South America, so completely do Europeans take their habits and their architecture with them to every region of the world. Here were the tall white houses, with many windows and red roofs, the narrow streets and ample squares, the rude paving, the huge arched entrances into huge heavy quadrangular courts, the churches and the cathedral, with tall towers, capped with small Turkish domes, their doors thrown open, and mass celebrating; the pealing of the organ, and the odour of incense; a misericordia, or religious hospital, at your elbow, and an old gray convent perched on the hill above you; — all was just as it might have been in almost any Catholic country on the continent of Europe. Here, in fact, walked along the Catholic priest, and the shaven friar. Here was one ecclesiastic, bearing along the insignia of the church, and there an official, with a bag, and a silver (or plated) rod, begging for it.

The greater part of Rio being built on the levels at the feet of

the hills, presents to the eye, from any of the immediate eminences, one dense mass of red roofs. It seems as if you might walk right across the top of the houses from one side of the city to the other; and, indeed, the streets are wonderfully narrow. They are paved with a slope from each side towards the middle, and along the middle runs a line of flagstones, which, in wet weather, is, in fact, the kennel; and becomes a little river in heavy rains. The carts and carriages as they traverse these streets, run with one wheel on this row of flagstones, and the other on the pavé, so that you have constantly to cross the street to pass these vehicles, some coming one way, and some another. Most of the shops in these streets have no glass windows, but three or four tall doors, which all stand wide open in the daytime, just like some of the shops seen in Pompeii; and, indeed, the Roman character is retained by the Spaniards and Portuguese, not only in their language, but in many other particulars. One of the first things which strikes you is, that the houses are all roofed with the genuine Roman tiles: and this is universal all over the dominions of both the Spanish and Portuguese races in South America. They are found, not only in Brazil, but in Peru, Chili, Paraguay, and Mexico. You have the stout, old, red, flat tile, with flanged edges, semicylindric tiles being

laid over the flanges of each two adjoining tiles, well imbedded in mortar, so as to make a most solid, enduring, and waterproof roof. The projecting eaves of those old Roman roofs are generally painted in bright colours, and have a picturesque effect. You see the Roman spirit not only in these roofs, in the forms and red colour of their pottery, in the narrow streets and open shops, but also in the aqueducts, which bring down the water from the mountains. There is a noble aqueduct here which has quite a Roman look, as it crosses the valley on its lofty solid pillars, and which the inhabitants tell you was made by the Portuguese; for they are as careful to distinguish the Portuguese and the Brazilian eras, as brother Jonathan is to distinguish the days of the United States from those of the old Britishers, before the Independence. In the centre of most of the squares stands a massive granite fountain; which, however, has very little effect on the eye, as the water is not thrown up into the air, but gushes out of taps, and sluices in their sides. Rio, in fact, is excellently supplied with water. At almost every corner of a street, there is a brass tap to which you see the negroes very constantly applying their mouths.

Any one coming hither, who looks for melancholy, haggard and despairing countenances, backs scored with the lash, and limbs crushed and crippled by

brutal treatment, looks in vain, and wonders. He beholds, instead, a swarming throng of Africans, men, women, and children, constituting twothirds of the population of the place, all vigorous, healthy, merry, and alert. No portion of the inhabitants appears more care-free, none more at home; and, certainly, so far as physical development goes, none equal to them, except Europeans, who reside or visit there. The blacks are a fine, healthy, athletic, race, far superior to the native Brazilians of Portuguese descent. The latter are, generally, a very slightbuilt, and even feeble-looking, race. Many of the young men surprised me by the smallness of their stature, the slightness of their build, and the narrowness of their chests. The boys, too, had a spider-like lightness and fineness of frame. I never saw anything like it; one English school-boy would have made three of them. The same peculiarity characterised the women, though they exhibited, generally, finely-traced and delicate features. They strike me, generally, as an almost Lilliputian race. But the negroes, men and women, were a stout, active, vivacious people. I noticed amongst the men, some of the most Herculean figures that I ever saw, and I was astonished at the stature of some of the women, who must have been full six feet. There were evidently two very distinct varieties of the negroes, one being said to come from Congo, the

other from Mozambique. One portion were of a dusky sooty black, the other of a rich dark copper-colour, and the skins of these were peculiarly fine and glossy. In figure, bearing, and fresh roundness of limbs, they might be pronounced handsome, although that compliment could not be extended to their faces and woolly hair.

The negroes, or the labourers of the place, were everywhere. You saw them by scores in the shops, sitting at different employments. Tailors sat to their work on chairs, and not, as with us, on their boards cross-legged. Negroes were boatmen, porters, paviors, labourers of all kinds; and in all departments, they appeared contented and even jocund. The women kept the stalls at market, and carried fruit, and fish, and vegetables, all over the city. You encountered them in groups everywhere, and everywhere they were gossiping together, with a degree of ease and leisure that amazed me. Nobody seemed to hurry, or interfere with them. With their baskets on their heads, or rested on the pavement, they were holding the most animated dialogues, with loud voices, manners most unrestrained, and with exuberance of jest, and sarcasm, and laughter. Their wrists profusely ornamented with bracelets of coloured beads, chiefly red and blue, their necks with chains of the same, their ears well loaded with gold, or gilt earrings. They gesticulated, waved

their hands, quite with an oratorical air, clapped them occasionally loudly, amid bursts of merriment, as in triumph over their fellow-disputants.

Abhorring, as I do, slavery, as a violation of every right of humanity, I could not but come to the conclusion, that the Brazilians must use their Helots better than Brother Jonathan does his. True, I did not go up the country, to behold the condition of the slave on the sugar and cotton plantations; but, wherever I did see it in the plantations in the vicinity of the city, the negroes, men and women, appeared just as well-conditioned. We came continually upon groups of them at work in the fields, but we saw neither whip, nor driver; and ever and anon, in some retired nook, we found troops of women collected about a spring with their washing, who were all laughing and chattering as noisily as so many magpies. Neither could I perceive the same marked aversion to the coloured race as in the United States. I saw blacks in the steamers, crossing to Praia Grande seated amongst the whites, quite at their ease, and observed numbers of negroes amongst the city guards.

The manners of the negro porters are very amusing. You see them discharging the cargoes of ships. The moment they get their load upon their heads they begin to sing some old African ditty, and continue singing often in a sort of recitative, till they deposit

their burden in the warehouse. It is the same as they carry luggage or other articles along the streets. I saw four men carrying a piano on their heads, two other negroes following behind to relieve the others in turn. They had each a rattle in their hands, in form precisely like the rose of a watering-pan, and containing a number of small pebbles. As they went along they not only sung a tune, but danced to it, beating time with their rattles; yet it was wonderful to see how perfectly steady they managed to keep the piano, while they were all the time capering and making the most antic movements. They go bare-headed under a sun that would strike down a white man with coup de soleil, and their hair is cut very short. Their power of balancing — especially tall jugs — on their heads is amazing, and that even in very little children.

Our time being short, we exerted ourselves to see as much of the city and neighbourhood as possible, and the numbers of calashes or fiacres which stand in the public squares, vehicles particularly light and upright in form, drawn by handsome mules, and omnibuses also drawn by mules, and running to all parts of the city and environs, enabled us to accomplish a good deal. One of our first achievements, however, was to ascend the Morro do Castello, or Flag-Staff Hill, which rises in the very centre of the town. There we had a most magnificent panoramic view. At our feet lay the

wide extent of city, — gardens green with the giant foliage of the bananas, and where the cocoa-palm lifted aloft its feathery head interspersed amongst red roofs and airy spires. On one side the mountains rose grandly, the noble aqueduct spanning the valley betwixt them and the town. On the other lay the bay, the whole circuit of which embracing an extent of a hundred miles, was visible from this spot, with the villages and country houses on its shores. Nothing can exceed the courteousness of the people of Rio to strangers, and we had here a particular instance of it. The keeper of the telegraph station, as we were wandering round, came out and most politely invited us to walk into his garden, and whatever plant or flower we particularly admired, he broke off a blossoming twig and presented it to us with the most graceful bow and smile. Amongst these were flowers of the *tiglia*, the pimento, and the pomegranate. But he observed us noticing a cluster of mormohn apples, or, as Dampier styles them, mummy-apples. These cluster around the top of the stem, which appears like that of a tall, slender palm which has had its head cut off and only an odd straggling leaf or two left. These apples, as they are called, are much larger than real apples, of the yellow colour, and with something of the flavour of the melon. Our courteous telegraph-officer no sooner saw our eyes fixed on this singular fruit,

than, hastening for a long pole, he climbed up an adjacent tree and poked some of them down for us, presenting them with all the grace of a nobleman. We could not help querying whether a group of foreigners would have met with such an official in our own country.

And yet we soon found some of our own countrymen as eager to oblige us. We found ourselves in the *Passeio Publico* — the public gardens — or promenade. This lies at once close to the city, at the feet of beautiful hills, and one side open to the bay. It is planted with tropical trees of great variety, and next to the bay is a noble promenade, to which you ascend by a flight of steps. It thus commands a full view of the gardens, and of the bay, the waves of which come dashing up splendidly against its outer wall. It is paved with alternating black and white marble; at each end stands a beautiful pavilion, and at intervals, along the parapet-walls, stand tasteful gaslights.

It is a spot admirably adapted to all the purposes of public enjoyment, fêtes, concerts, galas, and promenades. The emperor was having the whole of the gardens fitted up with gas; and seeing two workmen engaged in laying down the pipes, we at once set them down for countrymen.

They told us they were Scotchmen from Glasgow, and finding that we were English strangers, at once quitted their work to show us the place. They pointed out

such of the trees as they had learned the names of, and amongst them the custard apple. There was ripe fruit upon the trees, and the young Scotchmen said, "Pelt away at them — anybody does that here." As we declined to "pelt away," however, in a public garden, they themselves gathered sticks and stones and sent them into the trees in good earnest. But the trees were tall, and they did not succeed. "Off with your shoes, Sandy, and up and throw some down," said one to the other. No sooner said than done. Sandy ascended a tree with the agility of a monkey, and soon sent down stores of fruit. We did not, however, find these custard apples much to boast of. They resemble an orange in size and form, but are, when ripe, nearly black. Their rind is tough, and the interior is filled with a muddy-looking pulp — rather insipid — in which are abundance of seeds of the size of small beans of a spicy flavour, which the people eat with the pulp. Our Scotchmen informed us that when they had completed their contract, they meant to proceed to Australia.

Quitting them we made an excursion in the opposite direction to see the emperor's palace, near San Christovao. An omnibus conducted us to the spot, proceeding over a green where hundreds of negresses were busy washing and spreading their linen on the grass, while black babies lay and kicked up their heels in

the sun at their sides, and troops of bigger sable children tumbled about on the green sward. Our way then led through extensive suburbs and past pleasant villas, over a level country for four miles. We found the palace situated in a beautiful country, amongst quiet hills, with fine ranges of mountains on either hand. We passed through a handsome gateway at the commencement of the demesne, but unconnected with any fence, the whole seeming to lie quite open to the public. Over the gateway were placed vases with living aloes and pine-apples in them. The gates were of gilt-bronze, and beautiful, with the royal arms in the centre. A paved road led up a gentle ascent, through an avenue of fine mangueira-trees, dark and rich of foliage. The house consists of two large square masses of building tinted of a pale salmon colour, ornamented with Doric pilasters, and surmounted by a balcony, on a level with the second story; the roof flat, and enclosed by a stone balustrade. These two buildings are united by a lower one of a different character. A fine Roman gateway in front appeared never to have been used, but to be falling into disorder, the drive from the palace to the highway, passing not through it, but by it.

As we approached, the emperor and empress in a carriage drawn by four handsome mules, and attended by a number of guards in blue uniform, mounted, passed

us. Their imperial highnesses returning our hat-homage, as George Fox would call it, with the greatest courtesy. One of our party, an American, refused, and lifted his straw-hatted head as high as possible. Don Pedro, however, deserves a passing salute, especially from Englishmen, who are received and treated by him with every mark of favour. Indeed, he appears thoroughly popular amongst his own subjects.

Englishmen abound and flourish here. The merchants of our nation are amongst the richest people at Rio; and as we walked back again at leisure, many of their villas were pointed out to us, being for the most part the finest to be seen. These villas are situated in beautiful grounds and gardens, where every tree, shrub, and flower are such as are known to our eyes England only in the finest conservatories. Statuary and fountains make pleasant these gardens, and you may imagine the deliciousness of an evening scene there, such as Von Martius has described: — "The mimosas have folded up their leaves to sleep, and stand motionless beside the dark crowns of the mangueiras, the jaca-tree, and the etherial jambos. Sometimes a sudden wind arises, and the juiceless leaves of the acaju rustle; the richly-flavoured grumijama and pitanga let drop a fragrant shower of snow-white blossoms; the crowns of the majestic palms wave slowly over the silent roof which they oversha-

dow, like a symbol of peace and tranquillity. Shrill cries of the cicada, the grasshopper, and tree-frog, make an incessant hum, and produce by their monotony a pleasing melancholy. At intervals, different balsamic odours fill the air; and flowers, alternately unfolding their petals to the night, delight the senses with their perfume. Now the bowers of paullinias, or the neighbouring orange-grove, — then the thick tufts of eupatoria, or the bunches of the flowering palms, suddenly bursting, disclose their blossoms, and thus maintain a constant succession of fragrance, while the silent vegetable world, illuminated by swarms of fireflies, as by a thousand moving stars, charms the night by its delicious odours."

We returned into the city through the Rua do Ouvidor, the most wealthy street in the capital, abounding with the shops of jewellers, goldsmiths, drapers, and milliners. Here, instead of open fronts, there were splendid plate-glass windows, and a great display of wealth and French tradespeople. We saw, also, two or three shops of old books, but were not able to discover one shop for the sale of new ones. The Brazilians, like their cousins, the Portuguese, are more addicted to concerts, theatres, and assemblies, than to reading, except that of newspapers, which are numerous, and contain light literature.

After refreshing ourselves at

our inn, we were strongly recommended to go to the opera, to hear the prima donna, Signora Castillioné, in *La Semiramida*. She appeared to be a wonderful favourite; but not having come on shore with opera dresses, we had no desire to be turned back; the fate of some of our more adventurous fellow-passengers; the etiquette of such places being as rigorously enforced here as in Paris or London. We contented ourselves, therefore, with witnessing the reopening of the Imperial Chapel, after a general repair, the whole front and towers being illuminated, and mass going on inside, amid the thundering din of squibs, crackers, and explosions of powder in various forms, making noise enough for a great battle. An odd idea of Christian worship!

The next morning we took a stroll through the public market, which adjoins the Lago do Paço, or Palace Square. A market is, in every foreign country, an interesting spot, but especially in a tropical one. We found this most amply supplied with fowls, fish, vegetables, and fruits of a great variety of kinds; monkeys, parrots, and other birds. The fish were of numerous sorts and sizes, from one kind as large as a large pig, down to shrimps. There were prawns like small lobsters and a beautiful array of dolphins. Yams, potatoes ordinary, and sweet ones, oranges in endless abundance and of the most delicious ripeness, sweet lemons,

guavas, pitangas, custard apples, figs, bananas, both ripe and green, for exportation; fruit of the egg-plant, bread-fruit, vegetable marrows and quashes innumerable; mormohn apples, loquots, onions, garlic and shalots, with their stalks woven into long pieces of matting, on which they hung like tassels. In fact, the supply of all sorts of vegetables was most affluent. But the vegetable which excited my curiosity more than all the rest, was a species of green juicy stalks of about a yard long and three inches in diameter. These lay in heaps, and the market people were busily peeling off their outer coats, soft and succulent, till they left only a sort of cylinder of pith about an inch and a half in diameter. They were bought up as fast as they were ready, and I found that they were the extremity of the flowering stems of the *carnáuba* palm (*coryphera cerifera*), which is considered one of the greatest luxuries of the table.

One of the most interesting objects connected with Rio is the botanic garden. Its magnificent avenue of palm-trees, its fountains, its trees and flowers from all the finest climates in the world, growing in the open air; its profusion of fruits — oranges, lemons, citrons, bread-fruit, bananas, grapes, &c. — the assembled luxuries of nature from her most favoured regions — make it a scene scarcely to be paralleled. Unfortunately, it is situated ten miles from the city, and our li-

mitted time compelled us to a shorter excursion. This was across the bay, to Praia Grande, whose white walls and background of woody hills looked very attractive from the city. And we could have scarcely made a happier choice. It was not here that "distance lent enchantment to the view." The beauty increased on closer inspection. Along the finely-curved shore, for more than a mile, stretched a line of lovely villas, each standing in its garden; and the glare of the sun, broken by a row of dark, thick-foliaged mango-trees, the fruit yet hanging young and green amid the leaves. Whichever way we turned we literally found ourselves in one of nature's paradises. Sun and breeze played on the broad waters; and the distant city wore its brightest look. As we here sauntered along, one pleasant house after another gave us glimpses into the gardens behind, and the forest hills which overlooked them. These villas are generally built with a forecourt, or screen, on columns, through which you catch a glimpse of statues, fountains, and garden seclusions of the most inviting description. We followed a quiet lane leading beyond the village of St. Domingo, and soon found ourselves in a region of wooded hills, and valleys running every way amongst them, in which stood other isolated country houses amid their orange groves, interspersed with lofty clumps of coconut palms, and the broad waving boughs of the verdurous bananas. Here, sloped down green crofts from the woods, and here, over hot and sunny swells, spread fragrant plantations of pine apples, many of them golden with ripeness, and gushing with their fruity aroma. Solitary winding lanes and little footpaths teeming with the most prodigal vegetation, all new to our eyes, all studded with gorgeous flowers — Thunbergias, Paullinias, and still more brilliant, but to us unknown species — all speaking of tropical grace and luxuriance, led us between these different estates to still new scenes of retired beauty. At one moment we heard the distant roar of the ocean, and caught a sight of its flashing billows; at another, we were gazing up into steep hills buried in a perfect chaos of hanging boughs and blossoms. The figures of the negro labourers at work on the plantations, or bringing baskets piled with fruit down from the hills; the women washing by some old shadowy well, or spreading out their linen on the grass in embowered orchards, completed the tropical character of the scene. The huge cactus — a perfect tree in size, the intense colour of the flowers on the wild bushes, or growing under their shade — blue, and scarlet, and orange — and the brilliant deep-blue butterflies, large as your outspread hand, and some of them having their wings studded, as it were, with jewels — the largest and most magnificent creatures of their species in

the world—were all evidences of the affluent nature of the Brazils. Reluctantly we turned away from those elegant abodes, with their delicately tinted walls, their vivid frescoes, and their broad, shady verandahs, trellised with clambering vines; from the overshadowed cottage, whence came the sound of music and of a pleasant voice; from the open windows, at which sate dark-eyed but delicately-featured maidens; and we again issued into the hot sun of the least shaded street of Praia Grande, where the negro was sweltering and singing under his load; where knots of old black women sat on the scorching, dusty pavement, amidst their baskets of bananas and oranges; where dead fish almost seethed in the lazy waves that brought them to the shore; where negro brats tumbled about in the dust, without any superfluity of raiment; and where, finally, the steamboat came puffing up, to carry us back to town.

The land breeze, next morning, at six o'clock, bore us out to sea; and thus terminated our two days in Rio—two of the pleasantest, sunniest, most fragrant and golden days that we ever spent in any quarter of the world.

But others of our fellow-travellers had their two days, as well as ourselves. Why not? And four clever youths spent them as fast young Britons often do on such occasions. For them, the Hotel Pharoux spread its beds on the floor of the lofty lumber-

room, and its table in the lofty saloon; for them, a splendid carriage, drawn by four spirited mules, and driven by a splendid Jehu, in bright blue uniform, and cocked hat, and feather-bush, like any field-marshal, whirled them to all the wonders of the place; for them, the palms of the botanic garden waved over a champagne luncheon *al fresco*; for them, the Signora Castillione trilled, at the opera, her most entrancing airs; and foreign friends, most cordial and kind, most moustachioed and mellifluous, started, as it were, out of the ground, and supped and sung with them at the delightful Hotel Pharoux.

"At six o'clock, gentlemen, on the second morning," said the captain, before leaving the ship, "I set sail positively." At eight o'clock, on the second morning, the four jovial youths woke up, looked out, and saw no ship! Rapid was the race to the quay. "A boat! a boat! twenty pounds for a boat!"—the cry of the old Thames parrot—was heard once more on the strand of Rio. A score of boats, manned with two score of negroes, dashed their bows together on the beach. Away flew two of them with our heroes, negroes pulling, sails bending to the breeze. Was it a day or an age that that chace after the missing ship endured? Ten long miles the sons of Congo pulled, and still no ship. Yes! there she is!—but, to the pursuers' eyes, with all canvas stretched, and

running before the breeze. It was not so, however; for British captains have bowels of compassion. We lay to, with sails backed, and waiting in impatient patience.

As the boats came dashing up, what rows of merry faces, peering over the tall ship's side! What kind greetings! "What! so soon?" "How are all friends in Rio?"

Silent, sullen, and angry, mount the delinquents, and are received amid the sharp raillery of more prudent men. Reader! didst thou ever see a picture of the Prodigal Son? There, thou hast four in one frame. Ulysses had his lotus-eaters, who forgot their ship and country. There sit four forlorn ones, minus forty pounds per man! That, also, is a tale of two days in Rio.

ON THE DOWNS.

I HAVE lived on the Downs from boyhood—by which I mean the Berkshire Downs, not those in the Channel; and the period of juvenescence, not the revolving object that marks the highway for the ships—and know every molehill betwixt Marlborough and Streatley. They form a vast expanse of undulating grass, interspersed with young plantations or great patches of gorse, and still more rarely with a single stunted thorn; a region where, in moonless nights and chill November fogs, men have been often lost and found stone

dead days after, though they themselves were born amidst the wastes, in some of our small hidden villages which the well-pleased traveller comes on un-awares. In snow time these mishaps are very frequent; a score of places all about, are shown, where the starved tinker lay for days in the deep drift, and where the winding-sheet wrapt round the Swindon carrier; and always in the turf a long green cross is dug for In memoriam. But, in the summer, these bleak and windy Downs are paradise to butterfly and bee, and all who love sweet savours and soft airs; they slope up from the broad rich counties underneath; and all along the verge, for many miles, the prospect is most fair. The teeming fields that fringe the banks of the Thames are thickly set, on either side, with halls and pleasant parks; the oldest churches in the land are there, with towers and steeples gray, and gaudy vanes above them, glimmering amidst the belts of wood like stars. See, from this heathy knoll lies Alfred's birth-place, westward; and further to the right, old Abingdon; beyond which, hidden by the hill, is Oxford, a great crowd of towers and spires!

Still more to westward, and beneath us still, ran the old Roman road, the highway once perhaps of Cæsar's legions; from here the startled herdsman might have marked their burnished eagles, and spear and helmet

flashing back the sun. Upon our Downs, too, there are yet huge camps, miles round, with difficult fosse rampart trebly piled, where Dane and Saxon struggled for the isle; and high-built barrows, lofty mounds of green, the burial-places for the victors' bones: we dig them — impious work — from time to time, and find old swords and armour, Roman coins, and bits of what, maybe, were Roman noses: and over all now dance the little fays, or seem to dance, in many a verdant ring, and bloom the gay down-flowers, red and blue: the shepherd's thyme, too, and the shepherd's weather-glass, that opens to the sun and shuts to rain. The spreading mushroom loves our Downs the best of all; the tufted plover pipes along our leas; the quail, though not in such great flocks as Israel saw, the dottrel, the moor buzzard, have their haunts amongst us, and the kite with hovering wings.

Along the summit of our range a level road of grass runs, banked on either side, for thirty miles — the British ridgeway that once led from Streatley, the chief town of the Atrebatii, to their great temple at Stonehenge: it passes by the high Cuckhamsley Hill that crowns the Downs — a lonely barren place (save for a young plantation) where once was a vast market held, until King James the First, to benefit a favourite lord, removed it to the town four miles away, in those good old Protectionist

times of his. On these same Downs the Cross of Christ was planted first in England; under this same hill, King Cwichelm, our first Christian king, was buried. Beside the hill, and parallel to the ridgeway — along which now, instead of naked Britons, pass huge droves of cattle out of Wales to the Salt-marshes — there runs the Devil's Ditch; it is but five feet broad, and for what purpose made, except to mark the boundary of neighbour states, we cannot guess; but the people ascribe it to his Satanic majesty, who dug it in one night for twenty miles, and afterwards, scraped his spade upon the summit of the Downs, whence rose Cuckhamsley. So we have enough to think of here — Britons, Danes, Saxons, Romans, Christianity, and the Devil: and moreover, in the level bottom eastward, Cromwell encamped after the field of Newbury, and the next night the Loyalists occupied his ground. King Charles took up his quarters by the Ye, in this our own dear village, and supped, I doubt not well, with Bishop Goodman. Save for these wondrous memories of theirs, our Downs were little else but pasturage for sheep until the last half century. At Ilsley, eighty thousand sheep have in one day been penned, and for two days before its market all the air is white with dust and loud with barks and bleats, and every wayside hedge is fringed with wool. We ourselves, indeed —

the inhabitants — were almost unknown to the general public before that time; two or three musty antiquarian societies, and that small portion of the sporting world that affects coursing — for nowhere is such coursing as with us — held us in praise and honour; but it was reserved for the present century to thrust upon us greatness and publicity, and make us in return (you may be sure) a source of very considerable profit. Our Downs are now, in fact, the haunt of what Bell's Life calls the Fraternity, and what people generally call the Betting Ring. They are in the hands of the hon. the members of the Jockey Club, of the owners of racehorses and of their administrators and assigns—which obviates using disagreeable expressions—the private and public trainers, studgrooms, stableboys, and touts. The Downs, indeed, have not changed masters, but considerable tracts of them have become — by sufferance, payment of rent, or tribute of manure — most excellent and extensive galloping grounds.

Between Paddington and Didcot, among your fellow travellers in the railway carriage, is pretty sure to be one at least of these gentry; an owner about to make a secret trial between two favourites; a tout whose object is to prevent it being secret; or a sporting gentleman of some sort bound for the Downs, to pick up, generally, information. If you make a remark upon the weather

being favourable at last to the country at large, all these three classes will reply: "Ah, it'll make the ground deuced heavy for the Bath races, though." They are like engaged young ladies, and care nothing for any subject unconnected with the ring; they are full of the most solemn and sacred facts respecting the Brother to Boiardo, imparted to them in confidence by parties who ought to know; if you get very intimate with the two latter kind, they will perhaps permit you to stand in for a good thing, upon the payment of a fiver or a tenner — which last is a bank-note and not a musical performer — according to the prospects of success. The higher members of this profession, it may be observed, are continuously sucking cane-tops and handles of hunting-whips, while the inferior orders devour vast quantities of straw.

Let us accompany any of these to the chief exercising ground upon the Downs any summer morning between nine and twelve. It is common to several trainers, and the various bodies of cavalry keep pretty wide apart. Most of the horses are in a complete suit of embroidered clothes, with coverings over the head and ears, and little gaiters above their fetlocks; they are entered probably in approaching race-meetings, and are sweating down every ounce of superfluous flesh; where parts of their natural coats are to be seen, they shine like mirrors;

those without clothes start with one of these from under the hill, and race with them at utmost speed for distances varying from half a mile to two miles; the trainers watch their every stride, and notice an improvement or something wrong, as the case may be.

These men have all one wary and impassive look; dressed, too, almost exactly alike, with a white silk scarf pinned with a horse's foot, and trousers tight to the leg. Some have the morning papers in their hands, and are comparing their books with the latest betting; some are what is called letting out at their jockeys for misconduct, which they accomplish with much energy and varied epithet; and some are standing with their legs very wide apart, doing nothing particular — except of course the suction before alluded to.

We have an acquaintance of some years with this particular gentleman, and are privileged to address him: "Why, Mr. Chifney, do you enter that little horse of yours for a race like the Derby, when you know he has no chance with Sharpshooter; don't intend to run him; and must needs pay twenty-five pounds forfeit?" "Sir," says he (and he will tell you the whole truth if there is no professional reason for adopting a contrary course), "one does pay a good many twenty-five pounds in this world for the mere satisfaction of being in with a good un!" This gentleman, it

will be observed, is an acute philosopher; he is also a consummate man of business, and after the Derby is run next Wednesday, will be worth twenty thousand pounds, or remain no worse than at present. But here is the crack, Sharpshooter himself, about to take his second gallop; not a large horse he looks, and hampered with a weight of clothes — yet see what he shall do! Three other (unclothed) horses are placed at equal distances of about half a mile apart; the hindmost starts with the favourite at full speed, and gets him into his stride at once; when they arrive opposite the second horse, he takes up the running, and so on to the third, who finishes, and is also beaten off: these three animals have been kept entirely for the use and benefit of Sharpshooter for the last three months. Let us come as close to him as the jock will let us — and that is not very close, for how does he know but that we have laid a plum against him, and are compassing his death? — and listen with what evenness he breathes; scarcely a sign of that long course of his at fullest speed. What indefatigable pains have been expended on his training, what watch has been kept upon his slightest change, what close precaution now over his safety, closer as the day draws near! To hurt that horse, ever so slightly, and to be detected by his stable, would be a murder matter for the coroner; two strong men and a

savage bulldog are his companions every night.

He has been attended from his birth like a young prince, by lords in waiting and grooms of his chamber; his noble owner, so proud was he of possessing a colt by Musketeer out of Popgunetta, gave a party to commemorate his foaling; his fashionable arrival was also in the Morning Post, for he was entered for the Derby after next, in the first month of his existence; at that miniature period he began to be calculated upon, and hedged about, and stood in with, and made a good thing of, until this present time, when he has reached the culminating point of the "perfect certainty" of his stable. In some little sheltered paddock about one of our Down villages he enjoyed a mother's love and the tender solicitude of his trainer; as soon as hay and bran and corn began to be palatable to him he got them; when he became bored with milk and domesticity they were withdrawn from him; when he was yet a yearling, his education was not neglected; a halter was cunningly contrived about his head, with a ring through it in front, and the youthful Sharpshooter was "lunged," — that is to say, was made, at the end of a long rope, to gyrate in great circles on the Downs; afterwards he did this with cloths and blankets flapping all around him, to accustom him to civilisation and wearing apparel. The next scene

of this strange history exhibits him with a dumb-jockey on his back — an artless and honest personage of wood, by whom he is trained to hold his head up properly, and to submit himself to control; then he is ridden by a child of eight or nine, whose every other word is an oath, and of a countenance, not roguish, alas! but absolutely felonious; or by a dwarfed and stunted creature who is the child grown up — the personification of cunning and secretiveness. There are exceptions, of course, even among racing stableboys: but, if either phrenologists or physiologists are to be trusted, there are very few. Come with me into Sharpshooter's own town and see the knots of idlers in its streets, the insolent leer, the bold dishonest eye, the hair cropped closely about the mere rim of forehead, and you do not need to hear the filthy talk, nor to mark the waistcoats reaching to the knees, in order to recognise these genuine offspring of the turf. They are originally brought from far and near on account of their small stature, and, after having served honestly, some few of them get places as stud grooms; the majority, however, when too big to ride, are turned away to shift for themselves — which is hard on them, and a good deal harder on the world at large.

But, let me return to Sharpshooter, whom I left on the exercising ground, with a heavy bit

in his mouth and a light rider upon his back, somewhere about the fifteenth month of his existence. He is rubbed down in the morning by two valets, and taken out in his gay raiment on the Downs from nine to twelve; and if he takes a sweat or gallop, he is rubbed down on the ground itself, in a house built for that especial purpose, lest he should suffer from catarrh; he is rubbed down when he goes home, and he is rubbed down when he retires to his clean and well-spread couch; and he has a posset if it is supposed to be desirable. When the Downs themselves too are too hard for his delicate winged feet, a spacious strawyard is allotted to him. Upon the whole, I wish, in this Christian country, that one-half the pains to make him a good horse were spent in the attempt to make our fellow countrymen, foaled anywhere and lunged nowhere, good men. In return, at two years old, our friend Sharpshooter is expected to win his race, and from that moment he is before the public, a dazzling but precarious investment; he becomes the theme of half the mess-tables in England and its colonial dependencies, the boast of Berkshire yeomen, and the hope of his owner and a crowd of backers, as the possible winner of the Derby. From that day, also, he is the feared and hated of thousands, and the object of conspiracy among not a few. Previously to the great event it

is necessary that his speed and endurance should be tested by some severe trial. On the ground where we first became acquainted with him we saw him but in the company of his equals, or of those who, though far older than himself, had failed in acquiring a reputation; behold him now as he appears at the private trial.

His owner brings down with him from town some racer, twice the age of our young friend, accustomed to the shouts of applause hundreds on many a successful course, and with all the contempt that a favourite of the country always feels for a debutant. At three or four o'clock in the May morning these two, with their trainers, owners, and two trusty jocks, are on the Downs; the boys who rode the horses thus far—lest they should blab the secret—are locked up in the rubbing-house upon the ground, which has no windows; the high gorse all about, is carefully searched for touts—poor wretches who have passed a prickly night in this pursuit of knowledge under difficulties—whom, if the searchers find, they drive away with whips. Sharpshooter beats the “old ’un” in the commonest of canters, and home the conclave ride right merrily. Nevertheless, on one of the high downs, some tout, more cunning than the rest, lies on his crouching belly, and through a telescope sees what he wants to see. That very day, he, or that little bird the lark, mayhap

reveals the secret. The telegraph to town is worked, and the odds fall from five to three to one.

To this purpose are our Downs now chiefly turned; a strange conclusion has their history led us to — from the bare Briton to the clothed horse. I will but add, that if "the crack" be said to be "amiss" (her sex forbidding it), and gets a sprain (just over her left shoulder), and does not run at Epsom after all, our Downs are not to blame, whoever is.

THE MASQUE OF LIFE.

THE poor are growing poorer,
And the rich are growing richer;
The cannibal clothier fattens upon
The lean and hungry stitcher:

The mountains of gold which some have
roll'd
From above, around, and under,
Burn gloomy-bright as a comet at night,
And should make men weep and wonder.

Ghastly is the Dance of Death,
Ghastlier the Dance of Being —
A Masque fantastical and strange
To the hearing and the seeing.

One man lies on pulpy down,
Another lacks a bed;
One man eats and drinks his fill,
Another hath not bread.

The pale women in the factories,
The children dwarf'd and ugly,
Dives (within his counting-house
Secure) surveyeth smugly.

They cry, "We rot in these dark dens;"
He careth not a tittle;
They cry, "We swoon with toil;" but he
Thinks Ten Hours' work too little.

Ghastly is the Dance of Death,
Ghastlier the Dance of Being —
A Masque fantastical and strange
To the hearing and the seeing.

Lo! here comes a reverend Doctor,
In the midst of all our troubles,
Wrangling and grimacing wildly
Over his own learned bubbles.

And he mingles with the Masquers,
And he dances, and he sings,
Scribbling on the eternal Heavens
His grotesque imaginings.

Meanwhile, in the lanes and alleys,
Souls are slain for want of teaching,
Which might all have sung one tone
Of round music, had they known
More of love and less of preaching.

Ghastly is the Dance of Death,
Ghastlier the Dance of Being —
A Masque fantastical and grim
To the hearing and the seeing.

Here 's a woman deck'd with pearls,
As with stars the midnight sky,
Clad in smooth and warm excess
And soft superfluity.

Here 's another, hung with rags
A with weeds of snaky motion,
That clasp some mouldering palace wall
On a deserted shore, and crawl
Idly upon the idle ocean.

Here 's a thing that 's half a saint,
Half a soldier, all a monarch,
Weighing down a people's life,
Yet a most embodied Anarch.

Like a bloodhound, lean and fierce,
He gnaws Europe; yet his curship
Talks of God in every act,
And blasphemes him by such worship.

Well, who 's next? Oh, here 's a flaring
Bonnet Rouge; no mortal stiffer
In maintaining his own rights,
And beheading folks who differ.

Let those last two pair together,
With a death's head for a crown
And a thigh-bone for a sceptre,
And they 'll dance the nations down.

Ghastly is the Dance of Death,
Ghastlier the Dance of Being —
A Masque fantastical and wild
To the hearing and the seeing.

Next we have a little statesman
Of pacific disposition,
Frowning like a very Mars,
And talking of his warlike mission.

After him there comes a trader,
 Bowing till he makes you sick,
 While he vends you a slow poison
 Of red-lead and turmeric.

Here 's a lord with Sunday club,
 Bright and light, to lounge and lunch
 in,
 Closing up the wayside shop
 Where the poor man used to stop,
 To drink his beer and eat his hunch in.

Here 's a set of idle fellows
 (Wrongfully call'd democratic),
 Inaugurating their Republic
 By breaking glass with stone and club-
 stick,
 Up from basement-floor to attic.

Let them mingle with the Masquers,
 And with shouting shake each rafter:
 In the midst of so much sadness,
 These wild knaves but move our
 laughter.

Dost thou see this man? The morning
 Of his life was hard, stern work,
 And the evening closes round him,
 Desolate, and bare, and dark.

All the toil and sore endeavour,
 The sharp fight fought every day,
 Leaves him still the same grim foeman
 Now that he is old and grey.

Seest this other man? Birds dancing
 In the heavenward breath of Spring
 Perfumed flowers in shelter'd gardens,
 Brooks that leap, and laugh, and sing:

Butterflies within the sunshine,
 Living in one smile of Fate,
 Knowing but the world's adorning,
 Are the symbols of *his* state.

Let both mingle with the Masquers,
 And dance on. These sharp extremes
 Are the miserable nightmares
 That behag our waking dreams.

But the earth is slowly ripening,
 Like a great fruit in the sun,
 And will learn some better dancing
 Ere the centuries are done.

MISTRESS HANNAH WOOLLEY.

BEFORE us is a shabby-looking little old book, but bearing as frontispiece the pleasant countenance of a middle-aged woman — she must have been good-looking in her youth — with pearls round her neck, and pearl-drops in her ears, and her hair in little ringlets; and on the opposite page we find that this is the lively effigy, as they would have called it in those days, of Mrs. Hannah Woolley, a lady who in the turbulent days of the parliament, kept a ladies' school, and then became waiting-gentlewoman to a person of quality; and who, during the Protectorate, kept, with her husband, a large school at Hackney, and initiated young ladies into all the mysteries of the still and stewpan, together with the more pleasant arts of making rock-work, wax-work, cabinet-work, bugle-work, upon wires or otherwise, together with marvellous flowers of various colours, made of wire and isinglass.

Mrs. Hannah Woolley was an important person in her day — known, she tells us, by one or two smaller publications, and, by earnest entreaties of many friends — her publisher being one of them — she began to write this curious little book, which she entitles *The Gentlewoman's Companion, and Guide to the Female Sex* — sixteen hundred and seventy-two — a pleasant

manual of all things necessary for the young lady two hundred years ago to learn; together with instructions for behaviour, instructions in letter-writing, and a choice collection of recipes both for the sick and well, both for lemon-cream and for plague-water. She relates to us how she became mistress of such varied information; which was based upon experience acquired between sixteen hundred and forty-two to sixteen hundred and seventy-two — a period of thirty years. She tells us she lost both parents while very young, “and before I was fifteen was entrusted to keep a little school, in which I continued two years. Then a noble lady, finding I understood Italian, and could dance, sing, and play, took me to be governess to her young daughter. On this lady’s death, another honourable lady took me as governess, and when the children had grown up, I became her stewardess and secretary, writing all my lady’s letters.”

While in this situation, she benefited much by the conversation of divers ingenious persons, and was also often called upon to read aloud in French and English to her lady and her friends. She here also carved at table, and thus became initiated into all the mysteries of that important science, and competent to wing the partridge, rear the goose, sauce the capon, chine the salmon, barb the lobster, according to that approved vo-

cabulary, as extensive almost as that of hawking and heraldry, and just about as unmeaning. Moreover, as in so large a household accidents were not of infrequent occurrence, and the lady was a genuine Lady Bountiful, she obtained in addition great knowledge of physick and chirurgery. Thus qualified, our Hannah soon after married. Her husband, had been master of Saffron Walden free school, but set up on his own account. Some years after they removed to Hackney, and there had a large school, sometimes of sixty children. How long she resided there, she does not inform us, nor the date of her husband’s death; but, she sadly concludes, “As I have taken great pains for an honest livelihood, so the hand of the Almighty hath exercised me with all manner of afflictions, by death of parents when very young, by loss of children, husband, friends, estate, and very much sickness, whereby I was disenabled from my employment.” She therefore feels, that as she may lay claim to some experience, so, she trusts, she may be considered qualified to give such rules to ladies, gentlewomen, and young maidens, as may be their perfect guide in all ages and conditions.

The work begins with advice to young children; in which the maxims, Cut or break your bread, and do not bite or gnaw it, — Never drink with your mouth full, &c., — all the rules which

our grandfathers and great-grandmothers learnt from the pages of Erasmus, down to Dilworth and Vyse, are to be found in order. The following rather long rule puts us in mind of those days of starched formality when sons and daughters, although grown up, were expected to stand in their fathers' presence: "When you have dined or supped, rise from the table, and carry your plate or trencher with you, doing your obeisance to the company, and then attend in the room until the rest rise."

The respect which young ladies are to show to their governess — the private governess is here meant — especially if she be elderly, seems to prove that governesses two hundred years ago occupied a higher station in the family than unfortunately they do now. The young lady is also admonished always to treat her servant with kindness, especially avoiding flying out into ill-humours while the important business of the toilet is going on; otherwise, as Mistress Hannah naïvely remarks, you will cause her to serve you only for her own ends, and whilst you are making a wry face in the glass, she will make another behind your back.

Respecting female education, Hannah Woolley's ideas are greatly in advance of those of the frivolous, licentious age in which she wrote. But, there is reason to believe that women were far better educated during

the Parliamentary war and the Protectorate than after the Restoration, when the habits and manners of a profligate court spread their baleful influence far and wide, and dressing and flirtations, visits to the park and new Exchange in the morning, and to the play in the afternoon, seemed a fine lady's whole business. From an incidental remark, we find that even then girls, if educated at all, were taught Latin; for she bids them apply themselves to their grammars, and not to be discouraged in apprehending the first principles of the Latin tongue. She recommends the study, too, of the French and Italian, Signior Terriano, who hath lately published a grammar, being the best teacher of the latter, while Monsieur Mauger, who has also published a French grammar, is an excellent instructor in the latter. Hannah earnestly urges upon parents the importance of giving their daughters a really good education; remarking, in phrase that in its forcible quaintness reminds us of Thomas Fuller, that too many parents, not necessitous, "suffer their children to spin away their precious time, or pore over a sampler untill they have pricked out the very date of their life." In a short enumeration of books for young ladies' reading, we find some rather voluminous works, and some very dry; but Hannah Woolley is not at all of the Gradgrind school, for she boldly

declares that it would be really injurious to proscribe fictitious works, and she points out how Cassandra, and Clelia, and the Grand Cyrus, and Parthenissa — those extravagant but fine old French romances — but above all the gorgeous and noble Arcadia of Sir Philip Sidney, are indeed valuable; for there are few ladies therein but are characterized as what they ought to be, while the magnanimity and courage of the men might entitle them to be worthy husbands to the most deserving of the sex.

Fine needlework, and making pretty knickknacks, are also to engage their attention; and lessons are given in the latter part of the book how to make many pretty ornaments. Among these we may mention the fashionable madness of the day — Potichomania, or painting imitations of china upon glass. There is also a very good plan for making worsted flowers, and minute directions how to dress up fire-places for the summer in best rooms. Two hundred years ago the stove, even in the best room, greatly resembled a large fire-basket placed on four legs. This, when summer and cleaning-up time arrived, was carried away, and its place was supplied by large boughs. The ingenuity of Mrs. Hannah Woolley suggested that a kind of grotto might be formed there, by aid of moss and various kinds of shells. She accordingly gives directions

how to make a very pretty piece of workmanship; and this became so popular that long after her book was out of print, and when, probably, her name was forgotten, the young ladies, as Spring drew nigh, set about stringing moss, sorting small shells, and making artificial coral with rosin and vermilion for fire-basket ornaments almost down to the time when George the Third was king.

We have next a chapter on general behaviour; and in it young ladies are especially warned against awkward shyness at first entering into company, which, she remarks, they generally make up for afterwards by too great forwardness. In illustration, she tells us how Dr. Heylin having to travel in a coach — this was before the days of flying coaches — with a young lady, was greatly vexed on setting out to find her so reserved and silent, but how ere long he found that when her tongue once began, there was no stopping it, for its continual clicking by the doctor's watch kept exact time for nine hours! Still, ladies are to talk, but they should avoid filling up a narrative with said he and said she; they are also to be particular in giving each person the appropriate title. "In walking, always give your lady companion the right hand. If three walk together, the middle is the most honourable place; if the ladies, at your entrance, do you the civility of rising, never sit

down until they are seated." The following anticipates Chesterfield: "If the lady you visit will do you the honour to accompany you out of the room, do not seem to oppose it, for that would imply she understood not what she went about; so receive the attention with thanks."

In her general rules for dress, Hannah Woolley is no Quakeress; indeed, she thinks rich apparel and jewellery very proper, provided too much time is not spent at the toilet. One piece of folly then recently introduced, excites her vehement indignation — this is the fashion of wearing patches. From her remarks, we find that these were not only in the form of diamonds, half-moons, stars — such as our great-grandmothers wore — but were actually of all manner of animals, castles, and even a coach and horses. Indeed, she says, "Such is the vanity and pride of some gentlewomen that they have in a manner abstracted Noah's ark, and expressed a compendium on their foreheads and cheeks: there are birds, beasts, fishes, so that their faces may be termed a landscape of living creatures." This practice, she says, much reminds her of the Indians, who paint animals upon their bodies; indeed, she naïvely adds, that were any one of these ladies born with half-moons, stars, castles, or coach and horses on their faces, they would give far more money to be freed from them than a seven years' costly ex-

pense in following the fashion would amount to.

Subsequently she enters her indignant protest against the practice of tight lacing, urging upon her young readers the dangerous consequences of affecting to be as slender in the middle as the Strand maypole is tall of its height. However, she adds, after all, mothers and nurses were chiefly in fault, for, "by cloistering you up in a steel or whalebone prison, they open a door to consumption and crookedness." Many years have passed since this warning was given, and even now how little is it attended to!

The very heading of the following chapter shows how important the subject of which it treats was considered. It is entitled, "Choice observations for a gentlewoman's behaviour at table." The first rule is, "Never press forward for a chief place, but seem to be persuaded with some difficulty to be seated;" then, "Neither be forward to carve; although the mistress, out of compliment, request you, yet refuse." The lady guest may, it appears, help any one near her to any of the side dishes, taking care, however, not to present it "on the point of the knife," but it being "dexterously taken up by your knife or fork, to be laid on a clean plate, and thus presented." At the lady's own table, however, she will be expected to carve the principal dishes, so "take care and carve well, for

I have at dinner seen the good gentlewoman of the house sweat more in cutting up a fowl, than the cookmaid did in roasting it." It is also "very comely to use a fork, for then the fingers will not be greased." How evident is it from this, that "the fashion of forks," said to have been introduced some thirty years before by Tom Coryat, of whimsical memory, had not, even at the Restoration, become thoroughly naturalised among us. "If chicken broth be the first dish" — our forefathers at this time seem to have had their fish brought in with the second course — "and you would help your principal guest, remember the best piece is the breast. The legs and wings are next, but in boiled fowl the leg is preferred to the wing." This chicken broth was a standing dish at our great grandfathers' dinners; indeed, the white chicken broth was considered a dainty dish to set before a king, Charles the Second preferring it to every other kind of "spoon meat," as soups were then called. Hannah Woolley, in her subjoined recipes, gives us two methods of making it. The most elaborate of the two shall be presented to our readers, as a specimen of the kind of cookery patronised at the court of Charles the Second.

"Take three chickens, three pints of strong broth, and a quart of white wine. Stew them with a quarter of a pound of dates, a quarter of a pound of white

sugar, some mace, the marrow of three marrow bones, and a handful of white endive. Then take the yolks of ten eggs, and thicken the broth therewith." A tolerably rich chicken broth this, with wine, marrow, and sugar; but our forefathers from the earliest times, had emphatically a sweet tooth, and it is amusing in looking over these old cookery books, how certain we are to find loaf sugar, or "raisins of the sun," in every made dish. The serving of these spoon-meats was indeed easy enough; but with the "*pièces de resistance*," the goose, the turkey, sometimes the peacock, the lady carver's literally hard work began. Then pinning up her ruffles that they might not dip into the gravy, and spreading the large napkin, "bib-fashion," over the rich stomacher or breast-knots, the fair carver stood up and sawed away with the sabre-like knife at the huge bird, and numerous are the directions here given how to carve them, and how to serve the best pieces to the principal guests.

"Of larger poultry the best piece is on the breast, for roast pig the ears, the jaws, and the crackling; for smaller fowls the breast and leg. Of fish the head is the best." Fish does not, however, seem to have been greatly liked, and no wonder, since at the happy Restoration the nation was directed by royal authority duly to keep Lent, and then they doubtless had enough of it.

But few kinds of fish were "presentable" at genteel tables: thus, cod, salmon, sturgeon, and carp, together with the only fish our forefathers really seem to have taken kindly to — eels — are the only fish mentioned here, and strangely they seem to have managed with them; the salmon and large eels were baked, well stuffed with herbs and spice; the sturgeon, or rather a piece, was stuck with cloves and roasted; the carp was either baked in a pie with "good store of sweet butter, raisins of the sun, and orange peel, or put in the stew-pan with garlic and anchovies, and stewed in white wine; while the cod — the head of which seems the only part cared for — was boiled in wine and water, with spices and sweet herbs, and served with shrimps, poached eggs, and anchovies. This last was, however, the favourite dish, and our authoress tells us it was dressed in so expensive a manner at some of the fish-ordinaries then celebrated in London, that a properly dressed cod's head, in Old or New Fish Street, hath made many a gallant's pocket to bleed freely. If a fish-pie be put before the carver, then it is proper enough to use your knife; but, if otherwise, serve it with your fork and spoon — fish-slices were for a long time after unthought-of — laying it handsomely on a plate with sauce, and so present it. But should there be olives on the table, use your spoon, and not your fork, lest

you become the laugh of the whole table.

The duty of the mistress having been thus set forth, the guests are next instructed. Never ask for dainties, and if pressed to choose, say, — "Madam, I am indifferent: or, Your ladyship's choice shall be mine." We should scarcely have expected to find the same caution addressed to ladies, as had been given to children just released from the nursery, but, "cut or break your bread — do not bite it;" together with, "gnaw no bones with your teeth," actually occur in this very chapter. It would appear too, from the following direction, that although the general appointments of the dinner-table were handsome, there were no extra spoons, but, in serving, each guest was compelled to make use of his own. "If you serve yourself to a dish that is near you, take whatever you want, at once, for it is not civil to be twice in a dish. Wipe your spoon every time you put it into the dish, otherwise you may offend squeamish stomachs!" Guests are to guard against eating as though they had kept fast for three days in order to do justice to their good cheer; but, at the same time, to eat too sparingly looks as though you disliked the meat, or the cooking; and such folk are always laughed at, like the lady who, to show her high-breeding, instead of eating her peas with a spoon, cut them, and took up half a one at a time

on the point of her fork; or that old lady who, determining to be "prodigious genteel," and at the same time feeling no inclination for a fast, made a hearty meal on "corned beef and cabbage," before she went to a grand entertainment, all unconscious that a piece of the cabbage had lodged in the folds of her ruff. And then, how, when dainty after dainty was pressed upon her, and she, to the great vexation of her entertainer, took only infinitesimal morsels, protesting that she had already eaten the whole leg of a lark, a gentleman who sat next her, out of patience with her folly, pulled the piece of cabbage from her ruff, remarking, "Yes here is one of its feathers." With some general rules, among which is this direction — "If you sit next to a person of honour it will behove you not to receive your drink on that side" — Hannah Woolley concludes this important chapter.

We are sorry that she did not here enter upon the minutiae of after-dinner forms. From a later publication we find that first before the cloth was removed — "drawn" is the word, — a silver salver or basin was carried round, filled with perfumed water, into which the guests dipped their napkins and wiped their fingers. We also find that, at this period, the dessert was only occasionally provided, and these but for very grand dinners, when it was called "a banquet." In her second book, published about ten years

later, and entitled *The Queen-like Closet*, she gives very curious directions how to set out a banquet. From these we find that it chiefly consisted of preserved fruits, except, during summer, when strawberries and cream, or cherries, and rather later, apricots and peaches, make their appearance. Large trays, mostly square, roughly made of wood, were to be provided, and into these the dishes were to fit, rising higher towards the middle, the spaces between them being filled with flowers. The outer row of dishes held fresh fruit, or the smaller kinds of preserves; the inner row, such delicacies as a whole red quince, apricots in jelly, or oranges after the Portugal fashion; while the middle dish, which was raised above the rest, and should, by rights, be a fair china dish, was to present a miscellany of sweets; among which almond-rocks, and variously coloured candied fruits and comfits, were sure to be found. The banquet being thus set out, the tray was carried in by one or two stout footmen, and placed upon the table as soon as the cloth was removed. "The banquet," our authoress instances us, "may also be placed before guests who come for an afternoon's visit," especially if it be a fasting-day and somewhat is needed to stay their stomachs before supper; and doubtless on such occasions, tea and coffee having scarcely made their appearance then, save at the coffee-houses, full justice

was done to these sugared delicacies.

We have next a rather dull chapter on ensamples for imitation by the ladies, in which Cornelia and Queen Esther, Octavia, Judith and Penelope, with some half-a-dozen modern paragons — are held up to admiration. This chapter — which perhaps was not written by the ingenious Mrs. Hannah Woolley, but, as was often the case, by some literary hack — is followed by more pleasant ones, giving minute information how to make almond puddings, and almond creams, and quince jellies, and quince marmalade, and a tart of green peas, — a work of supererogation this, we think — and a grand sallet, which was to be composed of almonds, raisins, olives, cucumbers, samphire, sliced lemon, and half a dozen more heterogeneous articles, each placed in order round the dish, and a wax tree pasted to the dish in the middle. Then there are rules for the dairy; a very sensible chapter on the care of sick people, and a most valuable one, as her fair readers doubtless thought, on distilling.

The chapter on the duties of servants is curious for the incidental glimpses we obtain of housekeeping two hundred years ago. The waiting gentlewoman stands highest, and she appears to have occupied a station very similar to that of a lady's companion. She must write well, and in good English too, for she may

have to conduct her lady's correspondence. If she can read well aloud, so much the better, and also carve well. She should be able to preserve well, and do various kinds of fine needlework; and she should also know how to dress the lady. This last requisite seems to us very menial compared with her other occupations; but such it does not seem to have been considered at a time when ladies in waiting at court actually were waiting women to the queen, and stood holding the robe or the mantle while another laced the boddice, after performing the literal duties of the lady's maid. The housekeeper is next in rank, and very multifarious are her duties. In addition to the general superintendence of the household, she must preserve well, have a competent knowledge of distillery, also of making cates and spoonmeats; moreover, she should also make salves and ointments for the poor, since good and charitable ladies do commonly make this part of their housekeeper's business.

There are no rules for housemaids; for this class of servants was unknown. There were no carpets to sweep: for the few that were used were the small Turkey carpets, and these were laid down when required, and taken up and shaken and beaten; there was no furniture to rub, for mahogany was only very slowly coming into use; and there were no bright stoves to clean, for the stove, even in the withdrawing

room, was, as we have said, merely a fire-basket on four legs. So the few remaining housemaid duties were performed by the chambermaid, and very specific is the enumeration of her duties. She must first have some knowledge of dressing, that, in the event of the absence of the waiting gentlewoman, she may supply her place. She must keep the chambers clean, and well-dusted, attend to the bed-linen, do plain needlework, and know how to wash lawn, point, and laces, those three most valuable articles of a lady's wardrobe, and which were never allowed to go into the laundry. She must also be able to wash white and black sarcenet; and minute directions are given how this is to be done. The sarcenet of this time was very different to the modern. Its texture was almost that of gros-de-Naples, but much more glossy, owing to the fine Italian silk of which it was made, and its price was proportionably high. This sarcenet was used for hoods for summer wear, and this style of head-dress continued down to the days of the Spectator, where the reader will probably remember the gratification he expresses at the introduction of hoods of various colours, remarking that the pit at the theatre appeared like a gay flower-bed. The chambermaid is also to be able to wait at the table if need should require. This was doubtless only when the lady dined with her female friends, in her own chamber.

The chapter contains some excellent advice to mistresses, urging them to watch over the welfare of their servants, and encourage the deserving by little presents. They are also to watch as much as may be, that they do not fall into bad company; and if the young woman is likely to marry suitably, to be sure and make her some useful present towards housekeeping, and, if a valued servant, to give her her wedding dinner. These are pleasant traits of domestic life in the past, and of the kindly feeling that existed between mistress and servant.

TO HANG OR NOT TO HANG.

IF you walk up that handsome street the Fossés du Chapeau-Rouge, Bordeaux, you will pass, on your left, the shop of Monsieur P. Chaumas, Libraire-Editeur, or bookselling-publisher; and you will probably inspect his window on your way, if you do not step in to turn over his stores. At the publishers in provincial towns in France, especially in those which are the capital of their department, you will often light upon curious information, which you may search in vain for in the metropolis. M. Chaumas may fairly boast of his departmental treasures, having rendered good service to the literature of the Gironde. He now announces, in three sous numbers, an autobiography which,

when completed, will prove one of the most remarkable illustrations of criminal justice hitherto recorded — injustice was the word at the tip of my pen. It is to be completed with portrait, correspondence, fac-similes, and all the rest of it. I am not aware whether the first number of this stirring history has yet appeared — I believe not. Meanwhile, I sketch the leading events of the drama, which one of its principal actors proposes shortly to relate in full: —

Claude Gay, an old man of seventy, ailing and infirm, lived alone in an isolated cottage in the midst of a wood in the commune of Le Fieu, in the arrondissement of Libourne. He had sold this cottage and the small piece of land belonging to it to Lesnier the Son, a schoolmaster, for the moderate life-annuity of six francs seventy-five centimes per month. In the night of the fifteenth to the sixteenth of November, eighteen hundred and forty-seven, the inhabitants of the bourg of Le Fieu were awakened by a conflagration which burst forth from Gay's dwelling. The cottage, which was built of clay and wood, was soon destroyed by the flames. The body of the proprietor was found stretched at the entrance, with his feet on the threshold and his head on the floor of the only chamber of which his house consisted. After a post-mortem examination, the medical men declared that death had been occasioned by violence.

One Louis Daignaud deposed that, that same night he had been stopped by Lesnier the Son, the schoolmaster, and his father. Worse than that, Marie (born) Cessac (a married Frenchwoman never so completely drops her maiden name as an Englishwoman does) — Marie Cessac, the wife of a public-house keeper named Lespagne, but who was not living with her husband, having apparently been discarded by him, and who had entered into an improper intercourse with the younger Lesnier, denounced him, her paramour, as the murderer of Gay.

This double testimony, added to the interest which the younger Lesnier had in the death of his annuitant, Claude Gay, were the cause of his being condemned, on the second of July, eighteen hundred and forty-eight, to hard labour for life by the Court of Assize of the Department of La Gironde. In England he would probably have been sentenced to death, and the sentence would have been carried into execution. Mister Calcraft's experienced adroitness would have spared all trouble of reconsidering the judgment, and have saved the convict many years of indescribable torture. Lesnier senior, who had to stand in the dock by the side of his son, on the charge of complicity, was acquitted by the same verdict which condemned his son.

The son protested his innocence of the murder — energeti-

cally, persistently, and desperately — in vain. On the twenty-seventh of January, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, he was taken to the *bagne*, or convict *depôt*, of Rochefort. He was at once loaded with double chains on account of the gravity of the crimes for which he had been condemned — no less than arson and murder; he was made to wear the yellow coat, the badge of the most atrocious and most dangerous criminals. He spent two years and a half thus, and was then transferred to the *bagne* of Brest, in consequence of the suppression of that at Rochefort.

Subsequently he experienced a slight amelioration of his lot, which he owed rather to his educational acquirements than to his continued protestations of innocence. He was found useful in helping to keep the prison accounts. Who believes the protested innocence of persons convicted of, or even seriously charged with, any grave offence? No one — not even dearest friends and relatives. They like the protest to be made, for form's sake, because it gives them a pretext for hoping against hope, for cheating their own affectionate hearts — for screening, by the shadow of a shade, the full blaze of certainty which pours down its rays on the culprit's guilt; but they do not believe it at the bottom of their hearts. It is said that genuine innocence pleads with such touching and persuasive accents as to

carry their own proof with them, and to be irresistible. But history proves the contrary. To avoid alluding to any sad mistakes that have been made in hanging innocent people in England, there is a tradition that, many years since, a man was executed at Calais for the murder of his own brother. The alleged subject of dispute was property, to be divided between himself, his brother, and his father. He persisted in declaring his innocence. On the scaffold, to the very last moment, the priest kept shouting in his ear, "Confess! confess!" His last words, just before the axe fell, were, "I have nothing to confess! I did not murder my brother!" No one believed him: but, after a time, the father on his deathbed voluntarily confessed that he had murdered one son, and allowed the other to be beheaded unjustly. Montbailly, accused of parricide, protested against the charge with the utmost earnestness possible; but he was broken on the wheel and burnt alive, nevertheless. Even on the scaffold, and pressed importunately by the attendant minister, his reply was, "You want me to say that I am guilty. I will consent to do so, if you will take upon yourself, before God, the responsibility of the lie which you urge me to tell." It is doubtful whether anyone believed Lesnier to be innocent, except his father, who had personal knowledge of the falseness of Daignaud's evidence, and, per-

haps his counsel, M. Gergerès, to whom he wrote some remarkable letters.

Read only this: "Monsieur, I thank you infinitely for the good advice you give me, and will endeavour to derive from it the strength necessary to bear the trials which Providence has put upon me. I have had my faults: have yielded to all the errors of youth, but I am not criminal, and I cannot accept, as an expiation of those errors, the punishment which is now inflicted on me. I deplore the blindness of my judges, who have been led into a fatal mistake by two depositions, which you cannot help remembering. In my position I should be an ingrate if I failed to conduct myself well. Monsieur the Commissaire of the Marine has granted me a great favour; he has employed me in writing: I seem to find myself again in my usual sphere. I am resigned, and await with confidence the accomplishment of the designs of Providence." In writing to Monsieur the Procureur Imperial at Brest, Lesnier stated that "the idea of his father was the only thing that sustained him — without that idea, he should have long ago contrived to destroy himself." Let us not throw the first stone of reproach at the projected, or rather supposed, suicide till we ourselves have passed through some similar ordeal. His working days in the bureaux were bearable; his nights and his Sundays, spent in the midst of con-

victs, are represented as a succession of anguish and torture. Lesnier was thus civilly dead, and plunged in a terrestrial hell for seven years.

The father, meanwhile at liberty, sought for the means of justifying his son, if such were to be found. Success at last attended his efforts. Lespagne and his wife quarrelled; she threw the secret, like a stone, at his head, and it went further than she intended. Louis Daignaud committed himself by imprudent talk. He let out that, at the time of the murder, he was indebted to Lespagne in the sum of fifteen francs, and that, to avoid a seizure for the same, he consented to state that he met the two Lesniers that fatal night. The woman Lespagne, tired of her passing acquaintance (lust akin to hate), and desirous of returning to her husband's house, had screened him, Lespagne, the real murderer, by fixing the charge on young Lesnier. An inquiry took place, which resulted in sending Lespagne, his wife, and Daignaud before the Court of Assizes of La Gironde — Lespagne as the perpetrator of the murder of Claude Gay, and of the fire, and also as a suborner of false witnesses, and the woman Lespagne and Daignaud as guilty of false witness. The trial excited, in the city of Bordeaux and its environs, an interest which will be easily understood, and which filled the hall with an anxious and overflowing throng.

The bitter reproaches which Lesnier's advocate directly addressed against the three accused were richly deserved, although they do not accord with our forms of criminal justice. Monsieur the President Delange summed up. The jury, after an hour and half's consideration, replied negatively to the questions of homicide and incendiaryism relative to Lespaigne, and affirmatively to those of blows resulting in death, without the intention of causing it, and of subornation of false witnesses. The woman Lespaigne and Daignaud were declared guilty of false witness. Attenuating circumstances were admitted in favour of the three accused. In consequence of this verdict, the three accused were each condemned to twenty years of hard labour.

What the "attenuating circumstances" were, Heaven may know, but no mortal can guess, unless M. Lesnier will have the magnanimity to suggest any in his forthcoming autobiography. All that one is able to make out of the meaning of "attenuating circumstances" in France is, that they are the representatives, in so many letters and syllables, of an unwillingness to strike the last irrevocable blow; they are the sobering influence which time interposes between the commission of a crime and its punishment; they are the angels of mercy who shout to justice, "Beware lest preventive punishment become revenge and retaliation!"

they are benevolent fictions raised to temper the severity of deserved retribution; they are the John Does and the Richard Roes of judicial forbearance.

M. Gergerès instituted proceedings at civil law demanding the sum of fifty thousand francs damages. The court, in a subsequent audience devoted to this decision, allowed ten thousand francs damages to Lesnier. It now rests with the supreme court (perhaps it may be done already) to cancel the sentence of July eighteen hundred and forty-eight, as irreconcilable with that of March, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, and to remand the accused before a new court, to pronounce a final and definitive judgment on their fate. The man Lespaigne will probably get hard labour for life.

The immense revulsion in the tide of Lesnier's existence can be appreciated only by himself; and scarcely by himself, yet. It takes time for such a series of events to ferment, and work themselves clear, in a man's thoughts and feelings. Lookers on can only say, that if similar judicial errors are happily becoming rarer from year to year, the real point to be arrived at is, to make their commission impossible. Again, too, that if committed, they should not be irretrievable. No man living can be secure that he shall never be the object of unfounded accusations; no man can be sure of not being surprised, unconsciously mixed up with doubt-

ful and even suspicious circumstances. And if things go wrong; if a sentence past recal is pronounced — without entertaining the entire abolition of the punishment of death in certain cases — the facts thus briefly related are sufficient to make us ponder seriously the question, whether we have a right to hang, or not, criminals who have been found guilty of murder, by twelve men of fallible judgment, except upon evidence that amounts to demonstration of guilt.

The newspapers report that one of the jury, who condemned Lesnier, went and shook hands with him, expressing at the same time his regrets and his felicitations. We can sympathise with the tempest and struggle in that juror's mind, and congratulate him on the happiness he must feel now, on remembering that Lesnier was only sentenced to hard labour for life. But the judge who has ever hung an innocent man — can he banish from his presence, by night or by day, the earnest, tearful, pale, protesting phantom, to whom the last words he deigned to address were, "the Lord have mercy on YOUR SOUL!"

In a French newspaper, bearing the date of July the eleventh, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, appears the following: — "By order of the Emperor, his Excellency the Minister of Agriculture, Commerce, and Public Works, has just named Monsieur Lesnier,

Son, government commissary to the coal-mine company of La Mayenne and La Sarthe. Monsieur Lesnier, late schoolmaster, condemned in eighteen hundred and forty-seven to hard labour for life for murder and arson, had, by his exemplary conduct, merited the confidence of the commissaire of the Bagne, who employed him in his office when, seven years after his condemnation, his innocence was completely demonstrated, thanks to the pious and active devotion of his father. In consequence of a judgment pronounced against the real perpetrators of the double crime, whose manœuvres had misled the authorities, he has been discharged, by a decree of the Court of Assizes of the Haute Garonne of the twenty-seventh of June, from the accusation brought against him. This formal reparation did not completely pay the debt owed by society; and it has been the wish of his majesty, in giving M. Lesnier an honourable employment, to repair the ruin brought upon him by a fatal judicial error."

This is satisfactory, and as it should be. But if M. Lesnier, instead of being condemned to forced work for life, had been buried in quicklime within the precincts of a jail, all the reparation that society and the Secretary of State could have made would be the restoration of what remained of his remains to his friends, to receive the posthumous compliment of decent burial.

OUR COMMISSION.

THE disclosures in reference to the adulteration of Food, Drinks, and Drugs, for which the public are indebted to the vigor and spirit of our contemporary THE LANCET, lately inspired us with the idea of originating a Commission to inquire into the extensive adulteration of certain other articles which it is of the last importance that the country should possess in a genuine state. Every class of the general public was included in this large Commission; and the whole of the analyses, tests, observations, and experiments, were made by that accomplished practical chemist, MR. BULL.

The first subject of inquiry was that article of universal consumption familiarly known in England as "Government." Mr. Bull produced a sample of this commodity, purchased about the middle of July in the present year, at a wholesale establishment in Downing Street. The first remark to be made on the sample before the Commission, Mr. Bull observed, was its excessive dearness. There was little doubt that the genuine article could be furnished to the public, at a fairer profit to the real producers, for about fifty per cent less than the cost price of the specimen under consideration. In quality, the specimen was of an exceedingly poor and low description; being deficient in flavor, character, clearness, bright-

ness, and almost every other requisite. It was what would be popularly termed wishy-washy, muddled, and flat. Mr. Bull pointed out to the Commission, floating on the top of this sample, a volatile ingredient, which he considered had no business there. It might be harmless enough, taken into the system at a debating-society, or after a public dinner, or a comic song; but in its present connection, it was dangerous. It had not improved with keeping. It had come into use as a ready means of making froth, but froth was exactly what ought not to be found at the top of this article, or indeed in any part of it. The sample before the Commission, was frightfully adulterated with immense infusions of the common weed called Talk. Talk, in such combination, was a rank Poison. He had obtained a precipitate of Corruption from this purchase. He did not mean metallic corruption, as deposits of gold, silver or copper; but, that species of corruption which, on the proper tests being applied, turned white into black, and black into white, and likewise engendered quantities of parasite vermin. He had tested the strength of the sample, and found it not nearly up to the mark. He had detected the presence of a Grey deposit in one large Department, which produced vacillation and weakness; indisposition to action to-day, and action upon compulsion to-morrow. He considered the sample, on the whole, decidedly

unfit for use. Mr. Bull went on to say, that he had purchased another specimen of the same commodity at an opposition establishment over the way, which bore the sign of the British Lion, and proclaimed itself, with the aid of a Brass Band, as "The only genuine and patriotic shop;" but, that he had found it equally deleterious; and that he had not succeeded in discovering any dealer in the commodity under consideration who sold it in a genuine or wholesome state.

The bitter drug called Public Offices, formed the next subject of inquiry. Mr. Bull produced an immense number of samples of this drug, obtained from shops in Downing Street, Whitehall, Palace Yard, the Strand, and elsewhere. Analysis had detected in every one of them, from seventy-five to ninety-eight per cent of Noodledom. Noodledom was a deadly poison. An overdose of it would destroy a whole nation, and he had known a recent case where it had caused the death of many thousand men. It was sometimes called Routine, sometimes Gentlemanly Business, sometimes The Best Intentions, and sometimes Amiable Incapacity; but, call it what you would, analysis always resolved it into Noodledom. There was nothing in the whole united domains of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, so incompatible with all the functions of life as Noodledom. It was producible with most unfortunate ease.

Transplant anything from soil and conditions it was fit for, to soil and conditions it was not fit for, and you immediately had Noodledom. The germs of self-propagation contained within this baleful poison, were incalculable: Noodledom uniformly and constantly engendering Noodledom, until every available inch of space was over-run by it. The history of the adulteration of the drug now before the Commission, he conceived to be this: — Every wholesale dealer in that drug was sure to have on hand, in beginning business, a large stock of Noodledom; which was extremely cheap, and lamentably abundant. He immediately mixed the drug with the poison. Now, it was the peculiarity of the Public-Office trade that the wholesale dealers were constantly retiring from business, and having successors. A new dealer came into possession of the already adulterated stock, and he, in his turn, infused into it a fresh quantity of Noodledom from his own private store. Then, on his retirement, came another dealer who did the same; then, on *his* retirement, another dealer who did the same; and so on. Thus, many of the samples before the Commission, positively contained nothing but Noodledom — enough, in short, to paralyze the whole country. To the question, whether the useful properties of the drug before the Commission were not of necessity impaired by these malpractices, Mr. Bull replied, that

all the samples were perniciously weakened, and that half of them were good for nothing. To the question, how he would remedy a state of things so much to be deplored, Mr. Bull replied, that he would take the drug out of the hands of mercenary dealers altogether.

Mr. Bull next exhibited three or four samples of Lawn-sleeves, warranted at the various establishments from which they had been procured, to be fine and spotless, but evidently soiled and composed of inferior materials ill made up. On one pair, he pointed out extensive stains of printer's-ink, of a very foul kind; also a coarse interweaving, which on examination clearly betrayed, without the aid of the microscope, the fibres of the thistle, Old Bailey Attorneyism. A third pair of these sleeves, though sold as white, were really nothing but the ordinary Mammon pattern, chalked over — a fact which Mr. Bull showed to be beyond dispute, by merely holding them up to the light. He represented this branch of industry as overstoked, and in an unhealthy condition.

There were then placed upon the table, several samples of British Peasant, to which Mr. Bull expressed himself as particularly solicitous to draw the attention of the Commission, with one plain object: the good of his beloved country. He remarked that with that object before him, he would not inquire into the general condition, whether perfectly healthy

or otherwise, of any of the samples now produced. He would not ask, whether this specimen or that specimen might have been stronger, larger, better fitted for wear and tear, and less liable to early decay, if the human creature were reared with a little more of such care, study, and attention, as were rightfully bestowed on the vegetable world around it. But, the samples before the Commission had been obtained from every county in England, and, though brought from opposite parts of the kingdom, were alike deficient in the ability to defend their country by handling a gun or a sword, or by uniting in any mode of action, as a disciplined body. It was said in a breath, that the English were not a military people, and that they made (equally on the testimony of their friends and enemies), the best soldiers in the world. He hoped that in a time of war and common danger he might take the liberty of putting those opposite assertions into crucible of Common Sense, consuming the Humbug, and producing the Truth — at any rate he would, whether or no. Now, he begged to inform the Commission that, in the samples before them and thousands of others, he had carefully analysed and tested the British Peasant, and had found him to hold in combination just the same qualities that he always had possessed. Analysing and testing, however, as a part of the inquiry, certain other matters not fairly to be se-

parated from it, he (Mr. Bull) had found the said Peasant to have been some time ago disarmed by lords and gentlemen who were jealous of their game, and by administrations — hirers of spies and suborners of false witnesses — who were jealous of their power. "So, if you wish to restore to these samples," said Mr. Bull, "the serviceable quality that I find to be wanting in them, and the absence of which so much surprises you, be a little more patriotic and a little less timorously selfish; trust your Peasant a little more; instruct him a little better, in a freeman's knowledge — not in a good child's merely; and you will soon have your Saxon Bowmen with percussion rifles, and may save the charges of your Foreign Legion."

Having withdrawn the samples to which his observations referred — the production whereof, in connection with Mr. Bull's remarks, had powerfully impressed the assembled Commission, some of whom even went so far as to register vows on the spot that they would look into this matter some day — Mr. Bull laid before the Commission a great variety of extremely fine specimens of genuine British Job. He expressed his opinion that these thriving Plants upon the public property, were absolutely immortal: so surprisingly did they flourish, and so perseveringly were they cultivated. Job was the only article he had found in England, in a perfectly unadulterated state.

He congratulated the Commission on there being at least one commodity enjoyed by Great Britain, with which nobody successfully meddled, and of which the Public always had an ample supply, unattended by the smallest prospect of failure in the perennial crop.

On the subsidence of the sensation of pleasure with which this gratifying announcement was received, Mr. Bull informed the Commission, that he now approached the most serious and the most discouraging part of his task. He would not shrink from a faithful description of the laborious and painful analysis which formed the crown of his labors, but he would prepare the Commission to be shocked by it. With these introductory words, he laid before them a specimen of Representative Chamber.

When the Commission had examined, obviously with emotions of the most poignant and painful nature, the miserable sample produced, Mr. Bull proceeded with his description. The specimen of Representative Chamber to which he invited their anxious attention, was brought from Westminster Market. It had been collected there in the month of July in the present year. No particular counter had been resorted to more than another, but the whole market had been laid under contribution to furnish the sample. Its diseased condition would be apparent, without any scientific aids, to the most shortsighted individual. It

was fearfully adulterated with Talk, stained with Job, and diluted with large quantities of coloring matter of a false and deceptive nature. It was thickly overlaid with a varnish which he had resolved into its component parts, and had found to be made of Trash (both maudlin and defiant), boiled up with large quantities of Party Turpitude, and a heap of Cant. Cant, he need not tell the Commission, was the worst of poisons. It was almost inconceivable to him how an article in itself so wholesome as Representative Chamber, could have been got into this disgraceful state. It was mere Carrion, wholly unfit for human consumption, and calculated to produce nausea and vomiting.

On being questioned by the Commission, whether, in addition to the deleterious substances already mentioned, he had detected the presence of Humbug in the sample before them, Mr. Bull replied, "Humbug? Rank Humbug, in one form or another, pervades the entire mass." He went on to say, that he thought it scarcely in human nature to endure, for any length of time, the close contemplation of this specimen: so revolting was it to all the senses. Mr. Bull was asked, whether he could account; first, for this alarming degeneracy in an article so important to the Public; and secondly, for its acceptance by the Public? The Commission observing that however the stomachs of the people

might revolt at it — and justly — still they did endure it, and did look on at the Market in which it was exposed. In answer to these inquiries, Mr. Bull offered the following explanation.

In respect of the wretched condition of the article itself (he said), he attributed that result, chiefly, to its being in the hands of those unprincipled wholesale dealers to whom he had already referred. When one of those dealers succeeded to a business — or "came in," according to the slang of the trade — his first proceeding, after the adulteration of Public Office with Noodledom, was to consider how he could adulterate and lower his Representative Chamber. This he did by a variety of arts, recklessly employing the dirtiest agents. Now, the trade had been so long in the hands of these men, and one of them had so uniformly imitated another (however violent their trade-opposition might be among themselves), in adulterating this commodity, that respectable persons who wished to do business fairly, had been prevented from investing their capital, whatever it might be, in this branch of commerce, and had indeed been heard to declare in many instances that they would prefer the calling of an honest scavenger. Again, it was to be observed, that the before-mentioned dealers, being for the most part in large way, had numbers of retainers, tenants, tradesmen, and workpeople, upon whom they put off their bad Re-

presentative Chamber, by compelling them to take it whether they liked it or not. In respect of the acceptance of this dreadful commodity by the Public, Mr. Bull observed, that it was not to be denied that the Public had been much too prone to accept the coloring matter in preference to the genuine article. Sometimes it was Blood, and sometimes it was Beer; sometimes it was Talk, and sometimes it was Cant; but, mere coloring-matter they certainly had too often looked for, when they should have looked for bone and sinew. They suffered heavily for it now, and he believed were penitent; there was no doubt whatever in his mind that they had arrived at the mute stage of indignation, and had thoroughly found this article out.

One further question was put by the Commission: namely, what hope had the witness of seeing this necessary of English life, restored to a genuine and wholesome state? Mr. Bull returned, that his sole hope was in the Public's resolutely rejecting all coloring matter whatsoever — in their being equally inexorable with the dealers, whether they threatened or cajoled — and in their steadily insisting on being provided with the commodity in a pure and useful form. The Commission then adjourned, in exceedingly low spirits, *sine die*.

THE LITTLE CHORISTER.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THAT day, Ange was very sad. He felt his heart heavy within him, it was so sad to be an orphan — so lone in the world, with nobody to love him. It was true Father Mathurin was very kind to him; but then he did not take much notice of Ange, for he was a very little boy; and old Jeannette was really cross, and scolded him almost every day, in spite of everything he did to please her. How different it was with the other boys of the choir: they had all homes, and mothers to love and tend them, and sisters to play with. Guillaume had a brother, a soldier, who took him on his knee, and told him wonderful stories of foreign parts when he went home from the choir, and showed him his sword and his gun, and taught him how he should use it if he lived to be a man. Little Charles had a sister who sung, and taught him to sing his part so well in the choir, that Father Mathurin praised him above all other, and made him lead the others. Poor Ange! He had no brother, no sisters. He lived with Father Mathurin and old Jeannette, who took no thought of telling stories to amuse him, and no one helped him with his lessons, so that he was often in disgrace, though he tried to do well, and loved Father Mathurin very much, and wished to please him.

This day, Ange thought more than ever on all these things. Jeannette had been unusually cross; and the lessons he had to learn seemed as if they would not stay properly in his head. It had been a very difficult mass that morning, and Ange felt that he was singing wrong. He thought Father Mathurin's eyes were fixed severely upon him all the time, and the whole church seemed to be filled with the discord of his little voice.

Accordingly, when Ange went with the other boys to the evening service, his large eyes were red with weeping, and there was something very like despair gnawing at his heart.

It was a very beautiful, sacred-looking place, that old Cathedral, those high Gothic arches of sad-coloured stone, now and then tinged with beautiful colours from the sun's rays through the windows of many-coloured stained glass. And the old carved oak pulpit, black with age; and the choir; and the very high seats where Ange sat, all curiously carved, and some with such strange hobgoblin-looking figures, so unreal, and yet so life-like, that they seemed almost to move in the twilight; and Ange would have been dreadfully frightened — only that he knew where he was, and in whose service, and he felt that no evil power could harm him so long as he put his trust in his Lord and Master.

The sun was not set; its rays

still came through the stained glass, and rested first on one head and then on another of the boys in the choir; and last of all it came to Ange's head, and then it went away altogether, and the church grew darker, and the organ played solemn and grand music, and the odour of the incense still rested on the air. And the church grew darker and darker, and lights were lighted in different parts, but they seemed to burn very dimly, and to make little aureoles round themselves, and leave every one else in darkness — the cathedral was too vast for anything but the sun to light it; and Father Mathurin mounted into the pulpit, to preach. And Ange, wearied with weeping and sorrow, felt a repose stealing over his troubled little heart. And he tried very hard to listen to what Father Mathurin was saying, and to keep his eyes wide open and fixed upon him; but he could not do it. It seemed as though two leaden weights were tied to his eyes; and then, when he did open them, Father Mathurin seemed to be spinning about, and his voice sounded more like the buzzing of bees than Ange's native language. The struggle lasted some time, and Ange rubbed his eyes again and again; but it was of no use, and at last the poor little head fell upon his breast, and Ange fell fast asleep.

Guillaume, who sat next Ange, was busy whispering to the boy next him, how his brother's regiment was ordered to Paris, and

so Jean would see the beautiful queen, and perhaps be made a captain by her, for he was a very handsome man, so the queen could not fail to notice him, Guillaume thought; and Guillaume was in such a hurry to run home and talk to Jean about it, that he never thought of Ange; and indeed if he had, he would have thought that Ange was already gone home, for the arms of the seat were so large, and so much carved, and Ange had sunk down so much since he had fallen asleep, that he really did not look like a little boy at all, but more like a heap of something left in the choir that nobody felt inclined to take any notice of.

And Father Mathurin's sermon was ended, and the lights were all put out, and the people left the church one by one, and then the last step was heard echoing through the lofty building; and then the sound of the great key in the old lock, and the clink of the other keys on the same bunch, as the old verger locked the doors; and then a deep silence — and little Ange was still asleep in the choir.

Still sleeping, softly, peacefully, innocently, as though he had been on the softest bed of down, — a sleep that refreshed his weariness, and made him lose all thought of trouble. First, he slept in all unconsciousness, every thought drowned in the world of sleep; then came a beautiful vision before him — an angel so pure and beautiful, there was a

light of glory around him, and, as he drew near to Ange, he seemed to bring an atmosphere of music with him; and Ange, though he knew it was a spirit, felt no fear. And then Ange, in his dream, fell upon his knees, and prayed that Jeannette's heart might be softened towards him; that he might have strength to be good, and that there might be somebody to love him like a mother. Then, by the angel's side, faintly shadowed out, was a pale, wan face, and frail, slender form, beautiful, but sad, and in her arms, resting its head upon her shoulder, lay a beautiful child. To these two mist-like figures the angel pointed, and Ange cried, clasping his little hands together, still on his knees, and with tears of hope and joy stealing down his face.

"Oh, how I would love her, angel, is she not my mother?"

And the figures faded away; and the angel came quite close to Ange and leant over him; and then a peace greater than before came over him, and the sleep of unconsciousness returned.

What noise was that that startled Ange out of his sleep? How heavy old Jeannette trod — she who always wore list shoes in the house! Ah, Ange must have overslept himself, and Jeannette must have on her sabots to go to market! But that sound — it was a key turning in a lock; and then, the sound of huge heavy doors being thrown open. "Where am I?" cried little Ange,

getting up and rubbing his eyes; and then he stared round him, first amazed and then aghast. In the cathedral he had slept all night — in the cathedral! And then came the terrible thought of how old Jeannette would scold him, and how displeased Father Mathurin would be. And then he sat down and cried, fairly overpowered by this new trouble, dreading to go home, for fear of old Jeanette, and not knowing what in the world he should do. But then Ange dried his tears — for the thought of his dream came into his mind — and prayed that he might be guided to do that which was right; and then he rose and took off his little chorister's gown, and folded it up, as he usually did after service, and he smoothed his hair as well as he could, that he might not look disorderly, and walked out of the wide-opened church-door with a strengthened heart, prepared to make a full confession to Father Mathurin of how he had fallen asleep during his sermon, and slept all night in the cathedral.

CHAPTER II.

ANGE ran all the way to Father Mathurin's; he would not stop a moment, or even walk slowly, for fear his courage should fail him. He intended to throw himself first at Father Mathurin's feet, and, if he should be so fortunate as to procure his pardon, to prevail upon him to intercede with

old Jeannette, of whom poor Ange stood so greatly in dread.

When Ange arrived at Father Mathurin's house, he was surprised to find a group of neighbours round the door, for it was yet very early, and he had quite forgotten that it was the day when the boys of the choir were paid their weekly salary. A mother or sister came with each boy; for though Father Mathurin gave the money into their own hands, yet, when all had been paid, he came to the door, spoke to the parents, and saw that the money was safely delivered up to them, that it might not be ill spent. But poor Ange had forgotten the importance of the day, his heart was so full of his dream, and he thought it was some especial malice on the part of old Jeannette to make his disgrace more public. Poor Ange's heart sunk within him, and he would fain have run away; but there seemed a strange new strength, not his own, supporting him, and he made his way manfully through the little crowd. Jeannette stood on the door-step, talking to the neighbours; but, when Ange came near her, she caught hold of him, and, turning his little face towards her, said, "Why, how bright thou art! Where hast thou been so early!" And when Ange had passed, he heard her say to the neighbours, "Is he not a beautiful boy, our Ange?" Ange was quite bewildered. It seemed as though he was still dreaming. How strange

that Jeannette should be so kind! How strange that she should never have missed him! And so Ange, lost in these conjectures, tried to find his way to Father Mathurin's room, but he was too late: the boys were all coming out.

Ange was very glad it was over, for he dreaded being disgraced before the other boys, and he knew he had done very wrong to fall asleep during Father Mathurin's sermon; so he crept quietly into Father Mathurin's room, and waited till he should come back again.

Now Ange had a little room all to himself, at Father Mathurin's house, and every night Jeannette put his supper there while he was at the evening service; for she loved to spend the evening with Margot, and then they gossipped together merrily about their neighbours, which they would not have liked to do so well if Ange had been with them in the kitchen; and Father Mathurin always spent the evening alone, reading and writing, and it would have annoyed him very much to have such a little boy as Ange in the room with him. So Ange always spent the evening quite alone; and so it was that neither Jeannette nor Father Mathurin knew that he had been out of the house all night.

"Ange!" and Ange started up hastily, and his heart throbbed very much, for it was Father Mathurin who had entered the room, and the tone of his voice was

angry; "How is it that thou hast lain in bed so late this morning? dost thou not know how many temptations laziness leadeth thee into?"

"Father," answered Ange, more and more surprised, "I have never been in bed all night. I am very, very sorry, but I fell asleep during your sermon, and I slept all night in the cathedral, and it was not till Pierre opened the doors this morning that I awoke and ran here. Do, do forgive me," and little Ange clasped his hands together and looked up in Father Mathurin's face.

"Poor, poor child," and something like a tear glistened in his eye, and his heart smote him for this poor little one; for who but a desolate and uncared-for child could have been a whole night away from his home and none miss him?

Ange had no kind mother or sister to take his money, so that he always gave his weekly salary back to Father Mathurin, but this day Father Mathurin told Ange to keep it.

"Jeannette tells me," he said, "that thou art in want of a new cap, so go, my child, and choose it for thyself;" and then Father Mathurin stooped down and kissed Ange, for he wished to be very kind, but he was naturally a very grave man, and not much used to children, and he really did not know how to seem kind to them. As soon as Ange was gone, however, he sent for Jeannette, and

found fault with her for not paying more attention to Ange.

"Remember," said Father Mathurin, "who said 'suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,' and think how much we ought to love and tend them for his sake."

But old Jeannette was very angry at being found fault with, as people often are when they know they are wrong; and when she had left Father Mathurin she grumbled to herself about that troublesome boy, who was always getting her into some trouble or other, and then she went into neighbour Margot, who declared she would not bear it any longer, if she were Jeannette.

So Ange went out to buy his cap with the money Father Mathurin had given him, but he had not been out two minutes before he had forgotten all about it; he really could think of nothing but his dream, when he walked up and down the streets instead of looking for a fit shop to buy his cap; he looked everywhere for the two figures in his dream; he felt so certain he should find them somewhere, so sure that the angel had meant he should see them in reality.

Ange always loved to wander about that old town, it had been very large and prosperous, and though now its brightest days were over, yet it had that sacred air of the past about it far more endearing than if it had been the newest and most flourishing of towns.

The houses were built half of wood and there was a great deal of carving about them, and there were the oddest signs over the shops to indicate the occupation of the owner, and quaint inscriptions; and then the first story invariably projected over the street, and made a sort of arcade for the passers by, and the pointed gables stood out in bold relief against the clear bright sky. Then, though the grass did grow in some of the streets because there was so little thoroughfare, yet Ange knew the face of almost every one he met (and this could not have been in a thickly-populated town), and many stopped to speak a kind word to the little chorister.

Ange met Guillaume, who was in high glee, and invited him to come and see his brother's bright new regimentals; but Ange said he could not go that day, and then he came to the part of the town where the fair was, and there he saw a van of wild beasts and a dancing bear, and a polichinelle, which would once have amused him very much; there too were pop-guns to shoot at a target, and many other amusements, which would generally have delighted Ange above all things. But now he could not fix his attention on anything, his eyes were ever watching through the crowd for those two loved figures; and though hope grew fainter and fainter, faith in the beautiful angel cheered his heart,

and little Ange wandered on determined not to despair.

The sun sunk lower in the heavens; and the brightness of the day was over, and it gave the world a melancholy tinge like the rays of departing hope. Ange was weary and worn with hope deferred, and at last he sat down by a grotesquely-carved stone fountain, which was in a centre place where four streets met, and there, though there were many many people passing and the busy hum of voices all around him, Ange felt quite alone. He sat in the sunlight and it gilded his hair and made the ever-falling water behind him sparkle like diamonds, and he gazed upon the setting splendour of the sun, and seemed as though he could see far, far beyond this world; and he thought how easy it would be to the great, and wise, and merciful Creator of that glorious sun to make his little heart happy, and give him to love those sweet beings the angel had pointed to in his dream; and Ange prayed again with the intensity of all his heart, and the fountain ever falling murmured music to his prayer.

And now Ange saw by the sunbeams that it was time for evening service, but the cathedral was very near, and he thought he might venture to stay a few minutes longer; it was almost the first time he had rested that day. There he sat languid and tired, with his little head resting on his hand, when

suddenly he started — a shudder passed all over his frame; he saw at the corner of one of those four streets the figure of his dream, pale and wan, with an expression of suffering and resignation that sanctified her face. Poorly clad, jostled by passers-by to all of whom she seemed a stranger, she stood like a wanderer seeking a home, but the child ever clasped to her breast seemed sunk in sleep, unconscious for the time of sorrow or want. Ange would fain have run towards her, but he could not move; he had tried to stand up, but his little legs trembled, so that he was obliged to sit down again. But what was his joy when the figure moved across herself to meet him! How he stretched out his arms towards her! how anxiously he watched each trembling footstep! She seemed so weak she could hardly stand. How he trembled lest any of the carts or carriages in the street should touch her!

“Stop a minute; that horse is going to back now. Oh, quick — quick!”

Ange could not help crying as he watched her, for there were now many more people than usual in the street on account of the fair, and it was impossible for her to hear him.

“She is safe! she is safe!” cried Ange, in a tone of joy and triumph. When, just as he spoke, her foot slipped, and the child fell from her arms.

Ange gave a fearful shriek.

The child was almost under a horse's feet. Another instant, and his new found sister would be dead before his eyes.

"Thank God — thank God, he has saved her!"

Without thinking in the least of himself — whether of the danger he ran, or of how weak and powerless a little fellow he was — Ange dashed forward. Another second, and they would both have been trodden down; but he had seized the happy moment. The horse, frightened, reared; and in that moment Ange seized the affrighted little one from the ground, and now she was safely nestling in his arms.

CHAPTER III.

ANGE placed the little one gently on the ground by the fountain, and knelt down by the mother. The little girl cried bitterly, for she thought her mother was dead; and Ange tried to comfort her, though in his own heart he thought so too. But Ange sprinkled water on the mother's face, and little Marguerite chafed her hands; and then there came a faint sigh, and Ange's heart beat for joy, and little Marguerite kissed her mother's face and hands in ecstasy, and bathed her in her tears.

"Where is your home?" said Ange.

"We have no home," said Marguerite, "since my father died; and we have come a long, long way, and I am so hungry; and mother says she's no more bread

to give me." And little Marguerite cried again.

This made Ange very miserable. At first he thought he would run home, but then he recollected that Father Mathurin would be in the cathedral, and certainly Jeannette would give him nothing. Then he thought he would go to a baker's shop, and beg some bread. Marguerite's mother tried to rise, but she could not; her strength was exhausted, and she sank back again. Still Ange and Marguerite managed to rest her more comfortably against the stone coping of the fountain; and then Ange began to think again what he should do. To assist him in thinking, he put his hands in his pockets; and there — oh joy! — lay the bright silver piece Father Mathurin had given him that morning to buy his cap, and which Ange — utterly unused as he was to have money — had totally forgotten.

How supremely happy little Ange felt now, and how skilfully he avoided the carriages and carts; and how lightly and quickly he flew to neighbour Jacques, who kept a baker's shop.

"Will this buy a loaf, neighbour Jacques?" asked Ange, putting down the silver coin.

Jacques gave him the loaf, and off bounded Ange, never heeding or hearing who cried out as loud as he could, "Stop, stop, my little man; thou hast given me too much."

Ange gave some to Madelaine and some to Marguerite; and then he sat and looked at them; and he could not help saying to himself, "Oh how happy I am!" And then he thought of Him who had heard his prayer, and given him his heart's desire; and Ange prayed a prayer of thankfulness, and tears of joy rolled down his cheeks, for his heart was very full. Now, it happened that while Ange was sitting there, enjoying the luxury of a good action, and Madelaine and Marguerite were eating their bread, Dame Ponsard passed with her fair young daughter, both very gaily attired, having come from the fair.

Dame Ponsard was the hostess of the Bell, and she was a kind motherly sort of woman, and knew Ange very well; for many a sou she had given him to run messages for her, and sweetmeats and apples, and many things she thought likely to please a little boy. So, when she saw Ange sitting by the fountain, she stopped.

"Why, Ange, how is it that thou art not at church? Father Mathurin will reprove thee. Why dost thou dawdle here — hadst thou not all day to play?"

Madelaine answered for him. She told how he had saved her child, and how she was fainting from want, and he had brought her bread to eat; and then she clasped Ange to her heart, and blessed him. And Dame Ponsard's daughter took Ange's little hand, and pressed it, and said, "Dear

Ange!" And Ange blushed very red with so much praise, and wondered why they should praise him so much, when he had only done what had made him so very, very happy.

"Where is thy husband?" said Dame Ponsard to Madelaine.

"My husband was a soldier, and was killed a month ago in the war," answered poor Madelaine. And then she turned so very, very pale, Ange thought she was going to faint again. And the wind blew cold, for the sun was set; and Dame Ponsard wrapped her cloak closer round her, and then she said —

"Where dost thou sleep this night?"

"God only knows," answered Madelaine, "for I have no money — no friends."

Then Dame Ponsard paused a moment, and she looked at Madelaine, and she looked at Marguerite; and her daughter Blanche saw what was passing in her mind, and she said, "Do, dear mother." And Dame Ponsard did not want much pressing, for her own heart had spoken warmly enough in Madelaine's behalf. So she turned to poor Madelaine, and said, "Come, thou shalt sleep in my house to-night." And then Blanche took little Marguerite by the hand, all brightly clad as she was; and Ange put his hand in Madelaine's, and they all went to Dame Ponsard's house.

And Dame Ponsard pressed

Ange to stay and sup with them, but he thanked her very much, but said he must run home to Father Mathurin's.

This time, naturally enough, Ange did not in the least expect Jeannette would have missed him; but hardly had he seated himself in his own little room, and begun to eat his apples and bread, than Jeannette entered. Her face was quite red with anger, and she ran up to Ange, and shook him violently. "Where hast been all day, thou little torment?" she cried. "And why didst thou not come home to thy dinner? — and where is the money Father Mathurin gave thee to buy a cap? Thou hast bought no cap with it, I warrant." And Jeannette felt in Ange's empty pockets, and drew them out triumphantly; and then she fell to shaking Ange again, and boxed his ears again, and took away his apples; and all this time Ange could not think of a single word to say to quiet her. And then Father Mathurin's step was heard, and he entered, and led Ange away to his own room. And then Father Mathurin sat Ange upon his knee, and said very gravely, "Now, Ange, tell me the truth — where hast thou been all day, and what hast thou done with the money I gave thee?" But, just then Jeannette came to say that neighbour Jacques wished to speak with Father Mathurin, and Father Mathurin told Jeannette to ask him to come in; and neighbour

Jacques entered, cap in hand, and told how little Ange had brought him a silver coin to buy a loaf, and how he had wondered how Ange came by so much money; and finally, how he had brought the change back to Father Mathurin. And then Father Mathurin told Jacques how he had given Ange the money to buy a cap, and how Ange had spent it to buy some bread for Madelaine and Marguerite; for he would not have little Ange suspected of so wicked a thing as having stolen the money. And then neighbour Jacques took his leave, and Father Mathurin bade Ange good-night, and said he was sure to sleep well, because he was a very good boy. And Ange felt so happy, that he thought he should never get to sleep at all; but there he was wrong, for he was soon fast, fast asleep, and dreaming the strangest jumble of things imaginable.

The next morning, Father Mathurin and Ange went to Dame Ponsard's, and there they found poor Madelaine very, very ill; and the doctor whom kind Dame Ponsard sent for said it was a fever, so every one was afraid to go near poor Madelaine for fear of infection, and there was only little Marguerite to watch by her and to smooth her pillow, and give her the medicine that Dr. Maynard had sent her. And Marguerite was a very little girl — much younger than Ange — and so it seemed to Ange im-

possible that she could do all this by herself; and so Ange begged and prayed to be allowed to stay and watch by his mother, as he called Madelaine. And Ange stayed with Madelaine, and he walked about so gently on his tiptoes in the room, that he might not disturb her; and he smoothed her pillow with his soft little hand far gentler than the gentlest nurse; and the instant she moved, he came to give her medicine, or some tisane to moisten her parched mouth; and he never wearied in this labour of love.

Sometimes, when Madelaine was getting better, when she fell asleep, Ange and Marguerite went for a walk, and it seemed to Ange that the birds sang clearer and flowers smelt sweeter, and the very river danced with a joy it had not known before; and they gathered large bouquets of wild flowers to decorate the sick room, and made daisy chains as they sat to rest by the river's side.

CHAPTER IV.

MADELAINE grew better and better; and when she returned to health she found she had two children to love instead of one. And Father Mathurin agreed that Ange should live with Madelaine and Marguerite; and Dame Ponsard found that Madelaine was a very good needlewoman, and she gave her work to do, and persuaded many of the neighbours to give her work too: so that with what Madelaine gained

and what Ange gained they had enough to live very comfortably; and Marguerite went to the Sunday-school, and helped her mother about the house on week days. And then, when there was a market, she sold flowers, for where they lived there was a very pretty little garden, and Ange worked in it all his leisure hours, and grew lovely flowers for Marguerite to sell at the market.

Oh, how different Ange's evenings were now! — how Marguerite's little face beamed with joy when he came home; and what a nice supper Madelaine always had for him! Simple as it was, it seemed the daintiest of food to him — they were so happy eating it together.

Time passed on, and Ange was no longer a very little boy; but grew to be tall and strong and handsome and Marguerite grew to be the neatest, prettiest little maid in all the village.

And when Dame Ponsard's daughter Blanche was married, all said Ange was the handsomest youth at the wedding-dance, and none danced so lightly or spoke so gaily as he.

And often when Marguerite went to evening service and walked home with Ange, they would rest together on the stone coping of that same fountain, with the ever-murmuring water behind them, and the sun setting just as it did of yore; and Ange would tell Marguerite all that he had hoped and prayed on that same spot years before, and how

fully his dreams of happiness were realised now; and tears of gratitude would come into Marguerite's eyes when she thought of all that Ange had done for them.

As the time passed on, Dame Ponsard called upon Madelaine, and she said she thought Marguerite might do something better than sell flowers at the market. And then she told how Fauchette was married, and she wanted somebody to supply her place, and thought Marguerite would suit exactly. And Marguerite, though she was very sorry to leave her mother and Ange, was yet delighted at the thought of doing something for herself; for though they were so happy, they were still very poor. And so Marguerite went to be Dame Ponsard's little maid at the Bell, and Madelaine and Ange found it very triste without her at first, though they went to see her very often. Marguerite became the neatest, handiest little maid possible, and with such a cheerful, loveable face that everybody was possessed in her favour.

On Sundays how happy she was to wander in the woods and by the river with Ange; and they talked together of the future, and made such golden plans; and in their plans they were always together. It seemed quite impossible now that Madelaine, Marguerite, and Ange should ever be separated.

And then came a busy time in

the town, for it was the conscription, and some hearts beat high with hopes of glory, and some were loth to leave their homes, and mothers' hearts were anxious. The town was full of military, and there was Guillaume's brother Jean, with gay ribbons in his cap, going about the town to persuade the young men how happy a soldier's life was, and how charming it was to travel and see the world — so much better than remaining all one's life in this little stupid town.

Jean tried to persuade Ange too, but that he could not do, for Ange knew what it was to be without a home; and, besides, he would not have left Madelaine and Marguerite of his own free will for any pleasures that could be offered him.

At this time, too, the château was full of people, and there were to be very grand doings there indeed; for the young Count Isidore was coming of age, and so there were fêtes and balls and hunts all the day long; and as it happened that the young Count's birthday was on the first of May, the May-day fête was to be held in his beautiful park. And that morning there was to be a carol sung under his window, which had been composed expressly for the occasion, and Monsieur Freron, the organ-master, declared that Marguerite should sing the first part and lead all the rest; and he taught her how she should raise her little hand when it was time to

begin, so that they might all sing together, so that the voices might not come one after another, like birds flying, as he said.

Dame Ponsard, when she heard what an important part Marguerite was to play in the festivities, was particularly anxious that Marguerite should look particularly nice; and so she gave her a very handsome dark blue silk quilted petticoat that had belonged to Blanche, and lent her some beautiful old lace for her little cap. And Ange had been secretly saving up money little by little, so as to be able to buy Marguerite a pair of gold earrings, and these he gave her on that morning, so that Marguerite did indeed look quite a little pearl that day. She had on clocked stockings and neat black shoes with high red heels, such as they used to wear in those days, and such a pretty chintz boddice and skirt, tucked up so as to show her quilted petticoat, and a black hood and cloak, and a dainty little muff, and, lastly, a beautiful bunch of spring flowers, which Ange had brought her from the garden.

And so, on that May morning, when the dew was still on the grass, and the sun's rays seemed to cover the whole earth with diamonds, the little choir took their way to the old château, and there ranged themselves under the window of the young lord, to waken him up that day, with melody. When they were all grouped lightly before the window and

ready to begin, Marguerite raised her little hand as a signal for them all. Then the chorus began; and, last of all, the young lord himself opened his window wide, and looked down upon them. The boys took off their caps, and shouted, the girls curtsied and waved their handkerchiefs, and the young Count threw down a number of bright gold pieces among them, and then there was a great cry of "Long live Count Isidore!" and then they went away.

Later in the day there was a beautiful Maypole, and a band for the dancers. The park seemed perfectly lighted up with the many gay dresses and happy faces that were scattered about it. The trees were in their freshest green, and the frolicsome wind seemed to carry the peals of laughter through their branches, and make them wave and quiver with pleasure. Then, about mid-day, came all the guests from the château, beautifully dressed, and the young lord in the midst of them, with a beautiful wreath of flowers in his hand; and the ladies with him were laughing and talking, and their silk dresses rustled and gleamed so in the sun, and they wore high powdered hair, and then such dainty little different coloured hats to keep off the sun.

All the girls of the village were bidden to come forward that the young Count might see who was most worthy of the crown. Of each he asked her name, and

said some kind word, and held council of the two handsome ladies, and sent for Father Mathurin, and spoke to him. Then, to Marguerite's great surprise little Rosalie came bounding up to her where she sat under a tree with Ange, and said, "Marguerite, Marguerite! you are to be Queen of the May, and you must come now, and receive the crown." Marguerite blushed till she looked a thousand times prettier than before, and Ange felt happy and proud of her. Marguerite advanced before the young Count, and he spoke very kindly to her, and placed the crown gently on her head, and told her that, as he had put the crown upon her fair young head and made her queen, she must try more than ever to be virtuous and good.

One of the handsome ladies came forward, and said: "My name is the Marquise de Belle Isle, and you must keep this for my sake." While she was saying this, she tied round Marguerite's neck a piece of black velvet, to which was attached a beautiful gold cross. The other lady, who was much younger, and very lovely, gave Marguerite a bright cerise-coloured little purse, and said: "My name is Mademoiselle de Bruntiere, and you must keep this for remembrance of me." Marguerite curtsied, and thanked them very much, and returned to her companions; and they all crowded round her to see the beautiful wreath, and cross, and

purse, and hear all that had been said to her.

Then, in the soft twilight, each returned to his home, bearing bouquets of wild spring flowers from the woods, and the nightingales sang in the soft evening air, and there was a still sweeter murmur of happy voices as they passed through the lanes.

CHAPTER V.

BUT the prosperity of the little family was destined not to be of long duration. Something occurred which promised to break up all their peaceful happiness. Ange was drawn for the conscription.

On the evening of that dreadful day, Ange, with a heavy heart, came to see Marguerite, and acquaint her with the misfortune that had befallen them; the tears flowed silently down Marguerite's pale face, and Ange could find no words to comfort her as they stood together in the twilight, in the porch, and the old sign of the Bell swung drearily to and fro before them. Long it was, before Ange could tear himself away that night, and wearily and drearily poor Marguerite entered the house, after she had watched Ange down the street, and seen his figure grow less and less in the dusk of the evening. Then Marguerite retired to her own little room, and threw herself on her bed, and cried as though her heart would break. Then she sat up, and thought.

There was a way to set free Ange, but then that way seemed itself an impossibility. Blanche's husband had been drawn, had been bought off; but, to do that for Ange, Marguerite must possess twenty louis — and that seemed perfectly impossible — poor Marguerite's wages were only ten crowns a-year, and that was just two louis and a half, then there were the four sous that had been given to Marguerite in the little purse; and the bright golden louis the young Count had thrown from the window, all of which Madelaine had in keeping for her. Then Marguerite thought of her ear-rings and cross, and wondered how much they were worth, the ear-rings dear Ange had given her, and Marguerite kissed them for his sake; and with all this woe weighing upon her mind, poor Marguerite went to bed, and fell asleep, murmuring Twenty louis — Twenty louis!

The next day, as she was dressing herself Marguerite remembered how Angelique, the daughter of Farmer Bousset, had admired her ear-rings — how she had said they were the prettiest she had ever seen, and that she should try and get a pair like them. Yes, certainly, Angelique would buy the ear-rings, and, perhaps, the cross, too; for he was a rich man, Farmer Bousset, and very fond of Angelique. So Marguerite asked Dame Ponsard's leave to go out for the day; and she would not say a

word about it to Madelaine or Ange, for fear he should try and prevent her selling the ear-rings. Marguerite put on her cloak and hood, and tied up her ear-rings and cross in her handkerchief, and she then, with, a heavy heart, took her way to Farmer Bousset's, quite alone.

It was a long, long way, up hill and down dale, but a very beautiful road. The morning was fresh, and clear, and everything in nature looked very lovely with its young spring dress; and there were wild lilies and violets, and primroses, on either side of the road, and the birds sang very sweetly; but Marguerite took no heed of all these beauties now; and the birds' songs did not seem for her, and the flowers looked faded in her eyes, for the thought that Ange was going to leave them had taken all beauty from everything.

And when Marguerite reached the top of the last hill she felt very hot and weary, and so sat down on the soft grass, mixed with wild thyme, and heather, to rest; and the wild ferns grew so tall around her, that they almost made a shade; and then Marguerite untied her handkerchief, in which were the ear-rings and the cross, to look at them as her own, for the last time. And, as she sat there, Marguerite grew very thirsty, and then she bethought her of a little mountain-rill, which came out of a rock close by, that was celebrated for its delicious water, and so Marguerite put the

handkerchief down, with her ear-rings upon it — in a conspicuous spot, where she should be sure to see it again in a moment — and then she ran to get the water; and the wind was so great that it almost blew Marguerite's petticoat over her head, as she stooped to catch the water in her hands; and it had made Marguerite's hair quite rough, so she stood for a moment to smooth it with her wet hands, that she might not look untidy when she arrived at the farm.

But when Marguerite returned to the spot where she thought she had left her handkerchief, there it was not. She searched a long time in vain, without seeing anything of either ear-rings or handkerchief; but at last, at some distance from her, blown by the wind, she saw something white, that looked more like a piece of white paper than anything else. She ran after it, and it was blown on and on: still she followed, and at last reached it. Marguerite picked up the handkerchief, but ear-rings and cross were gone — it was the empty shell without the kernel.

The whole day Marguerite wandered about the common, but, alas! there were so many tall ferns, and so much heather and wild thyme everywhere, she could never feel certain of the precise spot where she had been. Sometimes she thought it was one place where she had sat down, sometimes another; and she searched and searched the

whole day long quite uselessly, and then she saw that it was near sunset, and that for that day it would be no use searching any more. With a heavy heart and weary feet, Marguerite took her way home.

Once again by the fountain sat Marguerite and Ange; and Marguerite, foot-sore and sad, told Ange how she had lost the ear-rings and cross, and so all hope of their being able to raise twenty louis was gone. Marguerite, quite overcome, hid her face in her handkerchief and wept bitterly. Just then came the sound of a horse's footsteps close to them, and Marguerite, despite her grief, looked up, and saw the young Count Isidore. And when he saw Marguerite's face, he stopped his horse and said:

“Why! art thou not the Queen of May? What has made thee so soon in tears?”

And then Marguerite told him how Ange had been drawn for the conscription, and how she had gone to sell the ear-rings and the cross the handsome lady had given her to Angelique of the Bousset farm; how on the common the ear-rings had been lost. And then Marguerite's tears flowed a-fresh.

The young Count passed on, and looked very grave, for he had had so many petitions about the conscription that he had been obliged to refuse all, and felt he could not openly do anything for Ange and Marguerite.

When Marguerite returned that

night to Dame Ponsard's, she found some very grand people indeed were coming to dine there the next day, and the whole house was in a state of confusion preparing things for them. The dining-room was to be decorated with laurels and flowers, and the band of the young Count's regiment was to play during dinner, and every honour was to be paid them; for though these travellers were only called the Comte and Comtesse du Nord, yet the courier said that was a feigned name, and they were, in fact, heirs to one of the greatest crowns in Europe.

The next day Marguerite could not go to look after her ear-rings, for she had a great deal to do.

All day these great people were expected, and at last there was a great noise of carriages, and they stopped before the door of the Bell, and a great, great many people were there to see the travellers descend; and then Dame Ponsard, rather awe-stricken, but still a smiling and courteous hostess, stood in the porch to receive them, and showed them to their rooms. And then came the dinner; and poor Marguerite, with her pale face and red eyes, had to help others to wait at table.

And the young Count Isidore was there, and he sat on one side of the great lady, and her husband on the other; and they talked a great deal all the dinner, but Marguerite never noticed whether they looked at her or

not — she could think of nothing but Ange. But at the end of the dinner, when the dessert was on the table, and all the servants were going away, the lady beckoned to Marguerite and called her by her name; and Marguerite came, and felt very shy and nervous, for it was all she could do to help crying, her heart was so sad.

"So thou art the Queen of the May," said the lady, kindly. "And now tell me, why are thy eyes so red with tears?"

"Ange has been drawn for the conscription, madame," answered Marguerite, in a sad, low voice.

"And dost thou love Ange so much?"

"Oh, yes, very, very much," answered Marguerite; and, despite of herself, she blushed quite red, and the tear-drops came in her eyes again.

"And how much money would it take to free Ange from this conscription?" said the lady's husband.

"Oh, a very large sum; more than we could ever have," answered Marguerite.

"But how much?" said the Countess.

"Alas! twenty louis, madame," answered poor Marguerite. And then she wiped her eyes on the corner of her apron, and made a sort of half-movement to go away; for she felt that if she stayed much longer she should burst into tears.

"Hold out thy apron, my child," said the Countess, gaily.

And then from her purse she took twenty louis and strewed them into Marguerite's apron.

Poor Marguerite could not speak a word to thank a kind benefactress: she gave a little scream of astonishment and joy, and the louis rolled on the floor. And she knelt and kissed the lady's dress, which was all the thanks she could offer; for Marguerite's heart was too full for words.

As soon as Marguerite had a little recovered from her agitation, she ran off to their home to find Madelaine and Ange, and impart her joyful tidings. And then she was sadly disappointed to find that Ange was not there. He had been out all day, Madelaine said; but the two took counsel together, and determined to hasten to the mayor's that night, in spite of Ange's being away, and obtain his dismissal; for Marguerite felt quite uneasy at having such a large sum of money in her possession, for fear something should happen to it before it had accomplished its end.

And the mayor received Madelaine and Marguerite very graciously, and was very glad that they had been able to buy off Ange; for Ange had a good name in the town, and all loved him and thought well of him. And then, very joyfully, Madelaine and Marguerite walked back to the Bell, and there they found Ange sitting in the porch to receive them. And then they all

retired together to Marguerite's little room, and Marguerite told how kind the great lady had been to her, and how she could not help thinking that the young Count had told their story, and interested the great lady in their behalf; and Marguerite drew from her pocket the little card which gave Ange his freedom. And then Madelaine clasped Ange to her heart, and kissed him again and again; and Marguerite felt as happy as though she had been a real queen.

And at that moment came a tap at the door; and it was dear, kind Dame Ponsard come to congratulate them on their happiness. And then Marguerite had to tell her story all over again; but she did not the least mind it: she could have told it all day long — she was so happy.

"But what a pity that thou hast lost thy cross and thy ear-rings all for nothing," said Dame Ponsard. Now it was Ange's turn to tell his story; and he told that he had been all day on the common, searching for the said ear-rings and cross; and then, to the great astonishment and delight of all, he drew them both out of his pocket, and told how he had found them, almost hidden by the heather and moss, where they had fallen when the wind had blown the handkerchief away. Most joyfully, he tied the cross round Marguerite's neck, and put the ear-rings in her ears.

The next morning, early, the travellers were to start again.

Ange and Marguerite stood ready in the porch, strewing flowers for them to walk over, and in their hands they had bouquets of the choicest flowers of their garden to offer to the Count and Countess; and Ange and Marguerite waited some time before they came; but when at last they did come, and they offered the bouquets, the Countess smiled so kindly, as she took hers, and said to Marguerite, "Is this Ange?" and Marguerite curtsied, and said, "Yes, madame; this is Ange." And when the carriages drove away, all the people cheered them, for they had heard the story of the great lady's kindness; and Ange and Marguerite blessed them from their hearts. And, in after-life, Ange and Marguerite became man and wife, and in their turn had children; and Marguerite told her children the story of her early years, that they might love the poor and friendless, as Ange had loved her and her mother.

JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token, that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling
 grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise —
May be the slackened angel's hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost, but wait, and see
With hopeful pity, not disdain,
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain,
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days!

WRECKS AT SEA.

THE Wreck Chart of the British Islands for the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four, and the last Admiralty register of wrecks, are grievous things to look at and to read. In spite of all that has been said about accidents at sea, they have increased in frequency; and whether they will be much diminished by the operation of those clauses in Mr. Cardwell's Merchant Shipping Act, which are intended to assist in their repression, is extremely doubtful. As the Act only came into operation three months since (on the first of May last), we can speak from no experience of its effects. So far as the prevention of accident is concerned it is a step in the right direction, though but a single step, we fear, where there are half a hundred needed. We feel pretty sure that the most callous man in England (whoever he may be) would be startled by the information given to him at a glance in the Wreck Chart of Great Britain and Ireland. Total wrecks are marked on it with

black little eclipsed moons; others, according to their class, with crosses and other signs; each wreck is indicated by its proper mark in the sea adjoining that part of our coast upon which it occurred; and here on the chart in which the wrecks only of last year are set down, they lie blackening our sea along the entire line of British coast, as thick as bees about a honeycomb. The swarm is greater of course near some ports than elsewhere. Colliers and craft of that kind furnish a double file of six and forty wrecks, half of them total wrecks, opposite Newcastle; opposite Sunderland there is a regiment of forty, and there are about as many near the shores of Hartlepool and Seaton Carew. At Liverpool the ominous marks are much less numerous, but then each commonly represents a wreck of greater magnitude, a much more terrible disaster. It is not, however, only near great ports that these calamities occur. Beginning with nineteen wrecks (twelve of them total), on the shores of Shetland and Orkney, and so passing down to the main-land, a dotted line of distress runs without break round the whole country. Opposite Wick, opposite Golspie, opposite Cromarty, on the way to Inverness; opposite Port Gordon, opposite Banff, against Rattray Head and Buchan Ness, on the coast between Buchan Ness and Aberdeen; opposite Aberdeen, between Stonehaven and Montrose, opposite

Arbroath and Dundee, at the entrance to the Firth of Forth, opposite North Berwick, Dunbar, Berwick, Holy Island, with some thirty more between that place and Newcastle; and in this way all round the island lie the dots, of which every one represents a dread calamity, and almost every one a calamity that might have been prevented. Upon the coasts, or near the coasts of the small islands inhabited by a great maritime people, who ought surely to be cunning in the build and management of ships, within thirteen of one thousand vessels were wrecked in the year last expired, of which four hundred and eighty-four were totally lost, the rest stranded and damaged seriously, so that it was necessary for them to discharge their cargo. The waste of treasure was attended with the greater loss of one thousand five hundred and forty-nine lives: which exceeds the sum of misery produced by shipwreck on the coasts of Britain in any previous year of which there exists a record. In eighteen hundred and fifty-three, the deaths by shipwreck on our coasts were about one thousand, and the number of the wrecks themselves about eight hundred and thirty.

We do not mean it to be inferred that this increase in the number of shipwrecks is due to an increase of culpable neglect on the part of shipowners and masters. Continued gales of unusual severity prevailed last year

throughout the month of January, and that month alone was fatal to upwards of two hundred and fifty vessels and almost five hundred lives. In the whole half year from the first of April to the end of September, during which the summer weather was unusually calm, there were not so many wrecks, by sixty, as in the one terrible month with which the year began. On the other hand, it is to be said that although in January of the year preceding there were fewer wrecks, there was a greater sacrifice of life; that element in the calculation being of course dependent altogether on the nature of the vessels lost.

But, if the Wreck Chart of last year does not prove increase of neglect, it surely demonstrates that there is no increase of carefulness. Rotten vessels, or vessels ill equipped or improperly manned, are still sent to sea; masters incompetent or wanting common prudence still miss their bearings, shave the coast to make short cuts, or run foul of other vessels through neglect of sharp look-out, or of the use of signals. Fifty-three vessels in the course of the year were sunk, and forty-one were shattered by collision. It is well for us to say that the sea is a dangerous and fickle element, and will always claim its victims. If the element is fickle we know all its moods, and build ships able to fight through them; we know what is the law of storms, and by knowledge can

escape the fury of the hurricane; we know how to guide our sailing vessels and our steamers — they are not sent out to drift before every wind that blows; the seaman knows how to tell where he is upon the ocean, and his chart tells him of the rocks and shoals that are to be avoided. If owners having insured their vessels at Lloyd's did not become careless about insuring them at the ship-builder's by help of his art; if vessels were sent out seaworthy, efficiently manned, commanded by men competent and watchful; we believe that a reduction of the number of our wrecks by at least one-half would immediately follow. Practically there must always be a certain risk at sea, but practically it need not be large; and theoretically there need certainly be none, but theory leaves out of sight the imperfections of the human character. Owners of ships will equip them economically, saving their own money at the risk of sacrificing other people's lives; seamen, especially when over-tasked, will sometimes fail in the performance of their duties; unskilful captains will contrive to get ships entrusted to their charge; and skilful captains will be found who put imprudent faith in their own skill. Let any shipowner or sailor speak thus of his class if he please, but let him take good care that no one shall have reason to reflect in the same fashion on himself, as one of the class. Let every man only take heed that he at any rate is bound

in honour to stand out as an exception, and there ends the rule.

We don't believe in the general perfectibility of man, within the next three or four centuries at any rate, but we equally refuse to believe that he is essentially wrong-headed or wrong-hearted. There is much in the annals of last year's shipwrecks to support a different opinion. On the twenty-seventh of April, the galliot *Ariadne* drove from her anchorage near Thurso in stormy weather and became a wreck: out started, in a common fishing coble, a merchant of Thurso, Mr. David Sinclair, with four fishermen, and bravely brought ashore nine men, together with the master's wife and child. A boat laden with seaweed, shipped a heavy sea and foundered on the coast of Donegal. Its crew of three men was drowning, and it blew a gale: out started two men and two brave women (God bless them!) to the rescue. The barque *Mahomed Shah*, on the fourth of May, bound to New Zealand, took fire at sea. Mr. Paddon, master of the brig *Ellen*, saved at great risk the crew and passengers, fifty-nine souls, and found means to carry them in his own vessel to Hobart Town, a distance of two thousand miles from the scene of the catastrophe. A man whose boat was wrecked during a heavy storm in Waltham Bay, was struggling in the water, when he was noticed by a farmer's boy, who rushed instantly

into the surf, and imperilled his own life seriously in accomplishing a rescue. A Norwegian brig drove on the Holm Sand on the coast of Suffolk, during an easterly gale on a dark night. The Pakefield life-boat, manned by Captain Joachim, put out to rescue, and in the midst of the darkness and the storm found a drunken crew madly swearing that they would stick by the ship, and resisting every effort made to save them. The boat returned, allowed the miserable people time to become sober, went to them again, and found them glad enough to come ashore. A smack was stranded on the eighteenth of October last on the Anglesey coast, and its little crew was saved by men who went out in a shore boat, though the sea raged so fiercely that it took four hours to reach the wreck, only a mile distant. On the same night there was a brig wrecked three miles from Skegness, on the coast of Lincolnshire. The coxswain of the life-boat, Samuel Moody, gallantly set out with his men through a violent storm, a heavy sea, and intense darkness. They brought ashore the entire crew with the master's wife and child. All persons on board the schooner *New Jane*, totally lost on the Cornish coast five days before Christmas last, were lifted out over the bowsprit of the wreck by one noble seaman, Charles Pearce, who was not then saving life for the first time. Once, while he was engaged about this work,

and when there was a child in his arms, the sea dashed him away. The child was not to be recovered, but the bold sailor regained his footing on the rock, and finished his good service to humanity.

For, good service to humanity is always done when one man's act is of a kind that confers honour and credit on his race. In the notes just recorded, we have shown how both the merchant and the seaman can forget his selfish interest to save men who are struggling in the actual horror of a wreck; and we believe that there are not many in either class who have not the same generous impulses. If men could only submit habitually to a fiftieth part of the heroical self-sacrifice with which they face an actual danger, that would be enough probably in three cases out of four to prevent any such danger from occurring. It is fearful to think of the fifteen hundred men, women, and children, who, during the past year alone, have struggled in the water off those very coasts to which we are now repairing for a holiday season of rest and refreshment.

The recent Merchant Shipping Act contains certain provisions which have been devised with the purpose of diminishing the frequency of accidents at sea. They are good for something; though we fear not good for very much.

It is required by this Act, that no British vessels, except whalers and steam-tugs, shall proceed to

sea from any port in the United Kingdom unless provided with a certain number of boats, according to their tonnage, as fixed by a table annexed to the Act. But, it is added, this enactment shall not apply to any ship holding a certificate under the Passengers' Act, eighteen hundred and fifty-two. Can any non-official mind see why the necessity of having a sufficient number of boats on board is not as great in an emigrant ship as in any other? Any non-official mind can, we are quite sure, understand the other defect in the clause. The declaration that boats must be had according to the scale in an annexed table, is good; but an official compromise makes up for that. The "annexed table" is a joke to all shipowners. For vessels of six hundred tons and under, the Board of Trade offers to be content with a much shorter provision of boats than ship-owners have been hitherto used of their own accord to place in them. A diminution instead of an increase in the provision of boats would so far, therefore, be the most natural consequence of this part of the enactment.

The Act then, still excepting all certificated passenger vessels, directs, under defined penalties, that no vessel containing more than ten passengers shall go to sea without a life-boat, or a boat made buoyant after the manner of a life-boat, or without also two life-buoys, which shall at all times be left fit for use. This

seems to mean, that seamen must carry with them an ægis of ten passengers if they hope to have on board, by the compulsion of an Act of Parliament, a life-boat or a buoy. As for the buoy, since it is, in by far the greatest number of cases the common seaman, engaged on the ropes, at the mast-head, and otherwise about the vessel, who falls overboard, it is rather hard that no consideration is had for the crew in ordering that life-buoys should be kept. A good cork life-buoy costs about thirteen shillings, — Would it be a ruinous demand on owners of vessels sent out, even with less than ten souls on board, and none of them passengers, that every such vessel should have a life-buoy on board? Men are, indeed, more likely to fall overboard from little barks and schooners than from ships.

And why are we to be content, on a large vessel, with one life-boat only, and only a limited number of other boats, the ordering of which is left to the discretion of the crew? Every great wreck that is reported, tells us what that means; tackles foul, or are let go prematurely; oars and thowel pins missing; plugs out when the moment of sudden need is passing. And while, under the same dread pressure, with sea beating the ship's sides in, passengers know that there is only "a certain amount" of boat accommodation; that as there is not boat room for all, some must be left behind to await the chance

of their being alive when a return boat comes to look for them. A fatal rush is the consequence, and the one remedy against this, is the demand that every ship shall carry boats enough to admit of the immediate escape of all on board if necessary. Passengers and crew knowing that there are boats for all, will not then waste time in an agonising struggle with each other, as well as with the element that threatens to destroy them; and it is not true that a provision of this kind is totally impracticable. There exists such a thing as a collapsible life-boat, which is perfectly trustworthy.

The Act then provides wisely for an inquiry into the circumstances of every wreck or other casualty on our shores, by the inspecting officers of Coastguard and the principal officers of Customs; gives general superintendence of affairs concerning shipwreck to the Board of Trade, and appoints less wisely "Receivers of Wreck," along the coast, who are to have the chief authority at each scene of wreck that occurs in their district. The office of Receiver of Wreck, under the Board of Trade, has been given to many persons who were lately Receivers of Admiralty Droits, — tradesmen, and others perfectly ignorant of seamanship. Whether the Inspecting Commander of Coastguard, who is a commander in the Navy, or the chief officer of Coastguard, who is commonly a lieutenant in

the Navy, will be quickened in his desire to place his seamanship at the disposal of the people who are endeavouring to organise a rescue, when he knows that he is to have Mr. Jones the hatter, or Mr. Smith the tailor, or Mr. Brown the grocer, from the next town, in chief command, and authorised by Act of Parliament to overrule his orders, is extremely questionable. As a matter of the very commonest sense, the Receiver of Wreck should be a skilful seaman, but that is not a matter of official sense.

It is then ordered that payment by owners of wrecked vessels to the representatives of the drowned (assessed in each case at thirty pounds, and salvage to the rescuers of life), shall be the first claims due against them, and the first to be paid, in full, out of their effects: salvage of life having now for the first time distinct priority over salvage of property. For loss of life, and personal injury on board any ship, the owner may be held liable to the extent of the value of his ship and of the cargo saved, but not any further. Far enough and too far, many an owner may say; but in no other way — as we have long since urged — is it possible to overcome the passive carelessness of life, which is produced by the habit of insuring vessels against money loss, and not merely leaving them quietly to their fate, but sometimes even, it is to be feared, half desiring their destruction.

The Act provides also for the increased efficiency of the life-boat service, by adding government help to private enterprise; so that the National Life-boat Institution, an admirable society supported by the public, which saved last year by its boats upwards of one hundred and thirty lives, by increasing the pay of its coxswains and the reward to its servants who succeed in saving life, backed both by the people and the government, may do more than it has yet done to decrease the number of persons lost in shipwreck on our coasts.

It is evident from what we have said, that the new Merchant Shipping Act will unquestionably — so far as accident at sea is concerned — tend towards the lessening of an enormous evil; and as for its defects, it would not be believed to have come from a government office if it did not contain a few obvious blunders. Some such authentication was perhaps considered necessary by its author; who, for what he did, apart from what he left undone, deserves the very hearty thanks of all men who go out to brave the perils of the sea.

SCHOOL-GIRLS.

WHY should “like a great school-girl” be an uncomplimentary metaphor? Most of our mothers, our wives, our daughters have been school-girls in their time, and some of them

school-girls of a tolerable size. Jeannie Morrison was a school-girl, and the subject of the most charming of ballads. Her tiny world of school-weans was not more rude and jealous than that of ordinary womankind, when they called up the roses in her cheeks and in those of her little lover, by remarking how they cleeked — I think it was cleeked — “they cleeked together hame.” I remember, when at the premature age of ten, I visited my sister at a seminary in Reading, kissing a great school-girl on the stairs, and rather liking it. I remember also that she was condemned to confine her talk to the French language for one fortnight, in consequence of that act of gallantry of mine. Nay, when I was younger still, I well recollect how I went myself to a day-school, one half of which was composed of the softer sex. I used to wear a small velvet shooting-jacket, with short sleeves, and little red ribbons for shoulder-knots; and I was, I believe, very much admired. I learnt Valpy's Chronology, the pence and shilling tables, and dancing, in company with twelve young ladies and eleven young gentlemen. I liked the girls — from nine years old to fourteen they were — by ever so much the best; the boys, who were younger, were continually putting their tongues out and shying things at me. Having then this substratum of interest in the subject, it is not to be wondered at that

cousin Sophy has, to use her own expression, “piled it up” very considerably — she means by that, increased my sympathy with school-girls — by certain details which I intend to confide to the reader.

Cousin Sophy is, I should perhaps remark, about seventeen, but looks nearly two years older. If I say in this publication and for the private information of the reader, that she is crumby for that age, I do not wish it to go further. She will receive, in three years and four months exactly (I took the trouble of calculating it once for fun), the sum of twelve thousand pounds, — and I wish, dear girl, from my heart that it was twice as much. We read portions of Tennyson together (the Miller's Daughter); play at back-gammon with one dice-box, whose fellow I have purposely mislaid that we may have little contentions for possession after every throw; and generally chaff one another in a pleasant way. She will not play at chess with me, because she is, she says, so stupid, and dislikes people to make bad moves on purpose to let her win. It was between and among these varied occupations that I became possessed of her little school troubles, and of the causes of them. She has even entrusted me (in the strictest confidence) with a copy of the regulations of the seminary, Acacia Lodge, in which her education is still being imparted; and I have extracted a few of

them for the purpose of publication. Sophy, who is charmingly natural, and indeed forcible, in her language, says her school-mistress, Miss Maigre, is a "disgusting creature," and "a nasty thing." Upon the whole, that lady appears to be a screw. Witness the following extracts from the Code Maigre: —

"Rule 73. To eat two pieces of bread-and-butter at tea, and two at breakfast."

These pieces, I am given to understand, are "as thick as that" (Sophy separates her hands, which I am playfully holding in my own, about six inches), and destroy all subsequent appetite for dinner. The butter is infinitesimally thin (pantomimic explanatory action by rapidly bringing her palms together; and mine).

"Rule 63. Not to be allowed two cups of tea."

What a halfpennyworth of sack to this intolerable amount of bread! Supposing, as Sophy tells me, that these cups are perfect thimbles, I think this regulation cruel. Can it be that Miss Maigre has made this edict in remembrance of the orgies of the Rev. Stiggins and his shepherdesses? With all respect to the conductor of this journal, I think it probable that Miss Maigre would cut her hands off, mittens and all, rather than confess to have read *Pickwick*. She is "so very, so very genteel." Consider, for instance,

"Rule 61. Not to speak more than is absolutely necessary to a servant."

How right it is that young ladies who are able to pay two hundred pounds a-year for their education should be taught to know their exalted position, and the gulf that lies between them and those whom the Rev. Milkan Walters calls "our humbler sisters." To the same effect, and with a yet higher teaching, runs this

"Rule 14. Not to kiss the governesses."

Not to bestow their well-born or richly-endowed affection upon poor people! The "know thyself" of the old philosopher is in the Code Maigre thus translated: "Remember, young lady, that you are the salt of the earth; keep separate from the common clay; never lose sight of the fact, that your first cousin is a baronet and your mother a Bodgers; or that your uncle (who was in trade, and is personally to be forgotten) has left you ten thousand pounds with interest to accumulate; always stand on tiptoe in relation to your inferiors, and bestow on them the fewest possible words, and no thought whatever; beware especially of sympathy; no beauty of nature, and no richness of intellect, can make up, remember, for the want of money, or the absence of the Bodgers blood." The first rule in reference to the masters, is this: —

"Rule 1. Wear always gloves

or mits in the presence of a master."

This, I think, must be a winter regulation. Rule twenty-two is more explicit:

"Rule 22. Not to go on your knees when a master is present."

Why not? This surely must be a law for the masters and not for the misses! Cousin Sophy, for instance, never dreams of going on her knees in my presence. Quite the reverse. Can it be that Miss Maigre's young ladies habitually throw themselves into that attitude; or, is the rule only actually enforced during leap year?

Rule twenty rather puzzles me:

"Rule 20. Not to have any matches."

What kind of matches — those that are said to be made in heaven, or lucifer matches? Certainly not the former, when rule forty is read in connection with it: —

"Rule 40. Never to wear white gloves."

With regard to the edicts which are to follow, I have no solution to offer, that wears the shadow of probability. Let us head them "To the Ingenious;" and, as the manner of some is, offer five thousand copies of our journal to the elucidator.

"Rule 62. Not to burn paper scraps."

Now, my dear Sophy, let us sit upon the ground, — no, that is forbidden in edict nine ("never to sit upon the ground"). Let us talk this over then quietly together. Why not burn paper scraps?

Do you save them to make pillows for the nervous and insane? or do you sow patchwork upon them for quilts? or do you preserve them for shaving-papers for the French and Italian masters? or for paper-chaises in the half-holidays? or do you screw them up into spills for the economic lady, your mistress? Curl-papers being utterly out of fashion, imagination can no further go; and I turn for relief even to another conundrum:

"Rule 69. Not to look out of window."

Gracious mercy, then, is Acacia Lodge a nunnery? Do its inmates stand, as the poor girls at Norwood did, for penance, with their faces to a whited wall, till they grow blind? Are the sky, and the trees, and the fair green earth forbidden to be gazed upon? Is the sun pronounced by the Code Maigre to be ineligible and not to be regarded, and the moon to be no better than she should be? Indeed, the manner in which those dangerous weapons of offence, the eyes, are legislated for is worthy of Confucius: —

"Rule 94. Not to look behind when walking."

"Rule 83. Not to stare in church."

Far be it from me to question the ablutionary system of Miss Maigre's, or to bring down the Board of Health upon Acacia Lodge; but, what does rule thirty-four mean, if it doesn't mean dirt?

"Rule 34. Only to wash your hands before dinner."

By rule twenty-five, you must not write in the week without especial leave. Can it be really meant by this that the whole of the epistolary business of Miss M.'s establishment is carried on upon the Sabbath? As rule thirteen, too, is not to write upon the desks, what a harassing as well as irreligious affair their writing altogether must be. Let me, however, have the pleasure of extracting this regulation also:

"Rule 53. All letters, except to relations, to be inspected."

This is a wise and prudent edict: there is no knowing, else, with how many designing young men communications may not be kept up. I seem to see Miss Maigre as she plys her task, à la Sir James Graham, and appreciate her position thoroughly; all letters in pink envelopes, directed to Henry Lovell, Esq., if you please, Miss Sophia, I must detain. — But "please, he's my cousin!" No matter. You need not write to gentleman cousins on rose-coloured paper. In fact you must not.

There are several edicts in the code with regard to the getting-up — I mean the toilettes — of the young ladies, which I feel it would be unbecoming (however interesting) to allude to:

Rule eighty-four, however, — the governess to enter your rooms six times during the nightly toilettes, — is too remarkable to be passed over in silence.

Household Words. XXXIII.

What an enormous time must these toilettes occupy which admit of six periodical visits! Some suspicions regarding the natural wave in Sophia's hair, I confess have been awakened since reading the above. Any charitable suggestion of study is shut out by.

"Rule 45. Not to take books into dormitory."

Nothing escapes in this microscopic code. The rug, the poker, the stairs, pocket-handkerchiefs, boots, the bed, the chairs, the windows, the desks, the keys of your boxes; your eyes, your hair, your teeth, your hands, your feet, your knees, your nose, your neck, your tongue (the tongue occupying almost half these statutes at large) — all have clauses made and provided for them, as stringent, as if they involved the peace of Europe and the fate of unborn millions.

There are *kou-tou* edicts concerning Miss Maigre herself, suggesting the ceremonials of an Eastern court. The whole establishment rises at her entrance (rule ninety-three), as the roses and lilies spring up at the footfall of the fairy-queen: and beware! beware! rash mortal, saith regulation twelve, who shall, on any pretence whatever, sit in Miss Maigre's seat. Nay, you dare not even approach it; for what says rule thirteen?

"Rule 13. Not to step on the rug;" where, of course, Miss Maigre's throne is placed.

Finally, I will extract one edict

more — the one-hundredth. It closes the Code Maigre with a snap, and is, above all others, to be resolutely obeyed. It is defined, and dwelt upon, more emphatically than any; and the italics (as the newspapers say) are all Miss Maigre's own: —

"Rule 100. Not even to look at a boys'-school."*

BRIDES FOR SALE.

WE have heard it said, that there are to be no more slaves in Egypt — a pleasant piece of news, if true. Mr. Breakchains has already commented on the circumstance, and told us that, "for the first time since the Nile began to deposit its sediment, the pellucid stream reflects the beauteous countenance of freedom," and so forth. This is not the first time there has been talk of this kind. Ten years ago, it was solemnly decreed by that "very magnificent Bashaw" — this is the true Egyptian pronunciation — Mohammed Ali, that in Alexandria, at least, conscientious residents and missionary gentlemen bound for India should not be shocked by the sight of flocks of human beings exposed for sale in public places. This was the result of a movement something analogous to that against Smithfield. The slave markets were complained of as a nuisance, not as a system.

* All the extracted rules are from a genuine document.

They were ordered to disappear. Accordingly travellers, fresh from London or Paris, who wished to convince themselves that such things could be — that boys and girls and grown persons were actually to be seen for sale — at least, such was the reason given for the eagerness with which the sight was sought — were compelled to hire a guide acquainted with the back-slums of the city. They then learned that the trade, instead of being carried on in the open street, was confined to certain small houses adapted for the purpose — ranges of rooms or cells round low courts. It was not customary, even for natives, to visit these places: a man in want of a slave used to send for four or five specimens, male or female as the case might be, and examine them deliberately as he sat smoking his pipe in his own divan; the jellab, or dealer, squatting by, ready to answer all questions as to age, temper, or origin. Europeans, however, obtained admission into the private slave-markets with tolerable ease. There was always some grumbling and affectation of resistance, but a few piastres smoothed all difficulties. It was worth while going once or twice in order to appreciate the vulgar reality of the scene. Whilst passenger-philanthropists were praising the great step towards emancipation taken by Mohammed Ali — supposed to have repented of his slave-hunts — here was evidence

that not the slightest real change was contemplated. Serving men and serving maids, of all classes and degrees, were constantly on hand, constantly coming or going. In most cases, they were fresh from Soudan, clothed in a single rag, with their hair in a thousand plaits. It is not from avarice that the jellabs make their slaves preserve this miserable dress, but because they well know that new arrivals are most prized. Families like to educate them in their own way. It is not uncommon for girls already well civilised to be compelled to re-assume their native dress, pretend ignorance of Arabic, and affect pristine stupidity.

We have glided into the use of the present tense, because the same observations still apply. Indeed, in speaking of Eastern manners, the past tense is almost superfluous; and, for that matter, perhaps, so is the future. Nothing seems to change there but names — there is no progress, no development. When we hear, therefore, that slavery is to be abolished in Egypt by the will of that new jovial pasha — that man-mountain invested with authority, and besieged by rival influences — we remain perfectly unmoved. The statement has the appearance of a contradiction in terms. Abolish Egypt, you may; but not slavery in Egypt, for many a long day. The whole of society is constructed on the supposition that in every family above the position of a common

labourer there shall be, at least, one bought assistant. Take away the slave-girl, and who shall grind the corn, or pound the coffee or the meat, or blow the fire with her breath, or turn the kababs, or wash the floor, or carry master's dinner to the shop in the bazaar. Who shall light the pipes of the great, or bring their slippers, or watch over the women, if there be no more mem-looks or eunuchs? We will not absolutely despair of the future: but change must come by slow degrees.

What, too, would the rich Turk or the merchant who cannot afford to take a wife from amongst his own people do without Abyssinian or Georgian slaves? Let us not have false ideas on this subject. In most cases the Orientals do not buy odalisques, but housewives. When white or bronze-coloured ladies are introduced into a harim, the transaction very much resembles a matrimonial one. The victims, as we are accustomed to call them, are very willing parties in most cases. They are eager to obtain an establishment. We remember once — during the time when it was said that no more slaves were to be publicly sold in Alexandria — being told that there was a Georgian girl to be disposed of in the Broker Bazaar. We went to see her. The poor thing sat a little back in a shop, closely wrapped up in a white woollen mantle, and only allowing her dark glancing eyes

to be seen. Her owner was not then present, but the master of the shop, Sidi Abn Hassan, sat smoking his pipe before her, dilating, from imagination, on her innumerable perfections. The moon, the palm branch, the pomegranate, and the gazelle were, as usual, brought in as comparisons for her face, her figure, her form, and her eyes. The chief thing on which he dwelt, however, was the fact that the ornaments of her person were worth three thousand piastres (thirty pounds). We saluted him at the first period, and he made way for us by his side, jocularly informing his auditors that we should be the successful purchaser. Two or three scowled tremendously; but the rest laughed, saying that the Frank was very unfortunate that he could not buy so beautiful a companion. We learned that the girl's name was Nazlet; and it was added that she was fresh from her mother's side in Georgia. This we knew to be untrue, and, having shown our incredulity, we gradually ascertained that she had been lately sold out of the harim of a Turk. When the crowd had dispersed, we tried to talk to the girl, but she did not understand Arabic, and Abn Hassan was a poor Turkish scholar. She contrived, however, to ask whether the Frank intended to purchase her, and said — interested flatterer — that she had always desired to be the slave of a Frank. Her voice was sweet, and her gestures were pretty and expressive; but when, in accordance with the usual coquetry of Eastern women, she allowed us to take a rapid glance at her face, we discovered that care or sickness had made surprising inroads on her youth. We shall never forget that anxious and pallid countenance, lighted up for a moment by a fascinating smile — we fear not genuine, for it was expiring before the veil rapidly returned to its place. Her master — a surly Turk — coming up to take her home, put an end to the interview. Next day we heard some bidding for her; but the report had got abroad that she was thin and sick, and very low offers were made. We had resolved not to go and see her again; but she beckoned to us in passing, and we could not resist. Her first words, as interpreted, were: "Nazarene! Cannot you find a substitute to buy me for you?" That is to say, a Mohammedan, to become the nominal purchaser, we infidels not being allowed the enviable privilege of possessing slaves in our own right. She seemed really to anticipate being left on the hands of her master, who, we were told, attributed her meagerness either to ill-humour or to the effect of the evil-eye. We did not attempt to explain to her that Christians abhorred slavery, and were liable to a fine imposed by the consul of a hundred pounds sterling (ten thousand piastres), for encouraging

it in any way. We thought it best to affect poverty. That was decisive. Her manner changed like that of a young lady who learns that some impassioned suitor is dreaming of love in a cottage, because he has no expectations. She looked over our shoulder at a huge greasy Turk who was waddling that way. A short time afterwards, she was parted with for about seventy pounds, ornaments and all.

White slaves are kept at Cairo, in Wakâlfahs, specially devoted to the purpose, but under the superintendence of the common sheikh of the slave-dealers. They are brought there generally from Constantinople some half a dozen at a time, but almost always receive additions from the harim of the place, for there are always "a few fine young ladies" for sale, forming part of the fortune of some deceased Turk. In the best houses, each has a separate apartment, and a separate duenna, or attendant — facts, which we might have learned from report, but which we happen to know from positive experience. We were some years ago at Cairo, in the heyday of youth and spirits, and chancing to hear of the existence of these curious hotels, as well as of the difficulty, not to say impossibility of penetrating into them, determined, at any rate, to try. Had we been better acquainted with Eastern manners, we should never have exhibited the blind obstinacy which

in such case can alone insure success.

We started one day, a party of four, mounted on donkeys equally spirited with ourselves, and dashed into the narrow, tortuous, thronged alleys of the city, loudly informing our guide that we never meant to return without having seen a depôt of white slaves. The fellow's single eye glistened with wonder, but he put his hand to his head, and exclaimed: "Trader — ready!" and trotted before us, stopping to whisper to all his numerous friends and acquaintances as he passed, informing them, as we afterwards learned, that he had four mad Franks in charge, whom he was resolved to lead a tremendous dance, in order to tame down their absurd curiosity. In the first place, he took us straight to the other extremity of the city, near the Bab-el-Zontona, where are the black-slave bazaars. We inspected them rather hurriedly, being already acquainted with that sort of thing, and then turning to our one-eyed cicerone, who pretended to forget what we really wished, said rather sternly: "Well, Sir?" He apologised, and when we had satisfied the greedy demands of the jellabs, trotted away to the other side of the Bab-en-Nasr, where we saw some ladies from Abyssinia of various degrees of bronze-colour, and a few Galla girls, black as coal, but wonderfully lovely in feature. This was not what we wanted, and some of our party

began to talk of the propriety of cudgelling our guide. He understood the pantomime, and requesting us to mount again, promised with many solemn asseverations to take us to the therkh of the slave-dealers; and so we rode about a couple of hours, having interviews occasionally with several grave old white-bearded gentlemen who were always at first introduced as the sheikh, and who were then admitted to be only deputies. They all made long speeches to us, which we partly understood, beginning by expatiating on the impropriety of our wishes, and ending — when it was evident that we were perfectly inaccessible to reason — by referring us to a man in the next bazaar.

We had started very early in the morning, and it was not until an hour after noon that we began to suspect we were being merely played with: that is to say, that our guide was in league with everybody to prevent us from seeing these mysterious white slaves. We had learned one fact, however, namely, that a good number of Georgian and other beauties were lodging in a vast house in one of the principal streets — a continuation of the Goreeyeh, if we remember rightly — of course, under the care of a merchant. After a serious consultation, therefore, we gave Mohammed — he must have been named Mohammed — the slip, and resolved to do business on

our own account. At that time of day the streets of Cairo are very quiet and lonely. Everybody is taking his siesta after dinner, and even the coffee-houses are empty. There happened to be one of these establishments exactly opposite the great house in question. We entered and called for pipes and Mocha — paid extravagantly for the first supply, and ordered a second. The kawajee was delighted, and gave a ready ear to our confidences. We told him what we wanted. That great wall, striped horizontally with red and white, rising to the height of some twenty feet, without windows, and then having only a sort of range of bird-cages projecting, but jealously closed, stood between us and a mystery which we were resolved to investigate. The worthy coffee-man, whose countenance was as brown as the berry in which he dealt, grinned and winked, but at first uttered that same absurd word which had annoyed us all day. It was impossible, he said. The only means of entrance was that narrow thick door opposite. There was a wicket in it. If we showed our Frank faces and pleaded for admission, we should be laughed at. That was indeed probable, but we did not give up in despair. We waited for events, smoking, and drinking coffee to the imminent danger of our nerves. At last the kawajee, who really took an interest in us, drew our attention to a great, brawny,

fellât woman. who was coming down the street on the sunny side, with a great pitcher on her head. She was going, he told us, into the sealed house, being a servant thereof; and if, he added, retiring with a cunning look towards the back part of his shop, we chose to go in with her, why we should find only a decrepit old porter, and a lot of women, to resist us. We thought not a moment of the disagreeable consequences the act suggested, which had somewhat of the character of a burglary, might entail. All means of satisfying our legitimate curiosity, appeared to us legitimate. The door was opened. The brawny fellât woman entered. We made a rush across the street — a hop, step, and a jump — and before the old porter had time to understand what had happened, were scrambling up a long flight of narrow, dirty, shattered steps, as fiercely as if we were taking a town by storm. Where they came from we did not know, but by the time we had reached a broad gallery on one side, overlooking a vast court-yard, we were surrounded by a number of women, not the beauties we were in search of, but old, ugly women of nondescript appearance. How they screamed and shouted, and gesticulated, and threatened, and put their half-veiled faces close to ours, and asked us what we wanted and where we came from, and where we expected to go! Our answer consisted of handfuls

of piastres and paraahs, which produced a most complete effect. Their gestures calmed down, their voices became gentler, they began to understand our curiosity. After all, where was the harm? The merchant and his men were away — the old porter, who at length came up, had received a dollar in the hand that had been stretched out to grasp one of our throats — order was restored and then came explanations and a sort of bargain. By this time we had made out an individual figure in the crowd of our quondam female assailants. It was that of a round little old woman in a white woollen mantle, with a muffler wrapped all round her head, above and below her eyes; she was the chief duenna, and when her avarice was satisfied, professed perfectly to appreciate our feelings, and agreed if we would only make haste to exhibit her caged beauties.

There were seven or eight of them, each occupying a separate apartment opening into the great gallery which we had reached by our first effort. The doors were opened one after the other. After crossing a small ante-room, we found ourselves in each case in a nice chamber furnished with a divan, on which the slave sat or reclined, whilst an attendant woman squatted near at hand ready to serve her. The first lady we saw received us sulkily and pulled on her veil. The second — extremely handsome, by-the-

bye — greeted us with shouts of laughter, made us sit down, and affected to coquette with some of us. On being rebuked by the duenna, she laughed still more immoderately, and offered us coffee and pipes. A serious quarrel ensued, during which we left, after making our present — for we had begun to suspect that the least interesting specimens alone were exhibited to us. It was evident that these two ladies, though richly dressed and attractive in person, were not fresh arrivals. They had most probably been already in some Cairo harim, and were for sale either as a punishment or on account of the poverty of their masters. There was a certain reckless, vicious look about them that suggested the former to be the case — told stories, in fact, of incompatibility of temper, which low feeding and the whip had not been able to overcome.

The third door had been passed over, which of course roused our curiosity. In the other apartments we saw one or two young girls, very innocent-looking and quiet, with several dames, evidently well-accustomed to that transition state; but we did not note them much, being too occupied in thought with the mysterious third chamber. At length, after a good deal of parleying, in which promises were not spared, we succeeded in procuring admittance, and understood at once the reason of the hesitation that had piqued our

inquisitiveness. Here was the gem of the exhibition — for in that light we regarded the place — a magnificent young woman, with dark dreamy eyes, arched eyebrows, smooth low forehead, rich lips, and dimpled chin. The purple blood came to her cheeks, and went and came again rapidly in the first flutter caused by our intrusion. She was dressed in the usual embroidered vest, with a many-folded shawl round her waist and loose trowsers, as we are accustomed to call the Oriental jupe, because it is fastened round below the knee, and falls in double folds to the ancles. The lady wore a small red cap, from beneath which her immense profusion of small tresses, increased in volume by braid, and spangled with gold ornaments, fell over her shoulders. Her unstockinged feet were partially covered by bright yellow inner slippers, as they may be called. When the first surprise was over, she received us in a courteous and lady-like manner, but still seemed puzzled to know what we could want, and why she was made a show of to Europeans. The dignity of her appearance checked our somewhat boisterous gaiety, and we remained gazing at her in silence — a circumstance that did not seem at all displeasing; for she smiled approvingly at us and at herself, glancing down over her splendid attire, of which she was evidently very proud. All our ideas of slavery were at once confounded;

and it was not until some time afterwards that we understood the difference between the purchase of human beings to put them to hard labour and the purchase of them as members of a family.

We might at last have had some conversation with this bride for sale; but suddenly a tempest of human voices again whirled along the gallery. We were unceremoniously hurried out of the boudoir just in time to find ourselves in the midst of a dozen fiercelooking jellabs, armed with clubs and headed by an old man with a white beard, which he accused us of defiling. He was the master of the place; and a mighty rage he was in. The scene that ensued was so confused — so many people spoke at once — that we could not make our apologies appreciated; and, though we distributed small pieces of money right and left to the whole garrison, and thereby warded off some of the blows aimed at us, yet we could not, in any degree, pacify the old gentleman, who, being past the age of action, offered us his beard to pull, slapped his face, took off his turban and threw it on the ground — all to denote that we had unjustifiably violated his domicile — and so we had. Mingling, therefore, entreaties with counter-thrusts, opening a way with piastres when we could not do it with blows, taking the bruises we received as good humouredly as possible, we managed to scramble

down the staircase and get into the street, where our donkey-boys, who had heard of our danger, were beginning to whimper and collect a crowd. Getting into the saddle as fast as we could, we galloped off towards the European quarter, where we related to many unbelieving Franks the story of our visit.

DREAMERS.

I AGREE, to a certain extent, with Mr. Luke Higginbotham, of Friars' Alley, in his reprobation of dreamers. And I say this, well knowing that he suspects me of belonging to the class. It may seem paradoxical to state that the place which I sometimes occupy at the great wine-merchant's table is due to his low estimate of my understanding. Such, however, is the fact. The city magnate, who has not been fortunate in attracting to his board persons of quality or taste, deings, for the reason I have given, to command such society as mine. His leading instinct was, doubtless, to be obsequious; but, finding no patron to flatter, he obeyed the second marked impulse of his nature, and became dogmatical.

Now, I am, so to speak, a man made to order for the gratification of this propensity. Originally Mr. Higginbotham's clerk, and now but the salaried manager of a modest wine house in the country, there could be no better

foil to the Bacchic potentate, who boasts domains in Andalusia, on the Rhine-steeps, and in Champagne, and whose territories I have often pictured as flowing with rivers of tawny gold, of crystal with foaming eddies, of ruby smooth, swift, and deep—all hurrying to some great festive ocean which laves the coasts of an ideal Naxos. It is this tendency on my part to picture, to imagine—or, as Mr. Higginbotham phrases it, to dream—that yields one of the main points of his superiority, and of his consequent satisfaction in our intercourse. For example, last Thursday, after one of those stately and frigid dinners sometimes given at his villa in Berkshire, and at which, for the sake of my present employer, I am compelled to assist, our host produced a sample of his rarest Assmannshausen. After testifying to its excellence, I ventured to observe that the wine in question gained an added zest from the picturesqueness of its native region, that those green steeps which hem in the Rhine gorge, with all its old-world life and natural beauty, gave a stimulus even to the palate—that, in fact, it would have been quite another thing to have quaffed the same fluid if derived from some level and uninteresting district.

I was allowed to state this doctrine without serious interruption. True, Mr. Chipfield, the curate, had ejaculated “Now, really!” in the first stage of my

proposition, and Mr. Thorneyside, the attorney, was at no pains to repress a contemptuous chuckle. They had been trained to their patron’s humour, and might have shown their disdain for me yet more emphatically but for Mr. Higginbotham himself. Even as the experienced angler checks the impatience of the tyro to strike, so did our host raise a warning and expressive hand, which plainly said—“Wait, wait, gentlemen—only give him line enough.” A while, in careless mood, he dallied with his watch-seals, smoothed his portly chest, and telegraphed with an eye of cruel humour to his confederates. As I concluded, however, he grew erect—stiff and peremptory was he as his highly-starched collar, his short, inflexible fingers, or his iron-grey, stubbly hair—he took the rod into his own hands, and prepared to land me.

“Been up the Rhine, Thorneyside?” inquired my tormentor, with a wink.

“Not I—I’ve my hands too full,” said the lawyer, with the air of one who thanked the Maker of the world that he had seen very little of it.

“Been up the Rhine, Chipfield?” pursues the querist.

Young Chipfield, who has sixty pounds per annum and no vacation, repudiates the idea. Nothing would induce him to go—everybody goes there—he considers the Rhine a mere resort for Cockneys—no, not for Cockneys—

observing Higginbotham's sudden frown — he doesn't mean that all —

"He means, for idlers — dreamers!" cries Higginbotham.

"Of course, dreamers!" chimes the chorus.

"Now, gentlemen," resumes the angler, rapidly winding in line, "did you ever think of the Rhine when you tasted that Assmannshausen?"

"No, I thought of the cellar," smirks Mr. Chipfield.

Mr. Thorneyside also laughs a sardonic negative.

"Yet you found the wine good — knew that it had body, flavour, bouquet?"

Chorus shouts in the affirmative, while I feel each query a separate tug.

"Would you think that wine bad if it had been grown in Lincolnshire?"

"It might have been grown in my cabbage garden," exclaims Thorneyside. "If the article itself be prime, who cares where it comes from?"

"Ho! ho!" rejoins our host, giving me a desperate jerk, "you're there, are you? You know things by what they are, do you? With you bacon's salt, and peas are green! A thing's a thing and no more, wherever it comes from, is it? Egad, gentlemen, I'm with you; I, too, am one of those plain, dull dogs who see with their eyes, and taste with their palates. But, then, I'm a slow-coach, a vulgar wide-awake — I can't dream — I never was

a dreamer, I never could be a dreamer, and, what's more astounding, gentlemen, I wouldn't be one if I could!"

A blow on the table gives emphasis to the last words. The lawyer and the divine go into fits. I am landed, and Mr. Higginbotham is repaid for his dinner.

We were next regaled with an account of all the dreamers whom our host had ever known, and whose special end in existence seemed to be his glorification by contrast. There was Tubbs, he said, who had such a first-rate power of dreaming, that he could make what he liked of the future, and nothing at all of the present. His youthful bent was towards the church, till Oxford disenchanted him. His next passion was for a forensic career. He imagined himself diving into the merits of causes by intuition, and thrilling juries with harangues that should have the convenience of costing no trouble in their preparation, while they should be irresistible in their effect. So enthralling was this dream, that it needed three weeks' attendance at a pleader's chambers, preceded by a fee of two hundred guineas, to disperse it. Tubbs was subsequently haunted by a vision of military glory, and a commission was obtained for him; but a brief experience of parade sufficed to lay that phantom. There was Redivivus Smirke, too, who had a dream of remodelling society, and whose Harmonic Universe, illustrated by diagrams, might

have been inspected for three months, in eighteen hundred and forty-nine, at his lodgings in Fudget Court — hours of attendance, from eleven to four. Whatever his logical powers, no one who heard Smirke could doubt that he had a large gift of invention; and if he had chosen to manufacture novels — says Higginbotham — he might have lived on the tastes of sillier dreamers than himself. But the regenerator, with whom life itself was one grand scheme of fiction, was far too superb to deal in the small imaginative ware of booksellers. So he expounded the diagrams to various eccentrics, while his wife took in plain work till she sickened, and, deserted by Smirke, became, with her children, dependent on the parish. As I have already said, I sometimes agreed with Higginbotham, and felt no very acute grief to learn that Tubbs and Smirke, after having so dreamed away the purposes of life, should at last be somewhat roughly awakened to its realities.

I could, however, no longer sympathise with our host when, according to his wont, he wound up with the instance of my friend Merton, whom he denounced as a flagrant example of the visionary class. He impeaches Merton on several distinct counts. "First," says he, "Merton was nephew to one of our partners and, with common prudence, might have become one himself." Yes, honours and emoluments

little short of Higginbotham's own were within his reach. Merton, too, might have owned vintages abroad and mansions in park-like domains at home. Merton, too, might have been a chairman of boards, a creator of railway and insurance companies, a Presence in Threadneedle Street. "He was actually offered a stool in our countinghouse, and — declined!" The accuser pauses that we may have time to weigh the enormity, then, in a vein of fine irony, resumes — "Yes, declined! his tastes were not commercial; he had a private independence — that there may be no mistake, it was just a hundred a-year, gentlemen. What did he want with more? He could live in the country, he had books, friends, and he could converse with Nature! His own words, I assure you. Did you ever converse with Nature, Thorneyside, or you Chipfield, except on Sundays, when it's the habit of your cloth to say so? I never had any talk with Nature! I never dreamed! As for books, they're well enough, though a man who has his hands full don't want 'em, and they ruin the digestion. Then for friendship," observes Higginbotham, with more frankness than courtesy, "we know it's humbug — we serve each other's turns — Thorneyside draws my leases, Chipfield has an eye to Easter offerings, and my dinner sometimes goes down better with a little talk to season it. Between ourselves — between friends —

that's the long and short of friendship; yet, for books, friends, and Nature, this idiot flung away a fortune."

Is your balance so very large, Higginbotham, in that account which every man keeps with destiny? No pure delight in God's work, no genial interest in man's; no sense of love and trust received, no sense — still more blessed — of love and trust bestowed; friendship a convenience, religion a routine, no aim beyond the hour, no use for time but to kill it; life straitened to its narrowest point, and no horizon beyond it!

Merton's crowning delinquencies had, however, yet to be told — how the honorable and romantic Miss Busby was willing to consign to him the mature charms of fifty years and of as many thousand pounds, how the "idiot" — far from meeting the advances of that nowise coy Phillis — married a pretty governess with a dependent mother, and "took to literature" to support the trio. "Yes," says Higginbotham, "he was as shy of guineas as a trout in the dog-days, but he rose at once to that bait of red and white called beauty. Yes" — and here Higginbotham evidently feels that Providence was just — "that was his investment, and a precious poor one, too; the girl died in a twelvemonth."

At this point I plead a headache, and rise. My gracious entertainer has a parting fling at me, and wonders that a gentle-

man who can dream himself well when he pleases should ever put up with a head-ache. The butler's entrance, however, diverts the attack. That domestic, having served the ice in a state approaching to solution, undergoes a public reprimand; and, as I leave the room, I learn the precise amount of his wages, and the surprise of his master that they cannot secure attention and obedience.

I take my way — carpet-bag in hand — through the park-like domains. Protected by the oak-shadows from the dazzling beams of a July sunset, I strike through the ferns till I fall into the main sweep and emerge through the new stone gates crowned by those two heraldic bears which prove that Higginbotham himself had been weak enough to indulge romance one day; though, in this case, it must be owned, with no very wide deviation from fact. I wind along the lane festooned with its late wild roses and opening honeysuckles, and in half an hour stand before the porch of Merton's cottage.

On entering I caught a glimpse of my friend as he crossed the garden-path behind, his form steeped in the gold green light that flowed through the leaves. It may be fantastic to state this, and yet it was a peculiarity of Merton that all the happy accidents of nature seemed to serve him. If he stood before a tree, it was sure to form an admirable back-ground; if he leaned by the mantle-piece, some shadow

would so slope on his figure as to bring his noble head into bold relief. With another, in the like position, the same facts would doubtless have occurred, but not the same effects. His own grace and simple dignity made you note them. The inscriptions of Beauty can only be read on her own tablets.

The motion of his head, as he again turned to converse with some one at the window, revealed the countenance which of all, save my sailor-boy's, I now best loved to look on. Merton's face had always personified to me the idea of an English June. It was so in his youth — the type of a life made vigorous by the gusts of spring, fulfilling to the heart its oft baffled yearnings for the beautiful, replenished with abundant light and joy, yet stopping short of that fierce glow and rank luxuriance which precede decay. So had he seemed, especially on that far-off afternoon, when to me and one who hung on my arm, he broke in sounds tremulous as those of the wind-stirred leaves, the secret of his accepted love — of his coming union with Lucy Acton. I remember even now how those hushed tones gradually became buoyant as he spoke of that literary career by which he hoped, not only to benefit himself, but mankind; "For love," said he, "makes me feel the duties of life — what I owe to the Giver of so much happiness. I must deserve her."

Yonder, behind the orchard,

is the spire of the church by whose gate we paused as he uttered these words: — That church, which, having witnessed the growth of our friendship in a season of mutual joy, saw it afterwards strike still deeper root in a season of common grief. We, who within a few months of each other, had approached one altar — within a few months also bent over neighbouring graves.

I had not seen Merton for months. He met me with a greeting of child-like joy, and bore me in triumph to the window, almost lost in clematis, where sat the mother of Lucy, and from which the arch face of Susan, Mrs. Acton's niece, peeped out into the clear twilight. I was next led to the well for the satisfaction of Hannah, who had served Merton in the old days of Lucy, and who now waited while a sturdy boy wound up her bucket. As a final measure, I was introduced to the gardener, whom I complimented upon the beauty of the beds and the picturesque sweep of the walks. "Nay, it be all Mr. Merton's planning," replied the man. "A power of difference he have made in my taste, surely; though how he got at his notions I beant able to guess, unless he dreamed on 'em. Why, sir, at one time I were all for straight walks with square plots, and pin-cushion-beds. It was him as taught me the value of them curves, and how, at odd corners, to throw out a clump of shadows and hide what comes next. And

mighty good the effect be, though why or wherefore I never could find out."

"Can you understand," asked Merton, "how dull your life would be, if you could see to the end of it, and knew before-hand everything that would happen?"

"Life would be very dry," said the man. "The things one knew so long aforehand would seem stale when they came."

"Undoubtedly," rejoined Merton; "and the use of curves, is just this: to prevent us seeing the whole at once. As the path winds, we know that something new will meet us at the turning; and because what we see is beautiful, we believe what is still hidden will be the same. It is with a garden as with life; the charm of both would be gone if we could not expect and trust."

We passed through a wicket gate into the orchard, one fence of which overhangs the railway and the glinting line of the Thames beyond. It was pleasant from the silence of that rocky spot to look down on one of the world's great thoroughfares in the valley. Soon along the track of sinuous iron we heard the distant clang of a train, the snort of the rushing fire-steed. We saw the vivid blaze on his path, and the train whirled by. "What music in that crash!" said Merton, as, with reverting eyes of fire, the phantom plunged into the dusk. "It always sounds to me like a pæan for man's triumph over the elements — a symbol of

the time when each passion, like fire, evil only because ungoverned, shall own the yoke of a higher law, and change from a foe into a servant. Nay, is not this very power of steam preparing for that better time — annihilating distance, uniting nations, acquainting all sections of mankind with each other? And by this knowledge — this intercommunion," he continued, "the cause of the World's Brotherhood is already half won. For, whatever the private selfishness of individuals, man loves his fellow in the race."

He was dreaming again; but I felt raised and touched by his words. Life seemed nobler as he spoke. For observe, whether his reasoning were true or not, his aspiration was so; and it was that which bettered me.

By this time the moon was up; and as we turned towards the house we saw the near spire spiritualised in the soft rays. Merton paused. I guessed why, and pressed his hand. "She is with me yet," he said, after a while. "I never pass a day unconscious of her influence — without hoping to be worthier of her — without a prayer that I may be made liker unto those who are already in His kingdom!"

Was that, too, a dream?

Here a quick, buoyant tread approached. It was that of Susan. As she drew near, however, she modulated her step, like one who divined his thought, and we moved in silence to the house.

Arrived there, we found their evening repast prepared—strawberries and clotted cream, cream cheese, honey, the whitest of bread, and cider which had a rarer zest than even the Assmannshausen of my quondam host. There was a charm in the scene which no one could feel who did not feel too the love that pervaded it. The mother of Lucy gazed on Merton with a wistful tenderness which showed that she had indeed found in him a son. Indeed, it was her habit to call him so.

"My son," said she, "works too hard. He is always at his books and papers, and needs change."

"What can there be happier in life than work," he replied cheerfully, "if you love it, and are of use in it?" Then he passed to the last new poet, some of whose verses he recited with infectious enthusiasm. His day's work had been a critique of the poet, which was also produced and read at the instigation of Susan. The criticism was full of appreciation, candid and decisive in its objections, yet, withal, it read like the counsel of a friend. There was a respect in it, too, which Merton felt was due to the man, however young, in whom he had recognised genius.

"I should have been much more severe," said Susan, with an authoritative gesture of her crochet-needle, and throwing out an imperious little foot as if to repel all claims on her lenity.

"Of course, women must put on severity," smiled Merton, "lest they should be thought weak; but men, whom nature made strong, Susy, can afford to be gentle."

She kissed him—this severe Susy—and we all laughed. Then she extinguished the lamp, and sang to us a ballad in the moonlight, so plaintively, that it was clear some tenderness yet lurked in her stern composition. Candles were then brought, and we parted for the night.

I was conducted to a charming little bedroom, in the spotless and nicely-looped drapery of which I saw evidences of Susy's hand. I looked from the lattice into the peaceful garden, and compared the condition of Higginbotham with that of my friend.

"It is no mere metaphor," I mused, "to say that the man of pure imagination is richer than the worldling. We are happy, not according to what we have, but according to what we enjoy. What are halls to him around whom friends do not gather? What, domains, to him who has no eye for beauty? What is life, to him who has no future? Men of Merton's class are wealthy; and the world itself would be sensibly poorer if deprived of its dreamers."

PARISH BROILS.

HELP! help! fire! fire! water! water! But there is no help, and little water; not all the water of our little brook — the pastoral, the winding, the beautiful Wal-laston — not all the showers that fall in a thousand years upon our undulating, romantic Peverton Hill — no; nothing that man can do will ever extinguish the dreadful conflagration. A metaphorical conflagration; not vulgar flame and heat, but internal, mental, scorching-up thought and feeling — a frightful incrimination of Christian charity, which goes on blazing, crackling, smouldering, night and day, and gradually reducing us all to dust and ashes. If all the extinct volcanos of Auvergne were suddenly to break out at once, and send their conical flame-floods forth in all directions — splitting the solid earth with wedges in inexhaustible fire, drying up the rivers with a hissing heat, and charring all the forest with a suffocating smell — they would be but a faint image and presentiment of the devastation at this moment raging in our parish. And what a parish it was! Talk of Tempe! we beat it all to nothing. Did houses ever let in Tempe at ten and twelve guineas a-week? Were there hot baths at Tempe? and a nice little subscription library? and poney-chaises to be had at a shilling an hour? and an omnibus that took you into a Thessalian Harrowgate, in less than forty minutes,

where there were excellent shops, and sometimes a concert at five shillings a-head, where you heard the best London performers? No, I believe not. And Enna; people talk of Enna, and the flowers that Proserpine was gathering when Pluto (under the alias of gloomy Dis) made off both with her and her bouquet. Hadn't we flower-shows every year, with geraniums, and cactuses, and fuchsias far finer than Proserpine ever saw? And Pluto — had they no police in those days? Imagine a man carrying off any of our young ladies by main force, and G 34 not having him in the lock-up before he got over the bridge! Such a place, indeed, as Silverton Spa was never heard of before. There were about twenty families — all very genteel; in fact, we set our faces so entirely against anybody that wasn't genteel, that nobody that wasn't genteel ever thought of settling among us, and we were as united as a "happy family." If there were falcons among us, we never found it out; they sat on the same perch with the doves, and behaved delightfully. The proverb of a cat-and-dog life lost its application — that is, if there were any cats and dogs among us — for they lived together in perfect comfort; and, in short, a great artist could have painted us all as a frontispiece to that exquisite hymn of Dr. Watts, which describes the bliss of those in unity who dwell. Yes, we dwelt in unity and drank tea together

all the summer, and made picnics, and had little evening dances, and all went gaily as a marriage-bell; and plans were evidently in progress for the future. Mr. Baskins had only one son — Mr. Welford Jells had only one daughter; the mothers were always together — so were the boy and girl. It seemed quite an arranged thing from the time the young people were twelve years old; when they were respectively nineteen and seventeen, I believe the only reason they had not proposed and accepted — also respectively — was that they considered it a useless ceremony, and that it was quite as well as it was. Then there was Mr. Jollico who had written a book, and was looked up to accordingly. None of us knew what the book was about; he was modest, and never mentioned its name; but we had no doubt it was about natural history — perhaps a monograph of a worm — for he was always talking of vertebræ and developments, and other points of anatomy, and gave admirable dinners, and looked so complacently down on the affairs of the parish — never seeming to interfere, but, somehow, always knowing everything better than anybody else — that we deferred to him on all occasions, and he acted as a sort of magistrate in the moral commission of the peace, and gave universal satisfaction by the wisdom and kindness of his decision. Our clergyman was one of the finest

old gentlemen I ever saw. It seemed as if he had intended in his youth to be prime minister, and, perhaps, commander-in-chief, and never could get quit of the dignified manner befitting those exalted positions. He seemed to do the duties of the church out of a sort of a gracious condescension, and visited, and taught, and gave charities to the poor like a nobleman in disguise; inculcating humility, lowliness, and obedience with such a majestic expression on his fine aristocratic features, that we all thought he was a beautiful specimen of meekness and self-denial to speak to anybody at all under the degree of a duke. He was himself the patron of the living, and when he died, the advowson, as it is called, or perpetual right of such presentation, was bought by a gentleman of a very dark complexion, long straight nose, wide unshapely mouth, with remarkably long and thin legs, and a great habit of drinking gin-sling in the morning, and spitting at all times on the floor. His name was Smith — a good old English name, he said, and he was as decided a Britisher as ever was raised in Old England. Some people said he was an American, others that he had made a deal of money at a slave-driver in Cuba. But here he was, owner of Nettleton House in our parish, and patron of the living. None of us liked him. He was always chewing tobacco, and looked as if he thought we were

going to try a garrotte robbery on him, for he never would let anybody get in the slightest degree behind his back or even parallel with his shoulder, but managed to keep us all right in front. I used to think I saw the butt-end of a revolver bulging out of his breast-pocket; but he said it was a telescope, though none of us ever saw him look through it. He often picked his teeth, by way of amusement, apparently; for the act had no connection with his meal-time, and his toothpick was a long, sharp-pointed, broad-bladed knife, which opened and shut with a noisy spring, as if it had been a dagger, and would have cut the sides of his mouth with its razor-like edges, if he had not handled it with the greatest dexterity. Mr. Jollico asked him to dinner, and examined him very carefully. He said he considered him in the pre-Adamite period of brain, and probably cognate with the plesiosaurus. We did not know what he meant, and at that time had never heard of the plesiosaurus; but we waited impatiently for the appearance of the new rector. We all got ready our best smiles and kindest manners to do honour to his reception. Mr. Smith — his Christian name was Jefferson, — Mr. Jefferson Smith bought a labourer's cottage for ninety pounds, and laid out fifty in improving its appearance, telling us that he intended to present it as a rectory-house to the new incumbent; whereupon we all

joined in furthering so desirable an object, and in less than a week made up a purse of two hundred and twenty guineas, which we presented to the generous patron, and were gratified in return with the name of our future friend, the Reverend Hieronymus Wicket. A rumour got round the parish that he was young, that he was rich, that he was handsome. Young Charlie Baskins said he hated handsome clergymen, and Sophy Jells said the same. Charlie was going into the Engineers, and said no clergyman should be more than five feet four; above that height, he ought to be in the army; and Sophy agreed with him. It was a waste of power, they both thought, for a man of six feet high to be preaching, when he could be leading a storming party at a siege, or repelling a sortie at the head of the grenadiers. And as to a clergyman being rich, it was sinful. What could the fellow do with his money? He couldn't hunt, or keep a yacht, or have a box at the opera; it was wealth utterly thrown away. But there are ways of spending money upon horses without keeping a stud at Melton; and on music, without keeping an opera-box. Mr. Hieronymus Wicket came down in the handsomest curricule any of us had ever seen; he was possessed of more silver-mounted flutes and hundred-guinea fiddles than would have set up a respectable music-shop; he took the largest house in the parish; it

had been built for a hotel, but a licence could not be procured, because two of the licensing magistrates had shares in the Queen's Head; he furnished it handsomely; and in a short time made himself very agreeable to half the congregation. I say to half, for the days of perfect unanimity were already past. Some thought it too bad, and savouring of popish tyranny, to appoint a clergyman over us without asking our opinion. Mr. Welford Jells stuck up for what he called the lay element in parochial affairs; Mr. Baskins the elder was inclined to submit to the Church in all things. The ladies were equally divided; and Mrs. Baskins even hinted that Mrs. Jells' principles were nearly akin to Dissent. Mrs. Jells drew up a little, and said her family were as true Churchpeople as the Baskinses; she never had an uncle a Methodist preacher at York, and her father had ALWAYS been a Churchman, and had not merely conformed when he retired from trade. How Mrs. Baskins hated Mrs. Jells! But Mr. Jollico gave a party, spoke to the ladies separately, reminded us that our only chance of retaining our comfortable society was by mutual forbearance; and we had a nice little dance, and a nice little supper, a great deal of laughter, some games at "yes" and "no," — and Charlie Baskins walked home in the moonlight with the Jellses, lingering occasionally behind to show Sophy the effects

of the shadows on the ripples in Wallaston Brook, and on the ridges of Peverton Hill. There is certainly nothing so beautiful in young people's eyes as the glimmer and gloom of moonlight on hill and stream.

Mr. Wicket preached, and we were all delighted with his eloquence. It was something quite different from what we had heard before. None of us understood it, not even Mr. Jollico. Mr. Jefferson Smith sat in the principal pew, chewing tobacco, and looking up at the preacher with pride and exultation. He occasionally looked round with an air of triumph, as if he said, "There! that's a parson for you! Did you ever listen to the like of that? Can you make head or tail out of it? Not you!" And then he would turn his sharp countenance once more towards the preacher, as if with that hatchet-like instrument he could cut his way into the intention of his discourse. He said a great deal about two or three things that pleased us all. Everything was to be looked at from two points of view — everything had two sides, its objectivity and its subjectivity; and ruling over these, and combining, correcting, and reconciling them, was the "Ich." This he pronounced in a very foreign manner, like a serpent perhaps trying to speak, for it partook greatly of the hiss in its sound; but with the help of this "Ich," whatever it might be, he turned the Christian religion in

any way he liked. "This is its objective side," he said; "repulsive, perhaps doubtful, alarming: this is its subjective side — alluring, enchanting, improving. Now, what is wanted to perfect the bond between objectivity and subjectivity? Nothing but one, — that is the Ich." So we all went away greatly edified, and wondering what in the world the Ich could be.

"The man has been in Germany," said Mr. Jollico, "and these are some of the nonsensical results of beer and metaphysics. Objective and subjective mean outward and inward, — a stick applied to any head is objective; my head struck by a stick is subjective; and Ich means I. So the man means that if I did not exist the stick would not exist as regards me, nor the head as regards the stick. The Ich therefore is to blame for everything, for if there was no I there would be nothing at all. I should say he is still in the oolite — a reptilian brain, with perhaps the development of a crocodile, but no higher, — ill-defined spinal cord, and triple-chambered heart."

However, he was a remarkably handsome crocodile; fine dark eyes — tall and elastic figure, — and he drove the fiery greys at the rate of twelve miles an hour; and it was soon understood he had quarrelled with Mr. Jefferson Smith, and even threatened to insert his head in Wallaston Brook, both objectively and subjectively, which created a scandal in

the parish. Mr. Wicket had not called on the Spavins, or the Willigos, or the Greens. So they all sided with Mr. Smith, and thought the clergyman did not know his place and held his head a great deal too high. Somebody found out that his father had made his fortune as a mercer in Liverpool, — and it was astonishing how he could give himself such airs. Mrs. Willigo, whose brother had married the niece of a baronet (afterwards transported for forgery), refused to meet Mr. Wicket at Mr. Jollico's, at dinner, as she said the distinctions of rank ought to be kept up. Meanwhile Mr. Jefferson Smith went from house to house as an injured patron, and awoke the sympathy of half the inhabitants by his history of the ungrateful conduct of Mr. Wicket, to whom he had sold the presentation for half its value. He also said his religious feelings were in an everlasting fix, whereby he didn't know whether his head was his head or not, but sometimes he rayther believed it must be his heels, and he would apply to the bishop to set him on his pins again. But, he added confidentially, if he had catched sich a fella a-holding forth to any of his acquaintance some six or seven years since, he would have had him tied up to a tree and precious well wolloped with a strip of bull's hide, as he had done to many a better man.

And every Sunday the division grew wider and wider. The state-

ments of Mr. Wicket astonished us more and more. He talked despairingly of the church — he almost laughed at the notion of people being improved by coming together to show off their best bonnets and vie with each other in gay apparel; he saw no good, he said, in people coming to listen with a sneer, and more prepared to find fault with the preacher than to benefit by what they heard, — to criticise the sermon than to practise the precepts, — and to gratify their evil-speaking, lying, and slandering, at the expense of their friends and neighbours. He told us that the church was a heap of stones — the pulpit a piece of wood — the Bible itself a combination of paper and calf's-skin — and asked us in a taunting manner if we could derive any benefit from these. Then he told us of the Ich again, that gave a soul to stone, and wood, and paper, and made each man's own little chamber into a church, and our own private thoughts a bible. So Mrs. Willigo and Mrs. Green threatened to join the Papists, for they couldn't bear to hear the church run down, after all the money spent on its decoration and repairs, and it was shocking to hear a clergyman attack the Bible. Mr. and Mrs. Jells, however, seemed to agree with all that Mr. Wicket said, and so did Sophy. She began the study of German, and talked about Goths by the hour, and said the rector was soon going to give her a course of Higgle and Shillings; so it would be charming to be able to understand his doctrine, and explain it to Charlie Baskins when he came home; for he had gone to finish off at Woolwich, and had no time for philosophical pursuits. But it was easy to be seen there would be few opportunities for any explanation, either of philosophy or anything else, between the young people; for the old ones took different sides, and quarrelled on all subjects, particularly about objectivity and the Ich. Mr. Baskins believed in neither, and said he considered Mr. Wicket a very dangerous man, with very absurd tenets on many points; he had heard him say, for instance, that crime would probably not be visited on the ignorant perpetrator, but on the purse-proud selfish pharisee who saw his brother ignorant and did not teach him, idle, and did not give him work: who, when he asked for bread in the shape of instruction, gave him a stone in the shape of the treadmill. Then he added in a whisper, — for the communication was too awful to be conveyed in his ordinary tone of voice — he is by no means sound about Satan. This was a settler. It was seen at once that a man might be unsound on many subjects, and yet be orthodox enough; but unsoundness in this was an overthrow of the Christian faith altogether. So the belief gradually spread that Mr. Wicket was a confirmed atheist, and

worshipped the devil. Such a hubbub was never known. There was a complete cut between almost every two people in the parish. Mr. Jollico couldn't collect above eight or nine people to his nicest dinners. Charlie Baskins, when he came home on leave, was not admitted at Mr. Jells', when he called. And Mr. Jefferson Smith, who let the ornamented cottage, intended for the rector, for thirty pounds a-year, said it was intolerable that a parish should suffer such an infliction, and if the living were vacant, he should know what to do.

Strangely enough the living became vacant very soon. Mr. Wicket grew tired of so much opposition as he experienced, and resigned the rectory to go abroad. Mr. Jefferson Smith was now in supreme delight, — he sat for hours in front of his door, and peeled sticks with a bowie-knife, and spat at marks on the drive. He said he would gratify the parish with a gentleman who would put everything straight. He would have none of your Ichs or objectivities. He had taken the precaution to sell the next presentation to a society whose whole object it was to introduce real Christianity into a benighted land. So there came down a very little stout man, with a very bald head, and very short neck. A low brow corrugated itself in wavy folds, while his cheeks filled themselves with a great sound, and collapsed at each

sentence like a broken bellows. Short bandy legs scarcely sufficed to support the weight of his rotund and shapeless body. He was married, and had many children. His wife, a thin, cadaverous person of fifty years of age; his children, sleek-haired, dirty-handed, short-jacketed little fellows, with red hair, and flat-topped heads. And again hope revived in the parish, for Mr. Howlgin was said to be a surprising orator, and did not understand a word of any language but his own — a phenomenon of self-culture. Originally designed for a tailor, but with an indomitable ambition to teach everybody he came in contact with, he had offended his master by dogmatising on the shape of trousers, and after many years' steady perseverance, had pushed himself up to his present station, by loudness of voice, and a perfect Niagara of words, over which, as in the real waterfall, hung a perpetual mist through which it was impossible to see. "I have been in Plymouth Dockyard," said Mr. Jollico, "and I have noticed the skulls of the culprits with much attention. This man looks like a convict with a call; which many of them have, by the bye, to the great delight of the chaplains, and the easy obtaining of tickets of leave. He has the criminal development very strong, and I should fear will murder some of us soon, or die of delirium tremens."

He die of delirium tremens!

The last man in the world to do any such thing. He must have had a constitution of iron. In his very first sermon he told us he had at one time been the greatest rascal, without any exception, who ever escaped the gallows by the blindness of the law. For many years he had been a confirmed drunkard. He had broken every commandment every day of his life. He had never seen money without wishing to steal it; nor a woman of any kind without wishing to insult her; nor seen a neighbour in distress without wishing to increase his sufferings. He had never received a favour without wishing to injure his benefactor. He had never answered a question without telling a lie. He had never had a dinner given him without eating till he could eat no more. Murder he had not risen to, but it was only through fear of the law. Forgery he had not attempted, for he was afraid of discovery; but both murder and forgery he would have gloried in committing — for his heart was in a state of nature. So were all our hearts. “You would all rob, and slay, and cheat if you dared! Don’t try to deceive me; my feelings once were what yours now are. You are all murderers, thieves, assassins, liars, drunkards. I know it — for wasn’t I once all these things. And don’t go plastering over your iniquities with what is called politeness. I had no politeness, even when I was the ruffian you are. Don’t

go and say to each other, — ‘My respected friend do so and so,’ but say — ‘Unconvicted swindler, undetected murderer, unexposed forger, do so and so.’ That’s how you ought to speak to each other; that’s how the angels look upon every one of you; that’s how they would once have been justified in looking on me! Go home then,” he said, after his “finally, and in conclusion” had been repeated two or three times, — “Go home, and be sure there is one man in the parish who knows your hearts better than you do yourselves; for I have nothing to do but study my own. Don’t I see in it all the vices it is possible to name? — and isn’t it a human heart?”

“I should say not,” said Mr. Jollico, as we walked home, “I should think it is the very lowest stage of animal development — prior even to the silurian remains. In fact, I should say you had no heart at all, but that you were a sort of polyp, consisting of a stomach and a mouth. I will show you some fossilised specimens of the family,” he added, “when we get to my house. This fellow will do more mischief to the parish than fifty Mr. Wickets. It is impossible to ask him to dinner. He would steal the spoons. He told us he was at one time in the habit of pocketing whatever he could; and the old propensity might break out. He would also find fault with my three glasses of Twenty Port, because he was once a deliberate

drunkard, and might object to my asking Sophy Jells to tea, because he used to have curious ideas about any lady he saw."

So here we are in the midst of an internal conflagration, which nothing seems likely to extinguish; and all because we have no voice in the appointment of our rector; anybody can buy the right of setting anybody to instruct us. Cannot some way be found out of consulting a parish on the settlement in the midst of it of a teacher and guide? Are German theologians to come and mystify us with Ichs and other unintelligibilities, and turn the heads of silly young girls like Sophy Jells, who has lost both Charlie Baskins and Mr. Wicket; or a ranting Boanerges to escape by a miracle from being hanged, and paint poor human nature as black as pitch, as pitch only fit to be burned? — taking his wretched self as the model, his own wicked thoughts and depraved imaginations as the same thoughts and imaginations which softened the heart of Howard and ennobled the mind of Milton? I am going to dine with Mr. Jollico to-day, and we are going to read a chapter or two of the Gospel of St. John. "It is like grinding one's own wheat," he says, "and baking one's own loaf after the adulterations of miller and baker. Is there no Dr. Hassall to spy out the deleterious mixtures and unwholesome poisons retailed in pulpits as well as shops — the alum, and plaster, and acid,

taking away the purity and sustenance of the bread of life?"

WET GARDEN WALKS.

AFTER a stout pitched battle with the obstinate resistance of three dinner courses, consisting of fish, flesh, and fowl (not to mention the volunteer regiments of vegetables), with soup in the van, and dessert in the rear, flanked by a sharp-shooting company of frisky beer, popping seltzer-water, and explosive lemonade, the whole covered by a powerful kitchen battery smoking and steaming close behind — at the conclusion of such a destructive onslaught, commencing at the early hour of half-past twelve, the sated dining-room warrior is apt to become lazy, especially if he has risen at five in the morning, and has occupied his time in an out-door campaign. At least such was the case with myself when the great bell of St. Omer hoarsely boomed out two in the afternoon, to be immediately re-echoed by the shoemaking watchman, who cobbles, strikes the hour, and looks out for fires, on the pleasant but windy eminence of St. Bertin's tower. It was too early in the day, as well as too hot, to remain in-doors, tippling old Bordeaux, especially as the other voyageurs had left the Hôtel du Commerce to transact their own private commerce in town. So, after a blink at the dazzling

sunshine, and a hesitating halt under the lofty archway, which used to swallow up, one after the other, whole diligences, horses and all, just as a hungry chicken bolts grains of barley, until the railway swallowed them altogether at one gulp, but which now serves mainly as the airy larder wherein crude shoulders of mutton, fair quarters of lamb, fat legs of veal, and ruddy loins of beef find a temporary refuge — after a careless glance at those huge festoons of meat, I stuck my hands in my pockets and sallied forth. I longed for a cool and shady garden walk; but, as the proverb says, water goes to the river, and so did I. Like the pailful from the pump, with which the good “bonne” (she might have been bad, for aught I know, though I hope not, and do not really think so), rinsed and cooled her bucket before pumping another, I softly slid, rather than walked, down the gentle slope of the Rue de Dunkerque.

In that easy descent there are some cap shops, tempting to look into on several accounts; there is a milliner's that is perfectly irresistible (it has a choice geranium novelty in a china pot stuck in the window to give you an excuse for stopping); there is a charcutier's (artist in pork), with a varnished ham, a french-polished tongue, a china hen that has been sitting upon the same eggs, to my knowledge, for these eighteen months past; and a large bouquet of finely-broken

tulips expressly placed to shade half a sausage from the sunshine; there is a shoemaker's, where four-and-twenty Crispins sit all in two rows, who know better than the subtlest and secretest agent of police the face and the business of every passer-by; there is a tobacco débit, where you find the newest fashions from Monsieur Fiolet's world-famous pipe-and-bowl manufactory — death's-heads with jewelled eyes, and (with shame be it spoken) the Empress Eugénie's busts destined to convert the soothing weed into smoke and ashes; there are aristocratic porte-cochères closely shut, and stately windows densely muffled with double curtains of crochet and muslin: nobody ever looks out of those windows, except the greenhouse plants, of whom the master is so blindly infatuated that he thinks they can never do anything wrong; there is a book-seller's, where your choice lies between the Life of St. Mouldibones, the Meditations of St. Meaghermeel, the Antiquities of St. Outotheway, the Gauger's Ready-Reckoner, and the Serjeant's Livret. There is not a soul to stare at all these fine things; for, except on market-days, and the hours of going to and from mass and vespers, you may fire a cannon-ball down any of the streets of St. Omer without fear of committing homicide. Then there are the canalised river crossed by innumerable little bridges; the sentinelled

and well-guarded porte, like a short dark tunnel; the draw-bridge, the octroi bureau, and the fortification ditches, which last are admirably adapted to the comforts of the fat carp and slippery tench, who flounce and wriggle among the reeds and water-lilies. There is the passage by which the road ducks beneath the railway — and then you are walking in another world, amongst a people who have only two ideas to rub together — namely, gardens and water; unless white-washing, colouring, painting, scrubbing, beer-drinking, and smoking, may, between them, constitute a third. I do not, however, mean to assert, either that the natives are devoid of all sense of religion, tenderness, and duty, or that money-making is entirely a forgotten art.

Heigho! it is very hot. Why did we dine so heartily? Because we were hungry, and the dinner was good. Idly do we stroll by the hewn-stone bank of the river Aa, which runs down the middle of the main street, constituting the Faubourg du Haut-Pont. We stare in at the windows, rather rudely perhaps, to look at the flowers — fuchsias that would screen a south-west gale, and roses which might fence out a herd of bullocks — and the more pointedly we gaze, the more complacently do the inmates regard us. It shows in us, they think, such natural benevolence of disposition to admire a bloom-

ing well-tutored cactus, and to smile complacently at a promising family of well-educated double stocks. Surely this plot must belong to a professional; it is neatness itself, and gayer than harlequin's coat and nether garments. If Hudibras were done into the Flemish tongue, we would quote and stick over the door as a motto —

Though Paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care.
The whole world, without art and dress
Would be but one great wilderness.

"If you please, madame, will you accord us the gratification of walking round your garden?"

"Willingly, monsieur. Enter this way." Accordingly I accept the invitation.

"And what is the price of this darling fat plant, plante grasse, or succulent?"

"Ah! monsieur; my husband does not sell flowers. He only rears them for his own enjoyment."

"I beg excuses," —

"There is no occasion, monsieur. If you wish for a cutting, you are at liberty to take one."

Of course I took a strong cutting, inserting the knife so as to divide the subterranean stem, and bring away a fibre or two of vigorous root. It was the prettiest plant I had seen for some time.

But, if you are curious about the name of the vegetable pet I thus carried off from that Haut-Pont parterre, I simply reply it was the plant then in vogue.

Flowers are like fashions and the fair ones who set and wear them: each reigning beauty, each fresh-blown mode, is admired as the loveliest and the most becoming. What more charming than the simple unaffected style of dress introduced by the snowdrop, the crocus, the hepatica, and the primrose? But, as dogs have their day, so have flowers and beauties. "Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away, another as bright and as fleeting comes on." And we think them all the brightest for the time being. When the first generation of spring blooms are turned to hay and withered leaves, we rapturously admire and ecstatically adore the glories of the tulip, the voluptuousness of the rose, the luxury of the carnation, and the noble presence of the dahlia. And when *they* are standing with one foot in the grave, ready to be swept to their funeral amidst the compost heaps of autumn, we console ourselves for the loss of dear departed flowers, by gazing with rapture at the expanding petals of chrysanthemums, dwarf, tall, and middle-sized, white, yellow, orange, red, brown, blush; in short, of every colour of the rainbow except the best, — blue and violet, — for those are the hues of love and friendship. Exactly so with milliner's fashions. Did you ever know a pretty and amiable woman look otherwise than charming, whether she wore a ruff, a farthingale, a hoop, or a Mary Stuart cap? Her hair, whether dusted with a bushel of powder, frizzed into a cloud, tortured into corkscrews, braided into long cows'-tails, plastered stiff with Bandoline, or puffed into rolls like Bologna sausages, — her hair still constituted the head-dress of a beauty; and you admired its arrangement while you beheld it, however absurd that arrangement might be. Were you not taken, in your youth, with coal-scuttle hats, skin-tight sleeves, low-cut bosoms, and high waists on a level with the arm-pits? Have you not been pleased with decorous dresses buttoned tight round the throat; with gigot-sleeves, which only require inflation with gas to make your dearly-beloved Jenny jump over the moon; with shot-silk skirts, which answer as admirable substitutes when the street-sweeping machines are out of order; with multiple series of graduated flounces reaching almost to the ears of the wearer, as if a lady were a sort of pyramido-conical obelisk, whose pinnacle was to be reached by climbing up a flight of external steps? I again assert that women, fashions, and flowers, admit of no degrees of comparison. They are all superlative, while they last. The flower season is a succession of brilliant noons, a compressed epitome of many bright summers, a reiteration of culminating points, zeniths, and climaxes, from which all shadows of morn and eve, all decline and

fall, all sunset and autumn, are temporarily and provisionally excluded, till at last old Winter comes to wave his white wand again, and scatters his hoarfrost over the earth, like burning ashes.

Every flower is a favourite with somebody, though everybody does not fix his affections on the same identical favourite. As in matters matrimonial, every Jack finds his Jill (*chacun trouve sa chacune*); so, in floral attachments, every object of attraction bewitches its own special object whom its influence attracts. Rousseau had his periwinkle; Girofalo the painter, his gilliflower, whence he derives his pictorial name. Linnæus fell into a rapture of adoration the first time he beheld the golden blossoms of the furze; while Burns worshipped with fond devotion that wee modest crimson-tipped flower, the daisy. The late king and queen of Otaheite wore sunflowers in their bosoms on drawing-room days. There are memorial flowers; the *Flos Adonis*, or pheasant's eye, sprang from the blood that fell from Adonis's thigh, when the savage boar inflicted the death-wound; the hyacinth rose to perpetuate the perishing beauty of another comely stripling. The *vergiss-mein-nicht*, or forget-me-not, is a modern remembrancer of lovers' vows. There are dynastic flowers; the lily of the Bourbons, the violet of the Bonapartes, and the broom-twigg, the *planta genista*,

or *plante des genets*, of our own vanished Plantagenets. There are national flowers; the touch-me-not thistle of Scotland, the delicate wood-sorrel or shamrock of Ireland, the blood-stained roses (both white and red) of England, the perfumed rose of the orientals, the water-lilies of India, the tuberose of Italy; to which might be added the geraniums of the Cape, the cactuses of America, the lilies of Guernsey, the double pomegranates of Morocco, the scarlet quince, and a hundred other beauties of Japan, the chrysanthemum and a thousand more charmers from China, the gentian of the Alps, and the blushing crab-blossom of Siberia. There are religious and supernatural flowers; — the passion-flower, which represents, in the parts of its inflorescence, the material instruments of the Saviour's suffering; the box which (when properly blest and dipped in holy water) drives off, by sprinkling, all evil influences — I have seen it used effectually, with decoction of tobacco, to exorcise malignant insects from tormented and demoniacally-possessed wall-fruit trees; — the mandrake, which, when torn up by the roots, utters a wailing cry, and drives the hearer mad. There is Shakespeare's "little western flower;" and *joubarbe*, Jupiter's beard, vulgò houseleek, "which," saith Sir Thomas Browne, "old superstition set on the tops of houses as a defensation against lightning and thunder;" St.

Anthony's white lily, symbolic and virtuous; and a legend of the Virgin worthier of belief than the new-fangled doctrine of her immaculate conception, that when her votaries sought her body in the tomb, they found that it had undergone apotheosis, and that its place was filled with a bouquet parfait, a mingled mass of sweet-smelling blooms.

There are even blossoms of county repute; hops in Kent, apples in Devonshire, barley-bloom in Norfolk, gooseberries in Lancashire. There are poor men's flowers (double-daisies and wall-flowers), rich men's flowers (orchidaceæ), weavers' flowers (tulips and ranunculuses), shoe-makers' flowers (auriculas and calceolarias); button-hole flowers; flowers for the mouth; nay, some enthusiasts (I cannot call them savages), go so far as to stick flowers, in slits, in their ears. There are barometric flowers (the shepherds' weather-glasses); photometric flowers (mesembrianthemums, or noon-flowers, not to mention a star or two of Bethlehem, and others); clock flowers (the white water lily), which shut at certain hours of the day; luminous flowers (tropæolum), from which bright sparks have been seen to flash. There are sweet-smelling flowers that intoxicate the soul; and stinking flowers (stapeliæ) which imitate putrid carrion so well as to take the very blow-flies in. There are ticklish flowers, which shrink and wince when you tickle

them. I question whether there are any truly scentless flowers; but there are paradoxical flowers, that exhale a powerful odour, imperceptible nevertheless to most human noses; thus completing the circle of our imperfect senses. As there are sounds inaudible to ordinary ears (the highest notes of insect chirping, and the lowest tones of colossal pedal pipes); as there are colours invisible to ordinary eyes (we know them to exist from the chemical action of the rays that produce them); so there are vegetable perfumes whose peculiar savour is not to be caught by vulgar nasal nerves. That there are such emanations, you will not doubt, after being closeted for an hour or two in a snug apartment, with sundry individuals of the cactus family.

So, pray, which are your favourite flowers, — the lily of the valley, the dandelion, or the daffydowndilly, which comes before the swallow dares to come, and meets the winds of March with beauty? I will candidly tell you which are mine. As Cowslip the dairymaid, when pressed to patronise a bird (after the fashion of Venus, Juno, and Minerva, who selected doves, peacocks, and owls respectively), answered, "Well, I should like a nice roast duck;" in like manner, if you put me to the question about my flowers, I must confess that I have a weakness for caperbuds, whenever there is talk of boiled legs of mutton; for borage

and nasturtium-flowers to crown a salad; for cowslips and cream, while the cuckoo singeth; for a dish of cooked artichokes, whenever they are to be had (I cannot even yet manage them raw à la poivrade); for chamomile fomentations when seized with the face-ache; for marigold broth when I want to bring out the measles or the scarlet fever; for elder-flower water to strengthen and cleanse the few scant hairs that remain on my cranium; for a glass of clary wine as an exhilarator and anti-lacrymatic; for a tisane of violets and lime-tree blossoms when the doctor prescribes a cooling diluent; for decoction of rose-leaves when he says I am feverish; for the dried bouquet, which I treasure flattened between the leaves of a certain folio volume; and for the pretty little pot-flower (never mind what genus and species it belongs to) which Mary Jane presented on my birth-day.

But we have not quitted the Faubourg du Haut-Pont the more for having wandered amongst the flowers. We have not yet thanked the Flemish dame for her cutting, nor inquired the best way to walk to Clairmarias and view the floating islands there.

"Walk!" she exclaims, "impossible, from this place. Last winter you might have walked there easily enough."

"To drive then?" The lady smiled.

"At the corner, near the sluice, you will find a boat."

"And the floating islands?" Another smile, a shrug, and a bow.

Now, if you can give a full and particular account of eleven hundred and upwards of named canals that twist zig-zag into an aqueous network, which converts some two thousand acres of garden-ground into a labyrinth of watercourses and an archipelago of islands, I must confess that I cannot. My slip-shod boat, urged by a merry gossiping Charon with whom it would be a pleasure to pass the Styx, went sliding through the currentless water, as time passes over a man in a trance. Not a visible footmark on the bank, not a direction-post or wheel-rut, to indicate the direction of hourly traffic. The houses, whether isolated or standing in rows, had boats moored before their doors, often as the only means of escape; but which way they were to go when set in motion, none but a born Haut-Ponter could tell. Water, and gardens, and Flemings, and frogs, realised Hood's joke of a pastoral symphony in A flat. You saw nobody walking about, because they couldn't. But you met women punting their babies to and fro, who will hereafter be the punters of babies yet unborn. You passed parties returning from market, husbands pushing their dearly-beloveds backward through the water,—economy at the prow and industry at the helm, with a mass of leguminous material results in the middle,

The wayside weeds were water-lilies; instead of flocks of hedge-sparrows, shoals of roach and dace glanced by; while tobacco-smoke imperfectly did duty for dust, and yelping curs were represented by quacking fowl as they gambolled at their sport of ducks and drakes. And thus we glided from Haut-Pont to Lyzel, a twin terraqueous horticultural district. In the heart of the suburb the streets are water, with rows of decent houses on each side; before them boats are moored at the edge of the canal, like strings of aquatic hackney-coaches, or those used-up things in art, Venetian gondolas. Close by, are huge stacks of what look like an infinity of rods for naughty boys, but really are sticks for ambitious peas that want to rise in the world, and look down disdainfully on their squatter comrades. What we call green peas the French style little peas. What, then, are great peas? I should like to raise a cut-and-come-again pea, — a great green pea, a bloated marrowfat, which I might divide, like a peach, into two handsome portions: giving half of it to the partner of my joys and sorrows, and transferring the remaining half to the plate before my own sweet self. It is worth noting that the St. Omerian gardeners, amongst the most skilful in the world (as far as they go), sow their peas in two parallel drills, some nine inches apart, leaving a wide interval of from five to six

feet before the two next drills; down the middle of which intervening space they plant early potatoes. They stick the peas en berceau, that is, in arches, or bowerwise, very early in spring; and it is found that the shelter of the sticks greatly aids both the peas and the potatoes.

In front of the Lyzel houses, are flights of steps to the water's edge, down which descend, not noble maidens, but Flemish frowlings. Single-planked bridges, worthy of Anne of Geierstein, cross the canal at short intervals. On its edge, lie beds of dung, of the consistency of ripe Cheshire cheese, with a thick crop of seedlings, instead of blue mould, covering their surface. Nor is there any scarcity of little auberges, redolent of brown beer and tobacco, where games known only to Flemings are played. One practical joke actually performed hereabouts was to drag the butt of the party up a chimney, landing him on the roof, by means of a halter suddenly slipped round his neck as he sat by the fire. Gliding noiselessly out of the faubourg, you continue your voyage through forests of cabbage, woods of chervil, and palm-groves of haricots, intermingled with little bits of green carpet (sorrel, shallots, parsley, and other pot-herbs and garnishings), all ready to fly away to market. Little fields of strawberries, principally for exportation, take their places irregularly in the verdant patch-

work. During the height of the strawberry season, the railway station is as highly perfumed by the delicately-packed baskets of aromatic fruit as a double-distilled exquisite is, during his season, with musk, patchouli, or eau de Cologne. All sorts of young crops rise continuously and jauntily from the surface of the Lyzel, as if they thought themselves the cream of the earth. And do not scorn those osier stools, which furnish twigs to bind the fruit-trees. The sooner we come to osier ligatures ourselves the better, now that Russia no longer gives us mats of bast. You cannot see a weed, nor the semblance of one. In such gardens they are things insufferable, — in fact, unheard of; but in farming hereabouts, the weeds drawn are the perquisite of the weeders (almost always women), who bring home at night a waggon-load on their backs for the benefit of their cow, their goat, or their pig.

The Lyzelard gardeners would have quite the right to pass the winter, if they choose, like dormice, in a torpid state, to make up by a long three-months' night, for the want of sleep they endure in summer. Often and often, instead of going to bed after a hard day's work, they sit up to shell peas. Perhaps by some compensating adaptation, the fingers acquire the faculty of keeping awake and doing, while the rest of their bodily frame is steeped in forgetfulness; exactly as the

inhabitants of Great Yarmouth are reputed to sleep with one eye open. Often and often, when other folks would be holding a family concert by snoring in parts, they are up before the dawn to gather vegetables and fruit.

It is worth while keeping our eyes open as we pass, for the sake of the lesson in culinary botany. I wish my present and all my future cooks were here, to learn to know wholesome plants when they see them. Amongst devourers of salads and wholesale consumers of fine herbs, it really is a matter of importance. The *Progrès du Pas-de-Calais*, of the eighth of July, announces a terrible event as taking place at Belluno, in Italy. The cholera had already destroyed several victims in that town, when the boarders at the college (grammar-school) suddenly all fell ill at once. The doctors declared that it was an attack of that scourge, and treated the lads accordingly. Fifty of the number sunk under the malady. At the post-mortem examination, it was discovered that the cause of the disease arose from the administration of the lesser hemlock, which an ignorant cook had mistaken for parsley. Gipsy-parties are equally dangerous expedients for innocents who don't know blackberries from bitter-sweet. Out in the wilds, amidst pretty bright berries, discretion is often the better part of valour. It is true that an unknown fruit may be

almost always eaten with safety, if the stamens (amounting to twenty at least) remain adhering to the calyx, as is the case with the strawberry. If they have grown on the receptacle, beware. Our gallant allies are more prudent than ourselves. With the exception of wild strawberries and cherries, they are as nice about a plant's being properly gardened as the Jews are about a sheep's being properly butchered. Full many a fruit of purest juice serene the dark unfathom'd woods of Gallia bear; full many a mushroom springs to rot unseen, and wastes its ketchup on the desert air. Unfortunately, some families of plants which are marked by close relationship and strong resemblance, contain both nutritious and deadly species. Thus, the umbellifers include, besides the carrot and parsnip, the benumbing hemlock, the pungent pig-nut, the aromatic dill, coriander, and caraway, the deadly burning water-hemlock, the treacherous fool's parsley, and the anise, beloved of distillers and liquor-shops.

And when you are out on a gipsy pic-nic, don't pick up every flower you see (any more than you would pick up every decently-dressed acquaintance), and stick it into your mouth to make you look interesting. A lady of my acquaintance stepped into her garden, to listen for the church bell to ring for mass. Like the ploughman who whistled o'er the lea for want of thought, a wan-

dering mood of mind caused her to pluck and nibble a bit of the nearest plant, whether flower or leaf she cannot remember. At mass, my lady was taken ill; and, after a horrible afternoon and night, got well in the morning. But she no longer permits *chapeau de prêtre*, or monk's-hood, to form one of her list of border flowers. Lately, hereabouts, a little boy, four years old, the son of an overseer of customs at Pont-à-Marcq, was playing in a meadow with his sister, his elder by a twelve-month. The child gathered some flowers, it is not known what, and ate them. The father, when told of it by the girl, treated the circumstance as a matter of no consequence. But, in the evening, the poor little fellow complained of violent pains, made repeated but useless efforts to vomit, and in spite of all the doctor's care was dead within four and twenty hours.

Our cruise was in search of the long-celebrated floating islands of Clairmarais, the oft-reprinted wonders of travelling guide-books. They float, like corks, on the pages of many that grace my shelves. But, here we are on their aqueous locality, and there are no other floating islands than ourselves to be seen. The others have long since taken their departure, following in the train of a thousand and one humbugs and things of nought. The lady at Haut-Pont might well smile when we mentioned them. But the boatman accepts a chope of

beer to compensate for the disappointment; and it is now time to go home and sup. We receive our summons — not from a bell, but from something floral approaching to it. Mark that green elongated bud. At word of command, (not from you or me, though we might hocus-pocus and pretend to give it,) it bursts. An evening primrose comes forth, bearing inscribed on its banner the number four. The stem quivers. One yellow petal boldly protrudes; then another; and then two, starting at once, elbow their way out of doors, and split their calyx the whole way down. The flower expands and takes its shape, as a butterfly spreads its wings to the sunshine. Its motions are like those of a living thing of quiet habits. Like? Is it not alive?

REGULARS AND IRREGULARS.

ABOUT five miles from Poona, is situated the cantonment of Kirkee, where an English dragoon regiment is always stationed. During the time I lived at Poona, the corps quartered in Kirkee, was the Tenth Hussars; and, one of my greatest pleasures when taking my constitutional ride in the morning, was to go across country to the vast plain, where I could see this magnificent regiment—numbering some seven hundred horses and wen—either out at exercise, in “water-

ing order,” as they called it, or going through their various drill manœuvres, under their energetic little colonel. As a boy, I had lived many years in the neighbourhood of the Regent’s Park, and had always been a great admirer of the Life Guards, stationed in the Albany Street barracks, as well as a regular attendant at all their parades. Finding myself, many years afterwards, living near an English dragoon regiment in Western India, and having, as a sick man, much time on my hands, I felt all my former curiosity and boyish admiration for the cavalry service revive, and I began soon to take an interest in all that concerned the gallant Tenth Hussars, which I now smile at when I recollect. By degrees I began to know some of the officers and regiment; and, from both them and the men, I gained no little information regarding the manner in which the English dragoons, serving in India, are armed, mounted, equipped, and dressed.

All ranks were mounted on horses — of mares there were none in the corps, and but very few geldings. For the non-commissioned officers and men, they were provided by the Bombay Government, and were mostly purchased from Arab dealers, who brought them down from the Persian Gulf. Their average height was only fourteen hands and three inches, or nearly two hands under the average height of ordinary English carriage

horses. The average height of the men of the regiment was about five feet eight inches; and, when in full marching order, carrying everything as on a campaign, the average weight which each man rode was upwards of twenty-one stone, or very nearly as much as if each horse carried three Newmarket jockeys — saddles and all — on his back. In the marching equipment of the Hussars, three things struck me as peculiarly suitable for cavalry soldiers going on service, and which I am sure the whole regiment must find the benefit of in the Crimea, where the Tenth now are. The first of these was a small compact copper cooking pot, with cover, just large enough to cook the dinner of one individual, and well calculated to make him perfectly independent on a campaign. This fitted on the valise, or saddle-bags, carried behind, and was strapped on in such a manner that it could not move. The next peculiarity which I observed in the regiment, was one which every Indian cavalry soldier carries when on the line of march — namely, head and heel ropes, or the means of securing the horses effectually in the open plains, or wherever the regiment may be halted. I should mention that the horses of the Tenth Hussars are never, at any time, under cover. There are no stables of any kind — except for the sick horses — in the cavalry cantonment at Kirkee. The eight troops of the regiment are picketted out in the open air, front and rear rank horses of each troop facing each other, in eight double lines. In the third place, I remarked, as very sensible and appropriate for a hot country, that the chakos were covered with neat, white cotton cloth, padded, so as to guard the head against the effects of the sun. With this last exception, the uniform of the Hussars was, when on mounted duty, exactly the same as if they had been quartered in England. They wore tight leather stocks, tightly buttoned cloth jackets, and hanging “pelisses” over the right arm. No allowance seemed to be made for the great heat of India. When on guard, or other dismounted duty, during the heat of the day, they wore a dress consisting of a white cotton jacket, buttoned up in military fashion, and trousers of the same material. The arms of the regiment appeared to be singularly inappropriate. They consisted of a cut-and-thrust sword which, from continual rubbing against the steel scabbard, was too blunt to cut. Even had an edge been put to it, the friction of continual drawing and returning of swords would have soon destroyed it. The officers of the corps, told me that their men were armed with the identical pattern of both sword and carbine, which are carried by the cavalry of the Household brigade, and indeed by all dragoon regiments throughout the service. This struck me as very

remarkable; for the troopers of the Tenth are nearly four inches shorter than those of the Life Guards, and the horses of the former are mere ponies, when compared to the big black horses which carry the latter. The carbines of the Tenth appeared to be the most heavy unwieldy fire-arms for men on horseback that it was possible to conceive. They were too heavy to be used effectively with one arm, and every one knows that on horseback, one of the rider's hands must always be fully occupied with the management of his bridle. Their belts were heavy and cumbersome, giving the beholder a notion of their being fashioned in the early part of the last century. I was told that the cost of each soldier of the regiment, as he stood mounted at Kirkee, including all the expenses incidental upon enlisting him, training him in England, bringing him out to India, and finishing his training there, was calculated at one hundred and fifty pounds sterling. This was not supposed to include his horse; which, taking one with another, was supposed to cost about sixty pounds more. Thus the entire regiment, numbering seven hundred sabres, costs the country no less a sum than one hundred and forty-seven thousand pounds, without calculating the enormous expenses attending passage of the regiment in steamers, from Bombay, up the Red Sea to Suez, thence across

the Desert to Cairo, down the Nile to Alexandria, and from that port, by steamers, to Balaklava.

I left the Kirkee station with a deep impression of the value and excellence of the discipline of the Tenth; but with the notion that there are many very grave faults connected with the manner in which the men are dressed and armed and the weight which their horses have to carry, which must detract from the efficiency of the regiment when in the field. It seemed in fact, as if government tried how effectively they could, by bad regulations and obsolete rules as to weapons and clothing, impede and hinder in every possible way the use to which light cavalry should be put on a campaign. Imagine, for an instant, a horse of fourteen hands two inches in height having to carry, for a long day's march, a hussar, who with all his accoutrements, weighs twenty-two stone, or somewhere about the burden he would have to bear, if either three Newmarket jockeys, or two average-sized whippers-in of hounds, were to get upon his back! What chance would an animal carrying this have, when the march was over, of charging as a dragoon's horse ought to charge, — or of pursuing an enemy with the slightest chance of overtaking him. When, in addition to this, we take into consideration the very inferior weapons which the hussars — and indeed, all English cavalry, for that matter, as all are armed

alike — carry, is it a matter of astonishment if, on more than one occasion, our mounted troops, both in India and elsewhere, have failed in the hour of need to be fully up to that mark without which there can be no efficiency of any sort amongst soldiers?

From Poona, I proceeded to a military station some seventy miles further inland in the Decan, called Ahmednuggur. On my way thither, I stopped for some time at the small cantonment of Seroor, which used in former days to be the headquarters of the Poona division of the army; but is now only occupied by one corps, the Poona Auxiliary Horse. The men of this regiment are all natives of Hindostan, or the north-west provinces of India. Throughout the corps, the weight which each horse has to carry when his rider is in marching order, is only ten and a half stone — exactly half that with which the Hussar horses are burdened. The men are clad in a most becoming native dress, and their clothing, as well as their arms, are perfectly uniform throughout the regiment. On the head is worn a red turban, very much of the same shape and make as the white turban which the Zouaves of the Guard may be seen wearing in Paris. The coat is a sort of frock, which descends to the knee, of a dark-green colour, and fashioned round the neck so as to leave that part perfectly exposed, in the same way that the

jackets of the Zouaves are made. On their legs the men of the Poona Horse wear high boots of thin black leather, resembling those known in England by the name of Napoleon boots. But what struck me most forcibly were the arms of the regiment, and their great superiority over those provided for English dragoons. Their carbines are light useful weapons, of excellent finish, and so light, that even a weak man might use them on horseback with perfect ease. Instead of the mere ordinary half-cock and full-cock, with which the arms of the English service are furnished, the carbines of the Poona Horse have a third cock, which raises the doghead or hammer well of the nipple, but is sufficiently near it to prevent the copper cap falling off. The use of this for fire-arms meant to be carried by mounted men, is obvious. Nearly all the accidents which happen to persons carrying loaded guns, arise from the doghead being left down on the nipple, and the gun, musket, or carbine being suddenly struck causing the cap to explode. But with the carbines of the Poona Horse this is next to impossible. The swords are the curved native weapon, and are kept as sharp as razors; the scabbards being of leather, lined with wood. I felt many of the swords, and found them all almost sharp enough to shave with. The troopers told me that the drawing of swords is avoided as much as possible,

and I observed that in general the sentinels and others performed their duties with their swords in the scabbards. The sword and pouch-belts were one and all of black patent leather, so that no time was taken up in cleaning — if cleaning the process can be called — with that mixture of white filth called pipe-clay. Speaking afterwards to an officer of the Company's Service on this subject, I remarked how much better the weapons of the Poona Horse were than those carried by the Tenth Hussars. The reply struck me as one which would have shocked some of our elderly English generals, who look upon every order that is issued from the Horse Guards as second only to what is to be found in Holy Writ. "The carbines of the Poona Horse," said this gentleman, "are ordered out from England by officers who have had experience in Indian warfare; those carried by the Hussars are only sent out by the Horse Guards."

The Poona Horse is a regiment of what are termed Irregulars. An Irregular Horseman, is one who provides his own horse, saddle, arms, accoutrements, for a certain sum monthly, included in which, is the food and forage for his horse. The sum paid by Government to each Poona trooper, is twenty-seven rupees, or two pounds fourteen shillings, per month. This sum is not, however, considered sufficient with the present prices of grain

in the Deccan, to feed and maintain both horse and man as they ought to be kept. Notwithstanding this, no sooner does a vacancy in the corps happen, than there are twenty applications for it. Natives, who would never think of taking service in the regular cavalry or infantry, travel hundreds of miles on bare chance of finding employment in the irregular horse. These, unlike other troops, require no commissariat, either when stationary in cantonments, or upon taking the field. In quarters, and on the march, each man caters for himself and his charger. The baggage is carried by ponies, of which there is one to every three privates, and so on in proportion with the other ranks. Of European officers, there are but three with the whole corps of Poonah Horse — a Commandant, a Second in Command, and an Adjutant. The Native Officers are, of course, much more numerous: there being two or three with each troop, besides a Native Commandant, and Native Adjutant, who carry on the duties of the regiment, under the immediate direction of their European superiors.

Judging from the letters which have been received from the Crimea for the last twelve months, what is more wanted than anything else with our army, is a body of real light horsemen? By this term I do not mean merely such cavalry soldiers as are of light weight, but self-dependent

dragoons, who require little or no care taken of them in the way of providing commissariat, and who are capable of acting as the eyes, arms, and feelers of the army, when it is requisite either to know the whereabouts of the enemy, or to follow him up when routed. Since my return to England, much has been said and written about light horsemen for service in the Crimea, and this has induced me to pen these few remarks regarding English Hussars and Indian Horseman. In the various discussions which have taken place about the amalgamation of the Indian and English armies, I have never yet seen it mooted that some practices of the one service might be copied by the other, although I feel certain that such a fusion would be perfectly feasible, and in many instances highly advisable.

COMFORT.

HAST thou o'er the clear heaven of thy soul
Seen tempests roll?
Hast thou watch'd all the hopes thou
would'st have won
Fade, one by one?
Wait till the clouds are past, then raise
thine eyes
To bluer skies!

Hast thou gone sadly through a dreary
night,
And found no light;
No guide, no star, to cheer thee through
the plain —
No friend, save pain?
Wait, and thy soul shall see, when most
forlorn,
Rise a new morn.

Hast thou beneath another's stern control
Bent thy sad soul,
And wasted sacred hopes and precious
tears?
Yet calm thy fears,
For thou canst gain even from the bitter-
est part,
A stronger heart!

Has Fate o'erwhelm'd thee with some
sudden blow?
Let thy tears flow;
But know when storms are past, the
heavens appear
More pure, more clear;
And hope, when farthest from their
shining rays,
For brighter days.

Hast thou found life a cheat, and worn
in vain
Its iron chain?
Hast thy soul bent beneath earth's heavy
bond?
Look thou beyond;
If life is bitter, there for ever shine
Hopes more divine!

Art thou alone, and does thy soul com-
plain
It lives in vain?
Not vainly does he live who can endure.
O be thou sure,
That he who hopes, and suffers here can
earn
A sure return.

Hast thou found nought within thy
troubled life
Save inward strife?
Hast thou found all she promised thee,
Deceit,
And Hope a cheat?
Endure, and there shall dawn within thy
breast
Eternal rest!

CORALIE.

IN one of the streets branching
off to the right, as you go up the
Champs Elysées towards the Bar-
rière de l'Étoile, exists Madame
Sévère's Pensionnat for young
ladies: a tall, white, imposing

building, as befits its character and purpose. Almost conventional discipline is observed at Madame Sévère's; the young ladies are supposed to know nothing of the gay doings in their neighbourhood. But as they pace round and round the monotonous garden, their eyes being in no way amused, their youthful imaginations go wandering to an extent little dreamed of by their revered directress or their reverend confessor.

Love, lovers, and weddings are, sad to say, the staple of the conversation of that nearly grown up pair of friends, whispering as they walk. They are in fact discussing their pretty under teacher.

"Go away, my dear," says Miss Sixteen to Miss Twelve, who comes bounding up to her.

"But what are you two whispering about?" asks little Curiosity.

"Never mind, my dear," says Miss Importance, unconsciously imitating her own mamma's way of sending herself out of the room on the arrival of a confidential friend. "Go and play at Les Graces with Louise."

"And so, as I was saying," continues the oldest girl of the school, "Madame called her down to give her the letter; and you can't think how awfully she blushed. I am sure she knew the hand."

And now the confidante wonders if Mademoiselle can be really engaged, and who to? None of the masters, that's cer-

tain; for she never speaks to any of them, [not even to Mons. Ernest, the drawing-master, who has more than once hinted what a capital study Mademoiselle Fischer's head would make. The two girls think a great deal of this Mons. Ernest. School-girls generally do place a glory round the head of one or other of the gentlemen who have the honour of teaching them. A pretty young creature once owned herself to be desperately in love, as she called it, with her harp-master, a little elderly man in yellow slippers, who thoroughly despised her for her want of musical talent.

Coralie was tall, and had a commanding carriage; her large eyes were black, a velvet black, soft not sparkling, with clear depths into which it was pleasant to gaze; her complexion, of a rich brown; and her well-shaped head, a perfect marvel of glossy braids and plaits. An elegant and accomplished girl, she was nevertheless filling the situation of under-teacher in Madame Sévère's school, with a salary of three hundred francs, or twelve pounds a-year, for which she engaged to teach grammar, history, geography, writing, cyphering, and needle-work of every description, to about twenty pupils, whom she was expected never to lose sight of during the day (not even in their play hours) and moreover, being required every morning to brush the hair of this score of obstre-

perous school-girls. The half of Sunday once a fortnight was the only holiday Coralie was allowed during the half-year.

A terrible life this for a sensitive, well-educated girl of twenty-two. However, Coralie had endured it unflinchingly for four years, and looked plump and rosy still. Coralie was waiting with all the faith of a pure heart for the return of her affianced husband. A year more, and he would be back; and as that thought rises, how she bows her blushing face, and lays her hand over her heart, as if she strong beats must be seen by some of the tiresome mother's cherub's round her chair.

Coralie was an orphan. Her father, a medical man, had died when the cholera was raging in Paris. He had been respected by his professional brethren, and as a matter of course beloved by his clientelle. What doctor is not? — the family doctor, we mean.

Poor Dr. Fischer died, just as his prosperous days had set in, leaving a widow and a little girl to the tender mercies of the world. And the wind was tempered to these shorn lambs; some of the many kind hearts of Dr. Fischer's patients obtaining for the widow the right to sell tobacco and snuff, which enabled that poor lady to support herself, and have her Coralie educated.

When Coralie was seventeen, Eugene Peroud one day came to pay his respects to Madame

Fischer. He called himself Coralie's uncle, being the son of Dr. Fischer's step-mother by her first marriage. Madame Fischer therefore called him *mon frère*, and Mademoiselle Coralie at the beginning said, *mon oncle*, very respectfully.

This state of things lasted but a very short time. Though there was abundance of reason for questioning the relationship, there was none at all for doubting that M. Peroud was very handsome and only twenty-seven. The assumed uncleship allowed of unusual intimacy, and Coralie's young heart was irretrievably gone before she knew she had a heart to lose. Eugene left off petting her, and distressed her greatly by calling her *Mademoiselle*. Was he angry with her?

After various hesitations, whether "to put it to the touch, to win, or lose it all," Eugene made the mama acquainted with the condition of his affections. A cabinet council of the confessor and one or two distant relations of the Fischer family was held, and then it was graciously announced to the anxious lover that his cause was won. Then it came out, how very stupidly every one had acted in making Eugene into an uncle; for, though it was allowed on all hands that he was a mere pretence of an uncle, still the pretence was substantial enough for the confessor to declare that a dispensation in form must be obtained, before

the marriage could be solemnised. The lovers were vexed and provoked; but it must be owned, that as they met daily to talk over their plans and provocations time did not hang long on their hands.

As it always happens, no sooner is a marriage decided on, than a host of difficulties show their hydra heads in the paths to its realisation. The spiritual maternal affection of the Church of Rome, produced number one; and the temporal maternal affection of Madame Fischer, number two; and the bride-groom's love of his profession, number three. But Coralie was a girl in a thousand, without any selfishness in her love, at least, if there were a slight dash of it, it was a selfishness *à deux*. The case was this, Eugene Peroud, though of a good bourgeois family, was, at the time we are writing of, only a sergeant in one of the regiments of the line. It is a common practice in France, for young men, very respectably connected to enter the army as privates, and to work their way up to a commission. Now Eugene, besides having every reason to expect his promotion within a reasonable time, had a life rent of a thousand francs a-year — about forty pounds of English money, and so Coralie considered she was making so rich a marriage, for a girl without a sou of dowry, that she might be suspected of interested motives. Like many other mammas, Madame Fischer was

of a precisely opposite opinion to her daughter. She thought that Coralie was throwing herself away.

"I have yielded to my child's feelings," said Madame Fischer, with dignified emphasis, "and the least I think I have a right to expect in return is, that the man for whom that child sacrifices so much, should willingly give up his ambitious views, to devote himself to domestic felicity."

"And how are we to live?" asked Eugene, in a half-penitent, humble tone.

"As we have hitherto done," said the lady, in the same tone of injured worth. "I have duly reflected on the plan I now propose, and to carry it out, I shall make application to have my licence transferred to my daughter." Eugene looked aghast. "As for me —," here Madame Fischer paused, and raised her handkerchief to her eyes — "I shall not long be a trouble or burden to any one." Eugene laughed out at this assertion, while Coralie exclaimed, —

"Oh, mamma! how can you say such unkind words to your poor little Coralie. Trouble! burden! Oh, mamma! and when you have done so much for me; for us." Then forcing back the tears filling her eyes, she smiled, and lifting off her mother's pretty little cap, gave to view Madame Fischer's profusion of glorious black hair. Tenderly smoothing, and kissing the black braids, she said. "No, not one tiny, tiny

silver line to be seen, look Eugene, is there? and mamma talking as if she were eighty."

"Foolish child," replied Madame Fischer, replacing the cap and its coquelicôt ribbons. "What can my hair have to do with Eugene's giving up the army?" Coralie shook her head, and looked as if it had, but only said: "No, no, we will have no giving up of anything. Time enough when Eugene is bald and grey-headed for him to sell tobacco and snuff; and, who knows, mamma," continued the brave girl, "but Eugene may live to be a general. Wouldn't you like to see me a general's wife, mamma, a grande dame, and going to Court," and Coralie held up her head, and curtsied gracefully, coaxing the mamma not to say again, that Eugene's love for his profession was no great proof of his love for his betrothed.

The day came at last, when there was no longer any time for discussing the matter. It had been supposed that the regiment, only lately returned from foreign service, would remain at home for some months. Now, however, it was suddenly ordered to Algiers. Passionately as Eugene desired military distinction, as he now saw all Coralie's unselfish devotion, he felt almost inclined to relinquish every ambitious hope for her dear sake.

"You must go, Eugene," she said, when he expressed some feeling of this kind. "You must go — we have delayed too long

for any other decision now. My brave Eugene, as brave as Bayard himself, must be like him, not only sans peur, but sans reproche. I could not love Eugene as I do, mother," turning to Madame Fischer, who was murmuring some opposition, "if I said otherwise."

"Wounded? Maimed? did you say? Ah! well, so that he comes back, I will be his crutch, bâton de sa vieillesse," and she pressed her lover's strong arm on hers, flushing over brow and bosom with the effort to subdue natural yearnings, natural fears. Catching up a terrible word whispered by the mother, she flung her arms round his neck, crying. "No, no, he will not die — he cannot die: but, even so, it is a soldier's duty to die for his country, and Eugene will do his duty, and Coralie will do hers." Poor heart, how it quivered, and how the tongue faltered, as it spoke these brave words. No one knew the hard victory over self Coralie had won. She — herself, only realised it when the fight was over, and she was left to long days of alternate anxiety and hope.

Madame Fischer had prophesied more truly of herself than she had intended. After what seemed a mere cold, she almost suddenly died. The reversion of her licence had only been talked about, and not secured, so Coralie, at eighteen, found herself alone in Paris, her whole dependence, a few, very few, pounds, the poor mother had pinched herself

for years to lay by for her child's *dôt*.

The brave-hearted Coralie went at once to those ladies who had befriended her mother. She told them of her engagement, she was very proud of being the promised wife of Eugene Peroud. She knew how willingly he would have given her his thousand francs a-year, but she would rather try and support herself, until she actually became his wife. Her mother's savings Coralie wished laid aside to be used as that dear lost one had meant.

The ladies applied their nieces or daughters, at Madame Sévère's, and through their exertions Coralie was received as *sous-maîtresse*. For four years had Coralie brushed hair, picked out mis-shapen stitches, heard unlearned lessons stammered through, and corrected incorrigible exercises. A letter from Eugene sufficed to cover all her head and heart weariness. What a delight the first letter had been — she peered at every word, till she learned the trick of every letter, how he crossed his t's and dotted his i's — the handwriting, indeed, seemed to her different from all other handwritings. Countless were the times the thin paper was unfolded, to make sure that he had really put that fond word where she thought, and carefully was it refolded, and not parted with night nor day, until another and another no less dear followed, each in turn usurp-

ing its predecessor's throne. At last, she received the long looked for news; Eugene had won his epaulettes in open fight, and been noticed by the Prince himself. How Coralie cried for joy, and how Madame Sévère scolded her for having flushed cheeks.

Time went steadily on, hurrying himself for no one, and now Eugene writes of his return in another year as certain. A year! Who, after thirty, says with heartfelt confidence, only another year, and then! This certainty of soon having a husband's protection, softened to Coralie the annoyance of leaving Madame Sévère. Not that Coralie had any affection for that prim uncensurable lady; but she would have borne almost anything to be permitted the shelter of a respectable roof, till Eugene came to claim her. Why Madame Sévère had such an antipathy to the handsome, healthy, smiling girl, courageous and independent in her nearly menial situation, let moralists explain. Too independent, perhaps, was the under teacher, with not a scrap of that twining and clinging of parasite plants, which, whether he will or no, embrace and hold fast the rugged, knotty oak until they make him subservient to their support.

Coralie had proved her courage by remaining so many years a drudge for Madame Sévère, but the proud spirit could not brook the chance of being discharged as an ill-behaved servant, and

Madame Sévère had not been sparing in hints that she must either resign, or be dismissed.

So Mademoiselle Fischer left the pensionnat for young ladies, and, by the advice of Madame Ferey, one of those who had shown most interest in her at the time of her mother's death, she resolved to try what she could make of a day-school for children, rather than run the risk of encountering another Madame Sévère. There was no time for much pondering: the poor cannot afford the luxury of hesitation; so Coralie at once hired a couple of rooms in one of the small streets running into the Rue St. Honoré — a neighbourhood abounding in small shops and populous with small children. To furnish these rooms, sorely against her wishes, our young schoolmistress had to expend her mother's savings. Coralie had no morbid sensibility, but she sorrowed over this infringement of her dead mother's wishes as if that mother could have been pained by the deed. She listened thankfully to Madame Ferey, who said the furniture would be as good a dot as the money, and tried to look satisfied: her judgment was convinced, but not her heart.

Madame Ferey went with her to the upholsterer's to choose the walnut-wood furniture — that object of ambition to young housekeepers. Madame Ferey says she shall never forget Coralie's face on that day, with its variations of sunshine and cloud;

while the firm, well-poised figure, the impersonation of youthful vigour, contrasted so charmingly with the blushing, fluttered manner, which betrayed to her friend how constantly the thought of the absent one entered into the choice of one or other article. One chair, quite a large reading-chair, Coralie would have. Should it be covered? Oh, no! She would rather work a cover for it. "A piece of extravagance," said she to Madame Ferey, "but it will last all our lives, and Eugene ought to have one. Don't you think so?" And all sorts of fairy visions were dancing before Coralie's eyes as she spoke.

Madame Ferey had taken up Coralie's interests in real earnest, and had, by dint of severe canvassing, procured several little scholars. It was agreed that the usual monthly charge of five francs should always be paid in advance. This considerate arrangement saved Coralie from running into debt at the beginning, and before the end of the first three months she was enjoying a great gale of prosperity. The mothers of her first pupils so boasted of her skill in teaching reading and writing, but, above all, of the wonderful stitches she taught their daughters, that her little school prospered beyond all her expectations. Coralie even thought she should soon need a larger room and an assistant; but she would wait now for Eugene's advice. Perhaps he might not like her to keep a school after

they were married. In his last letter he had bid her write no more, for the regiment was under orders to return to France. He was sure to be with her shortly after his own letter. Everything was ready for him, and it was wonderful what her industry and ingenuity had done for her humble apartment. She had worked a large rug, made the neatest and freshest of covers for the little sofa, while the famous great chair was a specimen of beautiful elaborate worsted work, a paragon in its way. There were helmets and swords and banners flaming in charming confusion on the seat and broad back, in the centre of which last was a medallion with interlaced initials E. and C. The pride of Coralie's heart, however, was the pretty pendule on the mantelpiece. The only drawback to her pleasure as she looked round her was the absence of the two vases with their bouquets which ought to have flanked the pendule. They had yet to be earned, and during the probation of this last month even Coralie's energy and spirit gave way. She could scarcely bear the sound of the little voices round her; she was hardly able to command patience enough to allot the work — to answer the never-ending questions about cotton and muslin, and leaves and holes, and worsteds and silks. She was nearly wild with impatience for the hour of release; but when it came, solitude appeared more insupportable to her than the hum

and buzz and movement of the day. She could not command even one of those hopeful anticipations she had longed for the hour of quietness to enjoy — not one of her former bright visions of the future would come at her call. She grew fearful and superstitious, and waking or sleeping was pursued by a phantom dread — a dread she would not have clothed in words for empires — a shapeless dread that was withering her life, only to be guessed at by the sudden alteration in her looks. She grew pale and thin, and there came a stare in her sweet eyes, and an impatient hard sound in her voice.

The French are a kindly race, and the sympathies of all who knew Coralie were soon in full play. Heaven knows how every one was so well informed; but the milkwoman who brought the morning sous of milk let fall a drop or two over the measure, with a smiling "*Courage, made-moiselle, le bon temps viendra.*" The concierge and his wife were ready to lay violent hands on the postman's giberne; the shoeblack at the corner of the street made daily inquiries; and as for the épicier and his spouse, M. and Madame Bonnenuit, they could talk of nothing in their conjugal tête-à-têtes but Madlle. Coralie and her officier fiancé. They perseveringly studied a mutilated weathercock, which had long given up service, and by which they always predicted a fair wind from Algiers.

When Eugene's return might be expected any day, or even any hour, Coralie begged for a holiday — all occupation had, indeed, become impossible to her. The parents of her little flock were enthusiastically unanimous in their consent: — "Mais oui, mais oui, ma pauvre demoiselle; allons donc, ma chère bonne demoiselle; du courage, ça va finir bientôt, le bon temps viendra."

"Le bon temps viendra!" repeated Coralie, and this strong, lively girl would sit whole hours motionless, or move only to look at the hands of the pendule.

At last, one Sunday morning, Coralie awoke with an unusual feeling of cheerfulness; it was early spring, and a bright sun was shining merrily into the room, in defiance of her snow-white curtains — some caged lark near was singing his pretty matins — and, as Coralie opened her window, a soft air wooed her heated cheek. A few warm tears gathered in her eyes, her heart throbbed tempestuously, and then she felt a presentiment, she would scarcely own it to herself, that he would come that day. First, Coralie prayed, as she had not prayed for weeks — poor soul, was she trying to bribe Heaven? Then she dressed herself in her pretty new blue muslin, her hand shaking so she could scarcely fix the buckle of her band, she smoothed and smoothed her hair till it shone like satin, laced on her new brodequins, and finally drew forth a pair of cuffs and a

collar she had embroidered and laid by in sweet anticipation of Eugene's return. "They will grow quite yellow," soliloquised she, dissembling her own motive, "if I let them lie longer in the drawer," and with sudden resolution she put them on. And then — why then, she knew not what to do with the long day, and sat down on her sofa in restless, yet happy, listlessness.

About noon, there was a man's step on the stair — Coralie was not startled, not astonished, she had known it would be so, only she panted hard as it came nearer, and at last stopped at her door. She rose, but had no power to walk — a low tap — "Entrez," she said, in a soft voice, with her hand outstretched as if she would have lifted the latch herself. A uniform appeared — Coralie sprang forward, and met a stranger — "Eugene, where is he?" cried the bewildered girl, retreating, and her eyes turning from the intruder strained, as if seeking some one following in his rear.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," answered the visitor, "I have come by his wish. You, perhaps, know my name — Jean Rivarol — I was Eugene's comrade for many years."

"He has often written to me of you," returned she; "but you have expected to find him too soon — he is not yet come — but he will soon be here."

The young man leaned his hand on the back of a chair,

turned a strange look at the excited speaker, and then cast his eyes on the ground.

"In truth," continued Coralie, "I thought it was him when you entered; and so," she added, after a moment's pause, with a sweet smile, "to speak truly, the sight of you was a disappointment, and I was, perhaps, ungracious to Eugene's best friend — forgive me! Think, I have been waiting for this day five years — five weary years!"

These last few words broke forth with a burst of long pent-up feeling. Then with more composure she asked, —

"Where did you leave him?"

To this direct question Rivarol, who was still standing in the middle of the room, murmured something like "on the road."

"He will be here to-day, then?"

"Not to-day, I think — I suppose — that is — as he is not here yet."

"To-morrow?" persisted Coralie; "morning or evening, do you think?"

"I cannot tell," said Jean, evidently embarrassed, and looking very pale. "Pardon, mademoiselle, my intrusion, I will take my leave."

Coralie thought he was hurt by the ungraciousness of her first reception.

"Nay," said she, gracefully, "you must look on this as Eugene's home. It will be his — ours, in a few days — and his friends will always be welcome. See," she went on, "there stands

his arm-chair, I worked the cover myself, and, to tell you a secret, those slippers, and that smoking-cap are for him. While he, poor fellow, has been going through toil and danger, it would have been too bad if I had been idle. I think Eugene will be pleased with our modest home."

Rivarol threw a hasty glance round the room, which seemed to take in all and everything it contained.

"Séjour fait pour le bonheur,"
(A home made for happiness),

he exclaimed. He was strongly moved, his voice was husky, and his colour went and came. Fixing a look on Coralie's flushed, hopeful, expectant face, he rapidly uttered some words about pressing business, and with one hasty bow darted away.

"Monsieur, Monsieur!" screamed Coralie after him, on the stairs. She had some new question to put to him, as to in what exact place he had left Eugene, but Monsieur was already out of hearing.

"What a hurry he is in; I shall tell Eugene." And with this determination, the stranger vanished from her thoughts, which returned to their former train. Nevertheless, she had gathered one certainty, that her betrothed could not be with her before next day.

To-morrow! — how long! And yet it felt like a relief. Anticipation long on the stretch, as the intensely desired meeting nears, becomes somewhat akin to dread.

So, the portress, who was always running up on one pretext or another, and other female neighbours also — all in remarkably high spirits — were told that M. Eugene could not arrive before the morrow.

The repeating this assurance constantly was Coralie's only conversation with her humble friends that day. Her heart was full of disquiet, and when alone she often muttered to herself some of Rivarol's speeches, harping on "*Séjour fait pour le bonheur*," or counting over her little treasures in a dazed sort of way.

On the Wednesday following, towards evening, as Madame Ferey and her daughter Pauline, one of Coralie's former pupils, were sitting together, talking pleasantly over Coralie's happy prospects, a ring came to the door of the apartment. Madame opened the door herself, and there stood a figure which for a few seconds she did not recognise. The shrunken height, the stoop which brought the shoulders forward like two points, the shawl which hung over them in a wretched dangle, the blanched cheek and lip, the sunken eye, the premature lines and angles of age — all bore the unmistakable impress of dire calamity and forlorn despair.

"Chère Mademoiselle Coralie?" at length burst from Madame Ferey, in a voice of sorrowing surprise. And taking her by the hand, she led her in silence to a seat by the fireside, and then

folding one of the girl's hands in her own, she asked in a whisper, "What has happened?"

"Dead!" said Coralie, holding out a folded paper to Madame Ferey, and averting her face as if the sight of it scorched her.

It was a most touching letter from Jean Rivarol, asking forgiveness for his courage having failed before the purpose of his visit to her on the preceding day. At sight of her, he had not had the heart to speak; his tongue had refused to tell her the fatal tidings. Eugene had fallen in a skirmish for which he had volunteered only two days before the regiment embarked for France. Jean Rivarol had been by his side, and received his last instructions. He had carried his friend's body within the French lines, and given it Christian burial near Oran, putting up a rude cross bearing the name of Coralie's affianced husband, to mark the place where he lay, with a wreath of immortelles, to show that a friend had mourned over that distant grave.

God alone knew what the poor widowed heart went through, for Coralie wrestled with her first grief alone; no eye had been allowed to watch those death-throes of happiness. What can any one say to the bereaved, but "Lord, we beseech thee to have mercy."

Good Madame Ferey and Pauline cried as if their hearts would break, but Coralie shed no tear. She sat in a listless attitude, her

eyes fixed on vacancy, as if looking at and seeing only her own thoughts.

"And when did you get this terrible letter, my dear?" at length asked Madame.

"I do not know — a long time ago — just when I was expecting him."

Madame Ferey looked up alarmed at this answer.

"I mean the day before yesterday," said Coralie, making an effort to collect her thoughts. "The day before yesterday — Monday. An age of grief has passed over me since then." And now, having broke silence, she went on talking: "I have lived in him — a love of so many, many years — it is very hard. I may say, no action of my life, however trifling, not even the gathering a flower, but was done with the thought of him in my heart. He was the rudder of my life. And so he will be still. For, Madame Ferey, I have thought and thought, and settled it all in my mind. I cannot remain in Paris, to see ever around me all that I had prepared for his return — all I did for him; I should go mad."

Madame Ferey indeed began to fear she might, and concurred in the necessity of a removal.

"You feel that," said Coralie, eagerly; "you are a real friend."

"And where would you go?"

"To Oran." And then Coralie told her plan. It was a wild, adventurous scheme, particularly some years back.

But Madame Ferey made no

objections, feeling it better to let the poor girl follow any decision she had come to for herself, and believing that the difficulties of carrying it into effect would give time for consideration. In taking this view, the kind lady underrated the firm will of her protégé.

Coralie's aim and ambition was to bring back Eugene's remains to France, and to lay them by the side of her mother in the cemetery of Montmartre. She had already made inquiries; it would cost three thousand francs.

"I can perhaps earn as much at Oran, and if not I can pray by his resting-place, and mark it better than by a wooden cross; and at last we will rest in the same grave, either in our native France or under the African soil where he fell. It little matters, so we are together."

That evening the wretched girl left Madame Ferey more calm than she had been since the fatal news. The discussing her project with a friend had given it reality. She had none to help her in her inquiries or preparations. She felt that she must be up and doing, and instead of indulging in natural grief, she roused herself to action. Many days passed in the arrangements necessary for her plan; then it was rumoured among the scholars that Mademoiselle Fischer was going away ever so far, and would never keep a school again. There was a sale, and all the furniture and other precious possessions, so hardly earned — objects around which

were twined so many tender thoughts and joyful hopes — were sold and scattered abroad. Everything, except the arm-chair which she still called his; that she begged Madame Ferey to keep, in case she ever returned. The slippers and cap she took with her. Grief — true grief, has strange vagaries. She bade every one adieu quietly, without having told any but Madame Ferey whither she was going. Some months elapsed, and then Madame Ferey received a letter dated from Oran. Coralie had made her way through difficulties and disagreeables of all kinds; but she was used to struggles, hardships, and self-reliance. She was now settled at Oran, and supporting herself as a day-governess among the families of the French officers. She was very kindly treated. Before leaving Paris, she had seen Rivarol again, and received all the information requisite to find out the spot sacred to her affections. Each morning, before the heat of an African day, and before the toil of her avocation begins, she walks beyond the walls of the town to kneel and pray by the side of a retired grave.

The native population by whose dwellings she passes, noticed this young Frenchwoman's diurnal pilgrimage, watched her steps, and discovered its object. It raised her high in their veneration.

One morning an old negro, himself a toiling servant to Arabs,

awaited her coming, and presented her a nosegay with these words:

"Moi donner ces fleurs à vous car vous bonne"
(Me give you these flowers because you good).

Any traveller visiting Oran may easily find out our heroine. She was still toiling on in hope a few months ago.

THE PAPYRUS.

THE writer of one of those extremely permanent spelling-books, which defy all ravages of time, and changes of fashion, is extremely emphatic in calling the juvenile mind to the contemplation of the various virtues of the cow, as a source of beef, milk, butter, horn, and leather. To borrow a French expression for which there is no precise equivalent, the youthful reader is regularly taught to *exploiter* a cow.

Did some ancient Egyptian spelling-book fall into our hands, and were we able to read it, we should probably find the papyrus dilated upon like the English cow, as a natural concentration of general utility. It supplied not only the paper of the ancients, but food, physic, fuel, and a great deal more. Herodotus, when he introduces it to his readers by its other name, "byblos," puts down its comestible qualities first. "When," he says, "they pull up the byblos from the marshes, they cut off the upper part of it, and

turn it to other purposes, but the lower part which is left, and is about a cubit in length, they eat raw, and sell."

According to the same illustrious authority, the refined way of enjoying your byblos, is to steam it in a red-hot pan before you convey it to your mouth.

The other purposes of which Herodotus speaks so indefinitely are catalogued by Pliny in his Natural History. The roots, he tells us, were used as wood, — not merely as firewood, be it understood, but also as a material for the manufacture of divers utensils. From the stalk were made light boats; and the bark furnished sails, mats, raiment, ropes, and blankets. The combustible qualities of the plant were in such good repute, that the bier of a deceased person, before it was laid on the funeral pyre was strewed over with dried papyrus, that the corpse might burn the more readily. Martial, disappointed of the legacy which he expected from one Numa, illustrates by an epigram, not only the well-approved doctrine of the cup and the lip, but also this funereal use of the papyrus:

Upon the pile is light papyrus cast,
The weeping wife buys scents of holy
 smell;
Couch, washer, pit are ready, when at
 last
Numa makes *me* his heir, and then —
 gets well.

Papyrus also had its medical uses. We are informed by Pliny, that the ashes of the paper made from it will promote sleep, if

swallowed with a draught of wine, and that the paper itself, moistened with water, makes an efficient plaister.

However, the manufacture of paper was the great purpose for which the papyrus was employed. According to Varro, this useful article was unknown before the time when the city of Alexandria was founded by the Macedonian conqueror; but Pliny, who cites Varro, also expresses a doubt that the invention of paper was so recent, and tells, in illustration of his doubt, an old story about Numa Pompilius, on the authority of Cassius Hemina, a very early Roman historian, of whom only a few fragments now exist. It appears that in the year one hundred and eighty-two before Christ, a scribe named Terentius, while digging up a field that belonged to him on the Janiculum, found a coffin which was deemed to be that of King Numa, who had reigned about five hundred and thirty years before. In this, were discovered some books, made of paper, and containing the doctrines of Pythagoras. They were burned by the prætor Quintus Petilius, on the singular ground that they were — philosophical. Possibly this reason is somewhat loosely stated; for there is another version of the story, told by Varro, and cited by St. Augustine, according to which the senate ordered the books to be destroyed, because they contained the causes of the religious institutions founded by

Numa, which were so trivial, that they thought an exposure of them would bring the national religion into contempt. Moreover, by the act of destruction, they complied with the will of the deceased monarch. However, much as Pliny is disposed to believe in the antiquity of paper, an assertion made by the Consul Mucianus, that while he was in Lycia, he read a letter written on paper by the Homeric hero, Sarpedon, staggers the natural historian not a little; because Homer, when he tells that wild tale of Bellerophon, in which the young hero is sent to Lycia with a written message that is to cause his destruction, mentions the folding pinax or tablet, as the instrument employed on the occasion. As for the use of papyrus in Egypt itself, manuscripts have been found by Champollion, the age of which is estimated at three thousand five hundred years. Probably the best method of reconciling all seeming contradictions is to assume that it was not until about the time of Alexander the Great, that the use of papyrus was *generally* known in Greece.

Pliny has left an account of the manner of making paper from the papyrus, which has caused no small controversy among the learned, but which, with the aid of a little conjecture, may be filled up into an intelligible statement. The layers of skin formed beneath the bark of the plant were, in the first place, detached from each other

in strips by means of a sharp instrument. The skins, finest at the centre, became coarser and coarser as they approached the bark, and the choice which was made of them, regulated the quality of the paper. After the strips had been carefully taken off, they were laid length-wise upon a table, wetted with the water of the Nile. They were then woven together cross-wise, being still moistened with the same liquid, which answered the double purpose of cementing and bleaching. The operation of pressing followed, and uneven places were smoothed down with a tooth or a shell.

Nothing can be more plain and intelligible than all this; but, here a little disagreeable circumstance intrudes itself upon us with terrible force. One of the French commentators, to whom we are indebted for the admirable Paris edition of Pliny, disbelieves altogether the sticky properties of Nile-water, while M. Poiret, another savant, doubts the capabilities of the papyrus for such a manufacture as that described above, and thinks that the popular plant has unfairly engrossed the reputation belonging to some other child of the Egyptian soil. We entreat our readers to forget this paragraph as soon as they can, for a firm belief that papyrus is papyrus, is absolutely necessary for the unity of our dissertation. Luckily the Italian method of making paper is less obnoxious to doubt.

According to this method, a paste made of fine meal and vinegar, or of crumb of bread softened by boiling water, was the cement employed, and the paper, when the pieces had been pasted together, was beaten out with a hammer. Manuscripts by Augustus Cæsar, Cicero, and Virgil, upon paper thus manufactured, were seen by Pliny.

We have already stated, that the fineness of the skins or layers of the papyrus, increased in proportion to their proximity to the centre. On this account the paper made from the inner skin was employed for sacerdotal purposes, and was called hieratic, while the article derived from the outside was merely used for parcels. However so great were the improvements in the days of the first Roman Emperors, that the old hieratic paper soon lost its prestige. The Egyptian priests were so jealous of this finer article that they would not sell it till it had been previously written upon, but the Romans had a way of washing out the writing, that, it seems, rendered it better than before, for the paper so washed bore the name of the Emperor Augustus, and a second kind, that of his wife Lucia, nothing higher than the third rank being left for the once supreme hieratic. The two kinds of imperial paper as they were called were in their turn eclipsed by another kind called Fannian, after the name of Rhemmius Fannius Palæmon, a grammarian,

who founded a paper-factory in the reign of the Emperor Claudius. The fault ascribed to the Augustan paper was an unpleasant transparency and an inability to bear a strong pressure of the pen.

With all these improvements, paper was far from becoming an exceedingly common article among the ancients, and even the more opulent laid in their stores with economy and used it with caution. Cicero, in one of his letters to his friend Atticus, offers him a sum that he may buy paper, rather than discontinue his correspondence, and attributes the scantiness of his own sheet to a scarcity of material. The offer and the observation are made in jest; but even a jest must have some foundation to rest upon. On one occasion, during the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, there was a veritable paper famine in Rome, and the senate, to meet the emergency, appointed commissioners, who allowed every one a certain ration of the article according to his necessities. This sort of calamity is not to be attributed solely to a want of enterprise on the part of the Romans, but to a scarcity of the papyrus itself, occasioned by the cupidity of the Egyptian growers, who reared the plant scantily on purpose to keep up its price, thus, as Strabo observes, "increasing their own profit to the detriment of the common weal." In the days of Alexander's successor, when the

Ptolemies who reigned over Egypt were founding the famous Alexandrian library, they prohibited the exportation of the papyrus altogether, hoping thus to keep all the learning of the world to themselves. Fortunately for mankind, a King of Pergamus loved books as well as the rulers of Egypt, and he accordingly invented a material, which has survived the use of papyrus itself, and has been the chief means of bringing down to us the treasures of ancient literature, — namely, parchment. Etymologists may, if they please, trace the English word parchment through a series of changes from the name of the kingdom in which its origin is placed. However, the authority of Varro is to be taken here, as in the other case, with reservation, — for Herodotus, who wrote long before the Ptolemies were thought of, tells us that the Ionians called books by the name of diphtheræ (or skins), adding as a reason, that through the want of papyrus, they used the skins of goats and sheep for the purpose of writing. It would seem judicious to agree with the writer of the article "Liber," in Dr. Smith's admirable Dictionary of Antiquities, that parchment was rather improved than invented by the King of Pergamus. Whatever was his share in the production of such parchment as we have now, he was certainly well entitled to his name of Eumenes, or the Benevolent, as members of the legal

profession will be most ready to admit.

Lastly, let us mention the fact that paper was taxed by the Roman emperors, and that it is narrated as great glory of the Gothic King of Italy, Theodoric, that he greatly lightened the oppressive burden. There is nothing new under the sun — not even a tax on paper!

DOCTORING BEGINS AT HOME.

THE very few people who, in the vast and absorbing excitement of the war, administrative reform, and Lord Robert Grosvenor's Sunday bill, can afford to look back seven years, will remember a political event of some importance in France, known as the revolution of eighteen hundred and forty-eight. They may also, by a great exertion of memory, call to mind that, among the numerous men of rank who were moved to launch their barques (more or less frail), on that stormy sea of politics, was M. F. V. Raspail, hitherto known only to the scientific world as an eminent chemist. M. Raspail's experience of political seamanship was short, violent, and disastrous. Unmindful of the pilot's reiterated advice to go down, and that it was no place for him, he persisted in declaring his inability to sleep, and his determination to come and pace the deck. He did so; but

though he may have carried out the pilot's recommendations (as made metrical in the popular ballad), as far as fearing not and trusting in Providence went, his little skiff, like some other craft of far heavier tonnage, soon foundered, and he suffered a lengthened imprisonment in the Donjon of Vincennes and the Citadel of Doullens. He has since been enabled to pursue his chemical experiments in a larger and healthier laboratory; and though still a republican of the "loudest" red, is content to view the raging of the waves, and the tossing of the ships, and the agonies of those who go down to the sea in them, from the shores of Brussels, and through the medium of a newspaper telescope.

The republicanism of François Vincent Raspail having nothing to do with doctors or with the discount to which he seeks to bring them, I claim leave to discourse upon him here as the author of a remarkable book, called the *Manuel Annuaire de la Santé*, published in France, at the close of every autumn, in the company of the crowds of almanacs and ephemerides in which the French neighbours take delight, and which in many parts of the provinces form the staple reading of the population. This manual has had, from its commencement in eighteen hundred and forty-five, a prodigious circulation in France. The author declares that five

hundred thousand copies were sold of the first edition alone; in addition to which, there have been numerous Belgian and Genevese piracies, two Spanish translations, one German, one Brazilian, and one Anglo-American. The only translation in Great Britain dates from about two years back, and is a carefully edited pamphlet by Doctor G. L. Strauss.

Three reasons prompt me to give an out-line of the contents of this medical and pharmaceutical keepsake. In the first instance, M. Raspail is the inventor of an entirely new system of medicine; in the second, I should like the book itself to be known, because "while binding nature fast in fate," it "leaves free the human will;" that is, while stating many admirable and incontrovertible truths relative to our organisation, our diseases and their causes, it allows the reader perfect liberty to assume and set down the author as a quack and a visionary. In the third, I believe M. Raspail to be, though in many instances a mistaken, yet in all cases a thoroughly honest man.

It may also have contributed in no small degree to the interest I feel in the subject, that I have, or fancy I have, always something the matter with me; that I have been, to my sorrow, the patient and victim of professors of every system of medicine, orthodox and heterodox: from Doctor Sangrado, the phlebo-

tomist and hydropathist, to Doctor Infinitesimal, the homœopathist; and that I have suffered in my miserable body almost every experiment, on this side of amputation, that the old Latin axiom suggests should be made in corpore vili. So, with all due respect to the faculty, to Apothecaries' Hall, to the Pharmaceutical Society, and to Buchan's Domestic Medicine, let us see what M. Raspail can teach us towards that desirable consummation of — Every Man his own Doctor.

Health, Raspail maintains, is the normal or regular state of life, fitting man for the performance of his natural and social duties. Illness is the exceptional state; it reduces him to the position of a useless encumbrance on society. The art of preserving the health is called *hygiène*; the art of recovering or restoring the health when lost or enfeebled is called medicine. Now, it being self-evident that health is a desirable, and disease a highly obnoxious, state of life, it naturally follows that the study both of *hygiène* and medicine are of the greatest importance, and should be as widely disseminated as possible; yet by one of the strange and apparently inexplicable contradictions of our nature, mankind seem to have agreed, by a species of tacit understanding, to neglect or ignore altogether those branches of knowledge that concern them most. Thus, while

we see theological lore of the most abstruse and controversial kind eagerly sought after among all classes of society; while no man with any pretence to education would like to be deemed ignorant of the laws, at least, of his own country; while the physical sciences successfully assert their claim to rank as regular branches of popular education, and terms of scientific erudition are growing familiar in mechanics' institutes and young men's societies; while even that slow-going gentleman the British agriculturist begins to smell ammonia, and to conceive some faint thread of a notion that chemistry may be, after all, a good thing for a farmer to know; the study of the laws of health and disease is almost entirely neglected. Thus far I agree with M. Raspail. I cannot, however, go with him quite to the extent of declaring that the practice of medicine is abandoned to a small knot of men, by whom this most noble of arts is degraded to the level of an ordinary trade, carried on mostly with a degree of ignorance and presumption that would ruin the greatest butcher in the cobbling line. There are too many illustrious names and established reputations among the physicians of England and France to warrant his sweeping assertion: yet M. Raspail might have strengthened his argument had he been familiar with the existence in England — a flagrant, shameless, unchecked

existence, happily unknown in France — of the gentry who foist their cart-loads of vile and noxious drugs, in the shape of pills and ointments, upon an ignorant and credulous multitude — the quacks whose puffing advertisements are a scandal to our press, and whose colossal fortunes are a disgrace to our civilisation.

According to Raspail, the art of medicine has, for more than two thousand years past, made no real progress; and one of the latest inventions of the medical mind, homœopathy, affords a convincing proof that medicine has come back to the exact point from which it started, namely, to the simple dietetics of the ancient physicians. But, the homœopaths have ventured (according to him) to erect, on the simple and rational basis of a proper regimen as the most natural method of curing diseases, a dangerous superstructure of infinitesimals, and monstrous assertions of the curative power of the “high dynamisation” of medicinal substances. Yet homœopathy is surely vastly preferable to the Sangrado system, to the starving system (I was under a starving doctor once, when I was too young to rebel, and if ever I come across him again, there shall be wailing in the Royal College of Surgeons, or I will know the reason why), to the salivating system, and to that most abominable form of empiricism — experimenting on the unfortunate victims of dire dis-

eases with deadly poisons, such as arsenic, strychnine, prussic acid, brucea, veratrine, hyoscyamus, atropine, opium, belladonna, digitalis, henbane, stramony or thorn-apple, nux vomica, and other members of the distinguished family of poisons, vegetable and mineral. And especially is Raspail wroth with “experimentalists” — “eminent practitioners” who really do what the poor relatives of hospital patients suspect them of doing: such men as Bosquillon, physician of the Hôtel Dieu, who coolly proceeded one morning, by way of experiment, to bleed all the patients on the right, and to purge all those on the left, side of his ward; or as Magendie, who killed, at one fell swoop, seven epileptic patients, “just to see how they would feel after a dose of prussic acid.”

Illness, according to M. Raspail, is not a mystery of nature; it is not the result of some occult influence — some mysterious cause that eludes the grasp of our senses. An organ can be affected by illness, or, in other words, suspend or cease its functions, only from a want of its proper nutriment, or from some external cause. The causes of disease are therefore external: illness, in the first instance, attacks us from without, and does not emanate from ourselves. To say that such and such a disease is caused by the blood, the bile, the nerves, or the peccant humours, is simply to give utterance to one of those

unmeaning phrases that mostly constitute the professional jargon of the schools, and are of the same family as that celebrated one — "Nature abhors a vacuum." These are bold words, François Vincent Raspail. You would tremble, I think, at your own boldness if you knew how many fashionable physicians there are here in England, whose fame, whose harvests of guineas, whose patents of baronetcy, are due to that one talismanic word "nerves." How many practitioners have gained a reputation for vast and almost boundless learning and wisdom by merely putting their thumbs in their waistcoat-pockets, with the head a little on one side, enunciating, solemnly, "Stomach!" To ascertain what the external causes really are that affect our organs, we must have recourse to analogy, for in most cases they escape the scrutiny of our senses. When a point, or sting, or simple thorn, pierces your flesh, or gets into your skin, your sufferings may become excruciating. Why? Because the thorn has violently torn the superficial expansions of the subdivisions of the nerves, and has opened to the external air free access to the tissues protected before by the epidermis. You know the illness in this case to be caused by the thorn or prickle, and would not dream of ascribing it to the blood, the bile, or the nerves. But, let us suppose that, from some circumstance, the sting or prickle escapes our sight, and finds its way into the substance of the stomach or of the lungs: the presence of foreign bodies in either of these organs so essential to life will necessarily give rise to much more serious symptoms. Now, here the material cause of the evil not having been revealed to the senses, medicine will step in with a whole train of conjectures. One physician will ascribe the illness to the bile, another to the blood, a third to the nerves; and the patient will be called upon to abdicate his own free-will, and the use of his reasoning faculties, and to submit blindly to a course of treatment as little comprehended by the doctor as by the patient. A careful and minute post-mortem examination would reveal the presence of the little prickle, and show the doctor that the blood, the bile, or the nerves, had been most unjustly accused of having done all the mischief. The similitude of the effects has never, in medicine, served to reveal the similitude of the causes; and, where the cause of a disease has been hidden from observation, no one has ever had recourse to analogy to find it out.

M. Raspail enumerates, among the causes of diseases, the introduction of foreign bodies into the organism; of poisons, or substances which, far from being adapted for assimilation and the development of the organic tissues, combine with them only

to disorganise and destroy them. Next, long-continued excesses of cold and heat, or sudden transition from one temperature to another; contusions; solutions of continuity of the muscles; hurts and wounds; the introduction into our tissues of gramineals (grasses), dust, and sweeping of granaries, awns, prickles, down of plants or of grains: which, when present in the cavities of our organs, generate or develop themselves there, or swell under the influence of moisture. Again, want or impurity of air; for, the most trifling alteration of the constitution of the atmosphere causes a disturbance of the regular functions of our organs. Pure air is the bread of respiration. Other causes are privation, excess, insufficiency of food, bad quality and adulteration of the alimentary substances. People die of indigestion as well as of starvation; the sufferings in the one case are equal to those in the other; and the indigestion of the rich, may be looked upon as a species of set-off to the starvation of the poor. Others, again, are the external and internal parasitism of hydatids, maggots, larvæ of flies or caterpillars, ticks, insects, coleoptera, and especially intestinal worms that seize on the infant in the cradle, and often adhere to man through life, quitting him only in the grave, where they hand him over to other worms. Indeed, M. Raspail ascribes the "parasitism of the infinitely small" as the

cause of nine-tenths of our diseases. He finally ranks among aids to it, if not causes of illness, moral maladies — violent impressions, wounded affections, deceived hopes, disappointed ambition, weariness, and despair. Hereditary and constitutional diseases he seems determined to ignore, and is even silent as to the diseases of deformity and defective organisation. Their causes are perhaps self-evident.

Now, having told us why we are ill, the author proceeds to tell us how we can keep well. Short and sententious are his hygienic precepts. You are to choose a dwelling exposed to the sun, but sheltered from the noxious emanations of swamps, ditches, and rivers, gasworks and factories. You are not to inhabit the kitchen-floor if you can help it. Let your dwelling-room be high, and look to any point of the compass but the north. (This would not suit artists, to whom a northern aspect is a desideratum). Don't turn your bedroom into a workroom, library, or kitchen. Keep one window at least in it open all day. Do not place anything in it that emits smells, agreeable or otherwise. Banish even flowers; they evolve suffocating gases. The walls should be painted; or papered with a good sound paper, pasted down firmly with size, scented over the fire with black pepper, aloes, or garlic (!), which M. Raspail terms the "camphor of the poor." Have no paintings on

the walls, no hangings to the bed. Sleep on a hard mattress. Have no furniture in your bedroom but the bed, a wash-hand stand, and two chairs. Very healthy all these arrangements, no doubt, M. Raspail, but exceedingly ugly.

Stop the chinks between badly-joined boards with a paste of flour, pounded pepper, pounded aloes, plaster, and clay. By these means you will avoid draughts, need no vermin annihilator, and be enabled to set rats, mice, bugs, and fleas, at defiance. I have seen a somewhat similar process adopted in the North of England; it is there called pugging. Rats and mice abhor aloes: rat's-bane they don't much care for, especially if they can get a sufficient quantity of water to drink afterwards. Put black pepper in grains, and small lumps of camphor, into the wool of your mattresses. Garnish the beds of infants of tender years with picked leaves of the wood fern. (How far a border of the ferns of Great Britain, nature printed of course, would be advantageous in garnishing a baby's crib I am rather at a loss to know.) As an infant of tender years, I remember, myself, having had my bed garnished sometimes with the crumbs of French rolls, occasionally with the bristles of a hair-brush, cut up small, and on one occasion with a poker and a pair of tongs; but, beyond producing a sensible irritation or

urtication of the epidermis I am not prepared to state what sanitary benefits I derived therefrom. M. Raspail can at least quote tradition in support of his leafy system of garnishing — for did not the robin red-breasts cover the little children in the wood with leaves, and were not those infants of tender years?

Wash your bedsteads frequently with camphorated brandy. Keep chloride of lime constantly at hand. Have a fire in your bedroom from time to time, and burn some vinegar on a red-hot iron plate. Have your bed well aired every day. Change your body linen night and morning. Take a bath as often as ever you can. Never scour a floor; wax and dry-rub it. Let your clothes be made wide and easy. Gentlemen, leave off chimney-pot hats and all-round collars. The first press on the brow and chill the brain: the second impede the respiration. Ladies, don't wear stays. Nurses and mothers, never swaddle your babies. Tightness of dress is torture to an infant. When the weather is warm let your children roll and kick about naked in the open air: it will make them healthy and strong.

Now hear M. Raspail upon culinary hygiénics. Good cheer, he says, is one of the chief preservatives of health. Keep regular hours for your meals. Eat and drink in moderation; vary your dishes. Never force yourself to eat if you have no appetite.

Rest yourself half an hour after each meal: then take some bodily exercise. Never use any other water for your drink or for culinary purposes, than spring water and well-filtered river water. There are many diseases that arise entirely from the use of unwholesome water. Many epidemics might be traced to the abominable compound of dirt and putridity which the water-companies are permitted to palm on us. Never drink water out of a ditch or pool, if you can possibly help it. You may swallow unwittingly small leeches even. If you happen to live in a country where goître prevails endemically (which is caused by the use of water that has filtered through mercurial veins), put granulated tin into your cisterns and drinking vessels. The best bread for a hard-working man is made of a mixture of rye, barley, and wheat: fine wheaten bread is more adapted for men of sedentary occupations. A good savoury potage (the French *pot-au-feu*, for which see Soyer), is one of the most nutritive and wholesome dishes, particularly for a weak stomach.

Hear Raspail on pickles, sauces, and condiments. If you can afford it, have always on your table by way of side-dishes, hams, sausages, anchovies, capers, green or black olives, marinades (pickled fish), tomato jelly, radishes, spiced mustard: in short, the best condiments you can afford; so that there

may be a choice for various appetites. Do not listen to the tirades of the partisans of physiological doctrines, who, from an idle fear of increasing the gastric affections under which they labour, dread and eschew the very things that would cure them. Season your stews and ragouts with bay-leaves, thyme, tarragon, garlic, pepper, pimento, or cloves, according to circumstances. Drink water when you can procure it good, but take also a little wine for your stomach's sake. The addition of a reasonable quantity of alcoholic liquor tends to accelerate a sluggish digestion, by supplying the excess of gluten with an amount of alcohol that the natural process couldn't produce under the circumstances. Hence the necessity for good wine, beer, and other alcoholic beverages for northern constitutions. Flavour your cream or milk dishes with vanilla, orange-flowers, or cinnamon. Roast your joints, always before an open fire: never have them baked. Legs and shoulders of mutton should be stuffed with garlic. A good salad is the most agreeable condiment, and the best promoter of a digestion fatigued by a long dinner. Wild and bitter endive make an excellent and wholesome salad. Put in plenty of oil, and (if your senses can bear it), rub the bowl with garlic.

M. Raspail, as I have before hinted, eschews tee-totalism; but he inculcates and strongly re-

commends temperance — as what sane man does not? He advises those who are blessed with the goods of this world to prefer the light French wines (the so-called vins-ordinaires) to the fine sorts, and either to the heavy Spanish and Portuguese wines — many of which (particularly the abominations compounded of bad brandy, geropigo, and the refuse of grape-skins, and sold dirt cheap under the names of port and sherry) are downright poisons, and will ruin the strongest constitutions. If you can't get good and pure wine abstain from it altogether: so with beer. As to the more potent alcohols, brandy, rum, gin, whiskey, arrack, their comparative purity may be tested simply enough: pour a few drops on your hands and rub them together briskly. Apply your nose to the palms, and the smell will at once tell you whether you have a pure article or a Fousel Oil counterfeit: the Fousel Oil, which immediately betrays its presence by its repulsive smell, is a poison that you cannot too carefully avoid. Enjoy all the Creator's gifts cheerfully, but in moderation; and be not deceived when you see a grey-haired glutton or a drunkard of fourscore, and say to yourself "O, I can feast, I can carouse without stint. Here is a hog that has grunted in Epicurus' sty for eighty years." Remember: That a drunkard who hath taken no hurt by his drink is no more a proof of the innocuousness of

drunkenness, than a soldier who hath been to the wars and hath never been wounded, is of the absence of danger in a battle.

A few more words on hygiene. Wear strong and solid boots in winter. Instead of an umbrella, which affords no real protection against the rain, carry a hooded cloak, made of light impermeable gauze, which, folded up, may fit into your waistcoat pocket. Ladies, instead of encumbering yourselves with a parasol, wear a light broad-brimmed straw hat. Eschew and denounce the use of spun-glass tissues and brocades, which, unhappily, are again coming into fashion. They are confusion. Their use was very properly abandoned during the eighteenth century, because it was found that the pulverulent particles of spun glass affected the lungs most seriously, and often even fatally. I can corroborate this statement of M. Raspail from a fact within my own knowledge. Some years ago the Mistress of the Robes of one of the principal metropolitan theatres, told me that an accomplished actress insisted upon wearing a dress of some newly-introduced spun-glass tissue or brocade in a Christmas piece. The dress was made in the wardrobe of the theatre; and, shortly afterwards, half the workwomen who were employed upon it were laid up with sore fingers, whitlows, and severe coughs. Workmen employed in the preparation of colours or other sub-

stances into the composition of which mineral colours enter, wash your heads and hands, first in lye-water, afterwards in soap-water, when leaving work, at meal-times or at night. Bird-stuffers, never use arsenical or mercurial preparations to protect the skins you stuff against the voracity of insects. It is fraught with the most pernicious and fatal consequences to yourselves and to the collectors and curators of museums of natural history. The desired object may be obtained as fully, and in a perfectly safe manner, by impregnating the internal surface of the skins with a solution of aloes and pepper, to be afterwards sprinkled with powdered camphor. House-painters, discontinue the use of the arsenical compound, known as Scheele's green: it is confusion. Substitute for it a green composed of iron and copper, which is cheaper, sanitary, and as beautiful in colour. Housekeepers, have all your copper vessels tinned on the inside. Make all your pickles and preserves at home. Never boil halfpence with your Brussels sprouts to green them. It is destruction. Let your spoons and forks be of silver, of tin, or of tinned iron, but on no account of German silver, or of any other of the multinamed compositions pretending to imitate, or to be substitutes for, gold and silver. The art of preparing a substance that shall in every way replace gold and silver, remains as yet to be discovered. Keep your kitchens and dining-rooms scrupulously clean. A clean kitchen is, in nine-and-three-quarter cases out of ten, the criterion of a clean housewife and a happy household. Governors, prohibit the sale of arsenic absolutely: the prohibition ought also to extend to rat's-bane. Subject physicians' prescriptions of a dangerous nature to the control of a sanitary board; and make the apothecary who shall dispense a dangerous preparation, equally responsible for the consequences with the physician who has prescribed it. For, M. Raspail maintains that the *materia medica* of the old school contains not one agent of a deleterious or dangerous nature, of which the therapeutic effects may not be as fully and effectually produced by an innocuous substance. Tramps, gipsies, you that sleep in the open air, on the ground, in trees or haystacks, stuff your ears with cotton, or tie a bandage round your head. Otherwise you will have ear-ache and affections caused by the introduction of seeds, beads of grass, &c., into the auditory tube, the nasal chamber, or windpipe. Mothers, feed not your children upon sweets, biscuits, or mucilages. They feed not them, but ascarides, parasites instead. Give them, rather, sound condiments and wholesome pickles. Wise men and women, all look early upon life as a duty, upon death as an accident or a necessity.

ty. Guard against the suggestions of hatred and the aberrations of love. Avoid enervating pursuits and expensive pleasures. Rise in the morning as soon as you wake; go to bed at night as soon as you feel that it requires a strong effort of volition to keep your eyes open. Be angry as seldom as ever you can. Never go to law. Be economical, never avaricious. Work, wash, and pray. So shall you live to a good old age, and your death, at last, be but an extinction of vitality, without pain or suffering. Nay, the length of human life might equal the fabulous longevity of the inhabitants of the sea, if we had in every season a constant and invariable temperature around us. But we have not.

THE WORTHY MAGISTRATE.

UNDER this stereotyped title expressive of deference to the police-bench, we take the earliest opportunity afforded us by our manner of preparing this publication, of calling upon every Englishman who reads these pages to take notice what he is. The circulation of this journal comprising a wide diversity of classes, we use it to disseminate the information that every Englishman is a drunkard. Drunkenness is the national characteristic. Whereas the German people (when uncontaminated by the English), are always sober, the

English, setting at nought the bright example of the pure Germans domiciled among them, are always drunk. The authority for this polite and faithful exposition of the English character, is a modern Solomon, whose temple rears its head near Drury Lane; the wise MR. HALL, Chief Police Magistrate, sitting at Bow Street, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex, Barrister at Law.

As we hope to keep this household word of Drunkard, affixed to the Englishman by the awful MR. HALL from whom there is no appeal, pretty steadily before our readers, we present the very pearl discovered in that magisterial oyster. On Thursday, the ninth of this present month of August, the following sublime passage evoked the virtuous laughter of the thief-takers of Bow Street:

MR. HALL. — Were you sober, Sir?

Prosecutor. — Yes, certainly.

MR. HALL. — You must be a foreigner, then?

Prosecutor. — I am a German.

MR. HALL. — Ah, that accounts for it. If you had been an Englishman, you would have been drunk, for a certainty.

Prosecutor (smiling). — The Germans get drunk sometimes, I fear.

MR. HALL. — Yes, after they have resided any time in this country. They acquire our English habits.

In reproducing these noble expressions, equally honourable to the Sage who uttered them, and to the Country that endures them, we will correct half-a-dozen vulgar errors which, within our observation, have been rather pre-

valent since the great occasion on which the Oracle at Bow Street, spake.

1. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that if a magistrate wilfully deliver himself of a slanderous aspersion, knowing it to be unjust, he is unfit for his post.

2. It is altogether a mistake, to suppose that if a magistrate, in a fit of bile brought on by recent disregard of some very absurd evidence of his, so yield to his ill-temper as to deliver himself, in a sort of mad exasperation, of such slanderous aspersion as aforesaid, he is unfit for his post.

3. It is altogether a mistake to suppose it to be very questionable whether, even in degraded Naples at this time, a magistrate could from the official bench insult and traduce the whole people, without being made to suffer for it.

4. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that it would be becoming in some one individual out of between six and seven hundred national representatives, to be so far jealous of the honour of his country, as indignantly to protest against its being thus grossly stigmatised.

5. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that the Home Office has any association whatever with the general credit, the general self-respect, the general feeling in behalf of decent utterance, or the general resentment when the same is most discredibly violated. The Home Office is merely

an ornamental institution supported out of the general pocket.

6. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that Mr. HALL is anybody's business, or that we, the mere bone and sinew, tag rag and bobtail of England, have anything to do with him, but to pay him his salary, accept his Justice, and meekly bow our heads to his high and mighty reproof.

AN ACCURSED RACE.

WE have our prejudices in England. Or if that assertion offends any of my readers, I will modify it. We have had our prejudices in England. We have tortured Jews; we have burnt Catholics and Protestants, to say nothing of a few witches and wizards. We have satirised Puritans, and we have dressed up Guys. But, after all, I do not think we have been so bad as our Continental friends. To be sure our insular position has kept us free, to a certain degree, from the inroads of alien races; who, driven from one land of refuge, steal into another equally unwilling to receive them; and where, for long centuries, their presence is barely endured, and no pains is taken to conceal the repugnance which the natives of "pure blood" experience towards them.

There yet remains a remnant of the miserable people called Cagots in the valleys of the Pyre-

nees; in the Landes near Bourdeaux; and, stretching up on the west side of France, their numbers become larger in Lower Brittany. Even now, the origin of these families is a word of shame to them among their neighbours; although they are protected by the law, which confirmed them in the equal rights of citizens about the end of the last century. Before then they had lived, for hundreds of years, isolated from all those who boasted of pure blood, and they had been, all this time, oppressed by cruel local edicts. They were truly, what they were popularly called, The Accursed Race.

All distinct traces of their origin are lost. Even at the close of that period which we call The Middle Ages, this was a problem which no one could solve; and as the traces, which even then were faint and uncertain, have vanished away one by one, it is a complete mystery at the present day. Why they were accursed in the first instance, why isolated from their kind, no one knows. From the earliest accounts of their state that are yet remaining to us, it seems that the names which they gave each other were ignored by the population they lived amongst, who spoke of them as Crestiaa, or Cagots, just as we speak of animals by their generic names. Their houses or huts were always placed at some distance out of the villages of the country-folk, who unwillingly called in the services of the

Cagots as carpenters, or tilers, or slaters — trades which seemed appropriated by this unfortunate race — who were forbidden to occupy land, or to bear arms; the usual occupations of those times. They had some small right of pasturage on the common lands, and in the forests: but the number of their cattle and live stock was strictly limited by the earliest laws relating to the Cagots. They were forbidden by one act to have more than twenty sheep, a pig, a ram, and six geese. The pig was to be fattened and brilled for winter food; the fleece of the sheep was to clothe them; but, if the said sheep had lambs, they were forbidden to eat them. Their only privilege arising from this increase was, that they might choose out the strongest and finest in preference to keeping the old sheep. At Martinmas the authorities of the commune came round, and counted over the stock of each Cagot. If he had more than his appointed number they were forfeited; half went to the commune, and half to the baillie, or chief magistrate of the commune. The poor beasts were limited as to the amount of common land which they might stray over in search of grass. While the cattle of the inhabitants of the commune might wander hither and thither in search of the sweetest herbage, the deepest shade, or the coolest pool in which to stand on the hot days, and lazily switch their dappled

sides, the Cagot sheep and pig had to learn imaginary bounds, beyond which if they strayed, any one might snap them up, and kill them, reserving a part of the flesh for his own use, but graciously restoring the inferior parts to their original owner. Any damage done by the sheep was however fairly appraised, and the Cagot paid no more for it than any other man would have done.

Did a Cagot leave his poor cabin, and venture into the towns, even to render services required of him in the way of his trade, he was bidden by all the municipal laws to stand by and remember his rude old state. In all the towns and villages in the large districts extending on both sides of the Pyrenees — in all that part of Spain — they were forbidden to buy or sell anything eatable, to walk in the middle (esteemed the better) part of the streets, to come within the gates before sun-rise, or to be found after sun-set within the walls of the town. But still, as the Cagots were good-looking men, and (although they bore certain natural marks of their caste, of which I shall speak by-and-by) were not easily distinguished by casual passers-by from other men, they were compelled to wear some distinctive peculiarity which should arrest the eye; and, in the greater number of towns, it was decreed that the outward sign of a Cagot should be a piece of red cloth sewed conspicuously on the front

of his dress. In other towns, the mark of Cagoterie was the foot of a duck or a goose hung over their left shoulder, so as to be seen by any one meeting them. After a time, the more convenient badge of a piece of yellow cloth cut out in the shape of a duck's foot, was adopted. If any Cagot was found in any town or village without his badge, he had to pay a fine of five sous and to lose his dress. He was expected to shrink away from any passer-by, for fear that their clothes should touch each other; or else to stand still in some corner or bye-place. If they were thirsty during the day which they passed in these towns where their presence was barely suffered, they had no means of quenching their thirst, for they were forbidden to enter into the little cabarets or taverns. Even the water gushing out of the common fountain was prohibited to them. Far away, in their own squalid village, there was the Cagot fountain, and, to drink of any other water, was forbidden to the Cagoterie. A Cagot woman having to make purchases in the town, was liable to be flogged out of it if she went to buy anything except on a Monday — a day on which all other people who could, kept their houses for fear of coming in contact with the accursed race.

In the Pays Basque, the prejudices — and for some time the laws — ran stronger against the Cagots than any which I have hitherto mentioned. The Basque

Cagot was not allowed to possess sheep. He might keep a pig for provision, but his pig had no right of pasturage. He might cut and carry grass for the ass, which was the only other animal he was permitted to own; and, this ass was permitted, because its existence was rather an advantage to the oppressor, who constantly availed themselves of the Cagot's mechanical skill, and was glad to have him and his tools easily conveyed from one place to another.

They were repulsed by the State. Under the small local governments they could hold no post whatsoever. And they were barely tolerated by the Church, although they were good catholics, and zealous frequenters of the mass. They might only enter the churches by a small door set apart for them, through which no one of the pure race ever passed. This door was low, so as to compel them to make an obeisance. It was occasionally surrounded by sculpture, which invariably represented an oak-branch with a dove above it. When they were once in, they might not go to the holy water used by others. They had a bénitier of their own; nor were they allowed to share in the consecrated bread when that was handed round to the believers of the pure race. The Cagots stood afar off, near the door. There were certain boundaries — imaginary lines — on the nave and in the aisles which they might

not pass. In one or two of the more tolerant of the Pyrenean villages, the blessed bread was offered to the Cagots, the priest standing on one side of the boundary, and giving the pieces of bread on a long wooden fork to each person successively.

When the Cagot died, he was interred apart, in a plot of burying-ground on the north side of the cemetery. Under such laws and prescriptions as I have described, it is no wonder if he was generally too poor to have much property for his children to inherit; but, certain descriptions of it were forfeited to the commune. The only possession of his which all who were not of his own race refused to touch, was his furniture. That was tainted, infectious, unclean — fit for none but Cagots.

When such were, for at least three centuries, the prevalent usages and opinions with regard to this oppressed race, it is no wonder that we read of occasional outbursts of ferocious violence on their part. In the Basses-Pyrénées, for instance, it is only about a hundred years since that the Cagots of Rehoulhes rose up against the inhabitants of the neighbouring town of Lourdes, and got the better of them, by their magical powers, as it is said. The people of Lourdes were conquered and slain, and their ghastly bloody heads served the triumphant Cagots for balls to play at nine-pins with! The local parliaments had begun by

this time to perceive how oppressive was the ban of public opinion under which the Cagots lay, and were not inclined to enforce too severe a punishment. Accordingly, the decree of the parliament of Toulouse, condemned only the leading Cagots concerned in this affray to be put to death, and that henceforward and for ever no Cagot was to be permitted to enter the town of Lourdes by any gate but that called Capdet-pourtet: they were only to be allowed to walk under the rain-gutters, and neither to sit, eat, or drink in the town. If they failed in observing any of these rules, the parliament decreed, in the spirit of Shylock, that the disobedient Cagots should have two strips of flesh, weighing never more than two ounces each, cut out from each side of their spines.

In the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, it was considered no more a crime to brail a Cagot than to destroy obnoxious vermin. A "nest of Cagots," as the old accounts phrase it, had assembled in a deserted castle of Mauvezin, about the year sixteen hundred; and certainly they made themselves not very agreeable neighbours, as they seemed to enjoy their reputation of magicians; and, by some acoustic secrets which were known to them, all sorts of moanings and groanings were heard in the neighbouring forests, very much to the alarm of the good people of the pure race; who

could not cut off a withered branch for firewood, but some unearthly sound seemed to fill the air, or drink water which was not poisoned, because the Cagots would persist in filling their pitchers at the same running stream. Added to these grievances, the various pilferings perpetually going on in the neighbourhood, made the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns and hamlets believe that they had a very sufficient cause for wishing to murder all the Cagots in the Château de Mauvezin. But it was surrounded by a moat, and only accessible by a drawbridge; besides which, the Cagots were fierce and vigilant. Some one, however, proposed to get into their confidence; and for this purpose he pretended to fall ill close to their path, so that on returning to their stronghold they perceived him, and took him in, restored him to health, and made a friend of him. One day, when they were all playing at nine-pins in the woods, their treacherous friend left the party on pretence of being thirsty, and went back into the castle, drawing up the bridge after he had passed over it, and so cutting off their means of escape into safety. Then, going up to the highest part of the castle, he blew upon a horn, and the pure race, who were lying in wait on the watch for some such signal, fell upon the Cagots at their games, and slew them all. For this murder I find no punishment decreed in

the parliament of Toulouse, or elsewhere.

As any intermarriages with the pure race was strictly forbidden, and as there were books kept in every commune in which the names and inhabitations of the reputed Cagots were written, these unfortunate people had no hope of ever becoming blended with the rest of the population. Did a Cagot marriage take place, the couple were serenaded with satirical songs. They also had minstrels, and many of their romances are still current in Brittany; but they did not attempt to make any reprisals of satire or abuse. Their disposition was amiable, and their intelligence great. Indeed it required both these qualities, and their great love of mechanical labour, to make their lives tolerable.

At last they began to petition that they might receive some protection from the laws; and, towards the end of the seventeenth century, the judicial power took their side. But they gained little by this. Law could not prevail against custom: and, in the ten or twenty years just preceding the first French revolution, the prejudice in France against the Cagots amounted to fierce and positive abhorrence.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Cagots of Navarre complained to the Pope, that they were excluded from the fellowship of men, and accursed by the Church, because their ancestors had given help to a cer-

tain Count Raymond of Toulouse in his revolt against the Holy See. They entreated his holiness not to visit upon them the sins of their fathers. The pope issued a bull — on the thirteenth of May, fifteen hundred and fifteen — ordering them to be well-treated and to be admitted to the same privileges as other men. He charged Don Juan de Santa Maria of Pampeluna to see to the execution of this bull. But Don Juan was slow to help, and the poor Spanish Cagots grew impatient, and resolved to try the secular power. They accordingly applied to the cortes of Navarre, and were opposed on a variety of grounds. First, it was stated that their ancestors had had “nothing to do with Raymond Count of Toulouse, or with any such knightly personage; that they were in fact descendants of Gehazi, servant of Elisha (second book of Kings, fifth chapter, twenty-seventh verse), who had been accursed by his master for his fraud upon Naaman, and doomed, he and his descendants, to be lepers for evermore. Name, Cagots or Gahets; Gahets, Gehazites. What can be more clear? And if that is not enough, and you tell us that the Cagots are not lepers now; we reply that there are two kinds of leprosy, one perceptible and the other imperceptible, even to the person suffering from it. Besides, it is the country talk, that where the Cagot treads the grass withers, proving the unnatural heat of his body. Many

credible and trustworthy witnesses will also tell you that, if a Cagot holds a freshly-gathered apple in his hand, it will shrivel and wither up in an hour's time as much as if it had been kept for a whole winter in a dry room. They are born with tails; although the parents are cunning enough to pinch them off immediately. Do you doubt this? If it is not true, why do the children of the pure race delight in sewing on sheeps' tails to the dress of any Cagot who is so absorbed in his work as not to perceive them? and their bodily smell is so horrible and detestable that it shows that they must be heretics of some vile and pernicious description, for do we not read of the incense of good workers, and the fragrance of holiness?"

Such were literally the arguments by which the Cagots were thrown back into a worse position than ever, as far as regarded their rights as citizens. The pope insisted that they should receive all their ecclesiastical privileges. The Spanish priests said nothing, but tacitly refused to allow the Cagots to mingle with the rest of the faithful, either dead or alive. The accursed race obtained laws in their favour from the Emperor Charles the Fifth; but there was no one to carry these laws into effect. As a sort of revenge for their want of submission and for their impertinence in daring to complain, their tools were all taken away from them by the local authorities: an old man and

all his family died of starvation, being no longer allowed to fish.

They could not emigrate. Even to remove their poor mud habitations, from one spot to another, excited anger and suspicion. To be sure, in sixteen hundred and ninety-five, the Spanish government ordered the *alcaldes* to search out all the Cagots, and to expel them before two months had expired, under pain of having fifty ducats to pay for every Cagot remaining in Spain at the expiration of that time. The inhabitants of the villages rose up and flogged out any miserable Cagots who might be in their neighbourhood; but the French were on their guard against this enforced irruption, and refused to permit them to enter France. Numbers were hunted up into the inhospitable Pyrenees, and there died of starvation, or became a prey to wild beasts. They were obliged to wear both gloves and shoes when they were thus put to flight, otherwise the stones and herbage they trod upon, and the balustrades of the bridges that they crossed, would, according to popular belief, have become poisonous.

And all this time there was nothing remarkable or disgusting in the outward appearance of this unfortunate people. There was nothing about them to countenance the idea of their being lepers — the most natural mode of accounting for the abhorrence in which they were held. They were repeatedly examined by

learned doctors, whose experiments, although singular and rude, appear to have been made in a spirit of humanity. For instance, the surgeons of the king of Navarre, in sixteen hundred, bled twenty-two Cagots, in order to examine and analyse their blood. They were young and healthy people of both sexes; and the doctors seem to have expected that they should have been able to extract some new kind of salt from their blood which should account for the wonderful heat of their bodies. But their blood was just like that of other people. Some of these medical men have left us an account of the general appearance of this unfortunate race, at a time when they were more numerous and less intermixed than they are now. The families existing in the south and west of France, who are reputed to be of Cagot descent at this day, are, like their ancestors, tall, largely made, and powerful in frame; fair and ruddy in complexion, with grey-blue eyes, in which some observers see a pensive heaviness of look. Their lips are thick, but well-formed. Some of the reports name their sad expression of countenance with surprise and suspicion — "They are not gay, like other folk." The wonder would be if they were. Dr. Guyon, the medical man of the last century who has left the clearest report on the health of the Cagots, speaks of the vigorous old age they attain to. In one family alone, he found a man of seventy-four years of age; a woman as old, gathering cherries; and another woman, aged eighty-three was lying on the grass, having her hair combed by her great-grandchildren. Dr. Guyon and other surgeons examined into the subject of the horribly infectious smell which the Cagots were said to leave behind them, and upon everything they touched; but they could perceive nothing unusual on this head. They also examined their ears, which, according to common belief (a belief existing to this day), were differently shaped to those of other people; being round and gristly, without the lobe of flesh into which the ear-ring is inserted. They decided that most of the Cagots whom they examined had the ears of this round shape; but they gravely added, that they saw no reason why this should exclude them from the good-will of men, and from the power of holding office in church and state. They recorded the fact, that the children of the towns ran baaing after any Cagot who had been compelled to come into the streets to make purchases, in allusion to this peculiarity of the shape of the ear, which bore some resemblance to the ears of the sheep as they are cut by the shepherds in this district. Dr. Guyon names the case of a beautiful Cagot girl, who sang most sweetly, and prayed to be allowed to sing canticles in the organ-loft. The organist,

more musician than bigot, allowed her to come; but the indignant congregation, finding out whence proceeded that clear fresh voice, rushed up to the organ-loft, and chased the girl out, bidding her "remember her ears," and not commit the sacrilege of singing praises to God along with the pure race.

But this medical report of Dr. Guyon's — bringing facts and arguments to confirm his opinion, that there was no physical reason why the Cagots should not be received on terms of social equality by the rest of the world — did no more for his clients than the legal decrees promulgated two centuries before had done. The French held with Hudibras, that —

He that's convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.

And, indeed, the being convinced by Dr. Guyon that they ought to receive Cagots as fellow-creatures, only made them more rabid in declaring that they would not. One or two little occurrences which are recorded prove that the bitterness of the repugnance to the Cagots was in full force in the time just preceding the first French revolution. There was a M. d'Abedos, the curate of Lourbes, and brother to the seigneur of the neighbouring castle, who was living in seventeen hundred and eighty; he was well-educated for the time, a travelled man, and sensible and moderate in all respects but that of his abhorrence of the

Cagots; he would insult them from the very altar, calling out to them, as they stood afar off, "Oh! ye Cagots, damned for evermore!" One day, a half-blind Cagot stumbled and touched the censer borne before this Abbé de Lourbes. He was immediately turned out of the church, and forbidden ever to re-enter it. One does not know how to account for the fact, that the very brother of this bigoted abbé, the seigneur of the village, went and married a Cagot girl; but so it was, and the abbé brought a legal process against him, and had his estates taken from him, solely on account of his marriage, which reduced him to the condition of a Cagot, against whom the old laws were still in force. The descendants of this Seigneur de Lourbes are simple peasants at this very day, working on the lands which belonged to their grandfather.

This prejudice against mixed marriages remained prevalent until very lately. The tradition of the Cagot descent lingered amongst the people, long after the laws against the accursed race were abolished. A Breton girl, within the last few years, having two lovers each of reputed Cagot descent, employed a notary to examine their pedigrees, and see which of the two had least Cagot in him; and to that one she gave her hand. In Brittany the prejudice seems to have been more virulent than anywhere else. M. Emile Sou-

vestre records proofs of the hatred borne to them in Brittany so late as eighteen hundred and thirty-five. Just lately a baker at Hennebon, having married a girl of Cagot descent, lost all his custom. The godfather and god-mother of a Cagot child became Cagots themselves by the Breton laws, unless, indeed, the poor little baby died before attaining a certain number of days. They had to eat the butchers' meat condemned as unhealthy; but, for some unknown reason, they were considered to have a right to every cut loaf turned upside down, with its cut side towards the door, and might enter any house in which they saw a loaf in this position, and carry it away with them. About thirty years ago, there was the skeleton of a hand hanging up as an offering in a Breton Church near Quimperle, and the tradition was, that it was the hand of a rich Cagot who had dared to take holy water out of the usual bénitier, some time at the beginning of the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, which an old soldier witnessing, he laid in wait, and the next time the offender approached the bénitier, he cut off his hand, and hung it up, dripping with blood, as an offering to the patron saint of the church. The poor Cagots in Brittany petitioned against their opprobrious name, and begged to be distinguished by the appellation of Malandrins. To English ears one name is much the same as the other, as neither

conveys any meaning; but, to this day, the descendants of the Cagots do not like to have this word applied to them, preferring the term Malandrin.

The French Cagots tried to destroy all the records of their pariah descent, in the commotions of seventeen hundred and eighty-nine; but if writings have disappeared, the tradition yet remains, and points out such and such a family as Cagot, or Malandrin, or Oiselier, according to the old terms of abhorrence.

There are various ways in which learned men have attempted to account for the universal repugnance in which this well-made, powerful race are held. Some say that the antipathy to them took its rise in the days when leprosy was a dreadfully prevalent disease; and that the Cagots are more liable than other men to a kind of skin disease, not precisely leprosy, but resembling it in some of its symptoms; such as dead whiteness of complexion, and swellings of the face and extremities. There was also some resemblance to the ancient Jewish custom in respect to lepers, in the habit of the people; who, on meeting a Cagot, called out, "Cagote? Cagote?" to which they were bound to reply, "Perlute! perlute!" Leprosy is not properly an infectious complaint, in spite of the horror in which the Cagot furniture, and the cloth woven by them, is held in some places; the disorder is hereditary, and

hence (say this body of wise men, who have troubled themselves to account for the origin of Cagoterie) the reasonableness and the justice of preventing any mixed marriages, by which this terrible tendency to leprous complaints might be spread far and wide. Another authority says, that though the Cagots are fine-looking men, hard-working, and good mechanics, yet that they bear in their faces, and show in their actions reasons for the detestation in which they are held; their glance, if you meet it, is the jettatura, or evil eye, and they are spiteful, and cruel, and deceitful above all other men. All these qualities they derive from their ancestor Gehazi, the servant of Elisha, together with their tendency to leprosy.

Again, it is said that they are descended from the Arian Goths, who were permitted to live in certain places in Guienne and Languedoc, after their defeat by King Clovis, on condition that they abjured their heresy, and kept themselves separate from all other men for ever. The principal reason alleged in support of this supposition of their Gothic descent, is the specious one of derivation, — Chiens Gots, Cans Gots, Cagots, equivalent to Dogs of Goths.

Again, they were thought to be Saracens, coming from Syria. In confirmation of this idea, was the belief that all Cagots were possessed by a horrible smell. The Lombards, also, were an

unfragrant race, or so reputed among the Italians; witness Pope Stephen's letter to Charlemagne, dissuading him from marrying Bertha, daughter of Didier, King of Lombardy. The Lombards boasted of Eastern descent, and were noisome. The Cagots were noisome, and therefore must be of Eastern descent. What could be clearer? In addition, there was the proof to be derived from the name Cagot, which those holding the opinion of their Saracen descent held to be Chiens, or Chasseurs des Gots, because the Saracens chased the Goths out of Spain. Moreover, the Saracens were originally Mahometans, and as such obliged to bathe seven times a-day: whence the badge of the duck's foot. A duck was a water bird: Mahometans bathed in the water. Proof upon proof!

In Brittany the common idea was, they were of Jewish descent. Their unpleasant smell was again pressed into the service. The Jews it was well known had this physical infirmity, which might be cured either by bathing in a certain fountain in Egypt—which was a long way from Brittany—or by anointing themselves with the blood of a Christian child. Blood gushed out of the body of every Cagot on Good Friday. No wonder, if they were of Jewish descent. It was the only way of accounting for so portentous a fact. Again; the Cagots were capital carpenters, which gave the Bretons every reason to be-

lieve that their ancestors were the very Jews who made the cross. When first the tide of emigration set from Brittany to America, the oppressed Cagots crowded to the ports, seeking to go to some new country, where their race might be unknown. Here was another proof of their descent from Abraham and his nomadic people; and, the forty years' wandering in the wilderness and the Wandering Jew himself, were pressed into the service to prove that the Cagots derived their restlessness and love of change from their ancestors, the Jews. The Jews also practised arts-magic, and the Cagots sold bags of wind to the Breton sailors, enchanted maidens to love them — maidens who never would have cared for them, unless they had been previously enchanted — made hollow rocks and trees give out strange and unearthly noises, and sold the magical herb called *bon-succès*. It is true enough that, in all the early acts of the fourteenth century, the same laws apply to Jews as to Cagots, and the appellations seem used indiscriminately; but their fair complexions, their remarkable devotion to all the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and many other circumstances, conspire to forbid our believing them to be of Hebrew descent.

Another very plausible idea is, that they are the descendants of unfortunate individuals afflicted with *goîtres*, which is, even to this day, not an uncommon dis-

order in the gorges and valleys of the Pyrenees. Some have even derived the word *goître* from Got, or Goth; but their name, *Crestiaa*, is not unlike Cretin, and the same symptoms of idiotism were not unusual among the Cagots; although sometimes, if old tradition is to be credited, their malady of the brain took rather the form of violent delirium, which attacked them at new and full moons. Then the workmen laid down their tools, and rushed off from their labour to play mad pranks up and down the country; perpetual motion was required to alleviate the agony of fury that seized upon the Cagots at such times. In this desire for rapid movement, the attack resembled the Neapolitan tarantella; while in the mad deeds they performed during such attacks, they were not unlike the northern Berserker. In Bearn especially, those suffering from this madness were dreaded by the pure race; the Bearnais, going to cut their wooden clogs in the great forests that lay around the base of the Pyrenees, feared above all things to go too near the periods when the *Cagoutelle* seized on the oppressed and accursed people; from whom it was then the oppressors' turn to fly. A man was living within the memory of man, who had married a Cagot wife; he used to beat her right soundly when he saw the first symptoms of the *Cagoutelle*, and, having reduced her to a wholesome state

of exhaustion and insensibility, he locked her up until the moon had altered her shape in the heavens. If he had not taken such decided steps, say the oldest inhabitants, there is no knowing what might have happened.

From the thirteenth to the end of the nineteenth century, there are facts enough to prove the universal abhorrence in which this unfortunate race was held; whether called Cagots, or Gahets in Pyrenean districts, Caqueaux in Brittany, or Vaqueros in Asturias. The great French revolution brought some good out of its fermentation of the people: the more intelligent among them tried to overcome the prejudice against the Cagots.

In seventeen hundred and eighteen, there was a famous cause tried at Biarritz relating to Cagot rights and privileges. There was a wealthy miller, Etienne Arnauld by name, of the race of Gotz, Quagotz, Bisigotz, Astragotz, or Gahetz, as his people are described in the legal document. He married an heiress a Gotte (or Cagot) of Biarritz; and the newly-married well-to-do couple saw no reason why they should stand near the door in the church, nor why he should not hold some civil office in the commune, of which he was the principal inhabitant. Accordingly, he petitioned the law that he and his wife might be allowed to sit in the gallery of the church, and that he might be relieved from his civil disabilities.

This wealthy white miller, Etienne Arnauld, pursued his rights with some vigour against the Baillie of Labourd, the dignitary of the neighbourhood. Whereupon the inhabitants of Biarritz met in the open air on the eighth of May, to the number of one hundred and fifty; approved of the conduct of the Baillie in rejecting Arnauld, made a subscription, and gave all power to their lawyers to defend the cause of the pure race against Etienne Arnauld — “that stranger,” who, having married a girl of Cagot blood, ought also to be expelled from the holy places. This lawsuit was carried through all the local courts, and ended by an appeal to the highest court in Paris; where a decision was given against Basque superstitions; and Etienne Arnauld was thenceforward entitled to enter the gallery of the church.

Of course the inhabitants of Biarritz were all the more ferocious for having been conquered; and, four years later, a carpenter, Miguel Legaret, suspected of Cagot descent, having placed himself in church among other people, was dragged out by the abbé and two of the jurats of the parish. Legaret defended himself with a sharp knife at the time, and went to law afterwards; the end of which was that the abbé and his two accomplices were condemned to a public confession of penitence to be uttered while on their knees at the church door, just after high mass. They

appealed to the parliament of Bourdeaux against this decision, but met with no better success than the opponents of the miller Arnould. Legaret was confirmed in his right of standing where he would in the parish church. That a living Cagot had equal rights with other men in the town of Biarritz seemed now ceded to them; but a dead Cagot was a different thing. The inhabitants of pure blood struggled long and hard to be interred apart from the abhorred race. The Cagots were equally persistent in claiming to have a common burying-ground. Again the texts of the old Testament were referred to, and the pure blood quoted triumphantly the precedent of Uzziah the leper (twenty-sixth chapter of the second book of Chronicles), who was buried in the field of the Sepulchres of the Kings, not in the sepulchres themselves. The Cagots pleaded that they were healthy and able-bodied; with no taint of leprosy near them. They were met by the strong argument so difficult to be refuted, which I have quoted before. Leprosy was of two kinds, perceptible and imperceptible. If the Cagots were suffering from the latter kind, who could tell whether they were free from it or not? That decision must be left to the judgment of others.

One sturdy Cagot family alone, Belone by name, kept up a lawsuit claiming the privilege of common sepulture, for forty-two

years; although the curé of Biarritz had to pay one hundred livres for every Cagot not interred in the right place. The inhabitants indemnified the curate for all these fines.

M. de Romagne, Bishop of Tarbes, who died in seventeen hundred and sixty-eight, was the first to allow a Cagot to fill any office in the Church. To be sure, some were so spiritless as to reject office when it was offered to them, because, by so claiming their equality, they had to pay the same taxes as other men, instead of the Rancale or poll-tax levied on the Cagots; the collector of which had also a right to claim a piece of bread of a certain size for his dog at every Cagot dwelling.

Even in the present century it has been necessary in some churches, for the archdeacon of the district, followed by all his clergy, to pass out of the small door previously appropriated to the Cagots in order to mitigate the superstition which, even so lately, made the people refuse to mingle with them in the house of God. A Cagot once played the congregation at Larroque tricks suggested by what I have just named. He slyly locked the great parish-door of the church while the greater part of the inhabitants were assisting at mass inside; put gravel in the lock itself, so as to prevent the use of any duplicate key, — and had the pleasure of seeing the proud pure-blooded people file out

with bended head, through the small low door used by the abhorred Cagots.

We are naturally shocked at discovering, from facts such as these, the causeless rancour with which innocent and industrious people were so recently persecuted. Gentle reader, am I not rightly representing your feelings? If so, perhaps the moral of the history of the accursed races may be best conveyed in the words of an epitaph on Mrs. Mary Haud, who lies buried in the churchyard of Stratford-on-Avon.

What faults you saw in me,
Pray strive to shun;
And look at home: there's
Something to be done.

THE CHILD-SEER.

THE little story I am going to tell, is a true story of pioneer life in America. It is known to many descendants of the early settlers among whom it happened, and I write it in that country.

One of the darkest pages in American history is that relating to the sufferings of the inhabitants of Tryon county, New-York, during the war of the revolution, from the attacks of the Indians and Royalists under the Mohawk chief Brant and the more savage Captain Walter Butler. Early in the war, Cherry Valley was selected as a place of refuge and defence for the inhabitants of the smaller and

more exposed settlements. Block-houses were built, fortifications were thrown up, and finally, a fort was erected, under the direction of General La Fayette. The inhabitants of the surrounding settlements came in and lived for several months as in garrison, submitting to strict military regulations. Among the families which took temporary refuge in this fort, was that of Captain Robert Lindsay, formerly a British officer, — brave and adventurous, who, only at the entreaty of his wife, had left his farm which stood in a lonely unprotected situation, several miles from any settlement. This Captain Lindsay was a reserved, melancholy man, about whom the simple and honest pioneers wondered and speculated not a little. His language and manner bespoke at once the man of education and breeding. His wife, though a quiet, heroic woman, was evidently a lady by nature and association.

Captain Lindsay had a native love of solitude and adventure, — the first requisites for a pioneer; and for several years no other reason was known for his seeking the wilds, and exposing his tender family to all the perils and privations of a frontier life. But at length an emigrant coming from his native place, in the Highlands of Scotland, brought the story of his exile, which was briefly this: — Captain Lindsay, when a somewhat dissipated young man, proud and passionate,

had quarrelled with a brother-officer, an old friend, at a mess-dinner. Both officers had drunk freely; and their difference was aggravated by hot-brained, half-drunken partisans. Insulting words were exchanged, and a duel on the spot was the consequence. Lindsay escaped with a slight wound; but his sword pierced the heart of his friend. He was hurried away to a secure hiding-place, but not before he had learned that in the first matter of dispute he had been in the wrong.

Lindsay made all the reparation in his power, by transferring his paternal estate, for the term of his own lifetime, to the homeless widow and young daughter of his friend. Then, with his wife's small property, and the price of his commission, he secretly emigrated to America. He left his family in New York, while he went up the Hudson, purchased a small farm, and built a house for their reception. He was accompanied in this expedition by an old family servant; who, with true Highland fidelity, clung to his unfortunate master with exemplary devotion.

Mrs. Lindsay's heart sank within her when she found that her new home was so far from any settlement, — literally in the wilderness; but she understood her husband's misanthropic gloom, almost amounting to melancholy madness, and did not murmur. Yet her forest

home was very beautiful, — a small valley-farm, surrounded by densely-wooded hills, dark gorges, and mossy dells. The house was a rough, primitive-looking structure, containing but three small apartments and a low chamber, or rather loft. But it was comfortably and securely built; and, overhung by noble trees, and overrun by wild vines, was not unpicturesque. Under the tasteful care of Mrs. Lindsay, a little garden soon sprang up around it, where, among many strange plants, bloomed a few familiar flowers, whose fragrance seemed to breathe of home, like the sighs of an exile's heart.

The family at the period of their taking refuge in the fort at Cherry Valley, consisted of three sons and an infant daughter (the last, born in America), the man Davie, and a maid-servant. Douglas, the elder son, a lad of twelve or thirteen, was a brave, high-spirited, somewhat self-willed boy, tall and handsome, and the especial pride of his mother: not alone because he was her first-born, but because he most vividly recalled to her heart, her husband in his happy days. Angus, the second son, was a slight, delicate, fair-haired boy, possessing a highly sensitive and poetic nature. Unconsciously displaying at times singular and startling intuitions — dreaming uncomprehended dreams, which were sometimes strangely verified, and uttering involuntary prophecies, which

time often fulfilled — he was always spoken of as “a strange child,” and, for all his tender years and sweet pensive face, was regarded with a secret, shrinking awe, even by those nearest to him. In truth, the child seemed to be gifted with that weird, mysterious faculty known as second-sight.

Archie, the youngest son, his father's own darling, was a sturdy, rosy-cheeked, curly-headed boy of five. Effie was yet at the mother's breast, a little rosy bud of beauty, — a fair promise of infinite joy and comfort to her mother's saddened heart.

As I have stated, this family took refuge in the fort, in the spring of seventeen hundred and seventy-eight, somewhat against the will of Captain Lindsay — who, as he remained neutral, had little fear of the Indians — and also of his eldest son, who fancied there was something cowardly in flying from their forest-home before it had been attacked. The latter, however, was soon reconciled by the opportunity afforded him, for the first time for several years, of associating with lads of his own age, of whom there were a goodly number at the fort and settlement. The sports and exercises of the men and youth were entirely of a military character; and Douglas, who had inherited martial tastes from a long line of warlike ancestors, and who had been instructed by his father in military

rules and evolutions, soon became the captain of a company of boys, armed with formidable wooden guns, and fully equipped as mimic soldiers. Angus was made his lieutenant; but this was a piece of favouritism, the child having little taste or talent for the profession of arms.

One bright May morning, as these young amateur fighters were parading on the green before the fort, they had spectators whom they little suspected. Upon a hill, about a mile away, Joseph Brant had posted a large party of his braves, where, concealed by the thick wood, they were looking down on the settlement. It had been his intention to attack the fort that night; but this grand parade of light infantry deceived him. At that distance, he mistook the boys for men, and decided to defer the attack till he could ascertain, by his scouts, the exact strength of the place. In the meantime, he moved his party northward a few miles, to a point on the road leading from Cherry Valley to the Mohawk river, where he concealed them behind rocks and trees. At this spot, the road passed through a thick growth of evergreens, forming a perpetual twilight, and wound along a precipice a hundred and fifty feet high, over which plunged a small stream in a cascade, called by the Indians Tekaharawa.

Brant had doubtless received information that an American officer had ridden down from

Fort Plain, on the Mohawk river, in the morning, to visit the fort, and might be expected to return before night. This officer had come to inform the garrison that a regiment of militia would arrive the next day, and take up their quarters at Cherry Valley. His name was Lieutenant Woodville; he was a young man of fortune, — gay, gallant, handsome, and daring. He was dressed in a rich suit of velvet, wore a plumed hat and a jewel-hilted sword, and let his dark waving hair grow to a cavalierish length. He rode a full-blooded English horse, which he managed with ease. This Lieutenant Woodville lingered so long at the settlement, that his friends tried to persuade him to remain all night; but he laughed, and, as he mounted, flung down his portmanteau to one of them, saying, "I will call for that to-morrow." When it was nearly sunset the little garrison came out into the courtyard to watch his departure. Among the spectators were the boy-soldiers whose parade of the morning had daunted even the terrible Brant. Foremost stood the doughty Douglas, and by his side the timid Angus, gazing with childish curiosity on the dashing young officer, and marking with wondering delight his smiling mastery over his steed.

Suddenly the boy passed his hand over his eyes, grew marble-white and rigid for an instant, then shuddered, and burst into tears. Before he could be ques-

tioned, he had quitted his brother, rushed forward, and was clinging to the lieutenant's knee; crying, in a tone of the most passionate entreaty,

"Oh, sir, ye maun stay here to-night — here, where a' is safe! Dinna gang; they'll kill ye! Oh, dinna gang!"

"Who, my little lad, who'll kill me?" gently asked the officer, looking down into the delicate face of the boy, struck by its agonised expression.

"The Indians. They're waitin' for you in yon dark, awfu' place by the falls," replied Angus, in a tone of solemnity.

"And how do you know all this, my little man?" asked the officer, smiling.

"I hae seen them," said Angus, in a low, hoarse tone, casting down his eyes and trembling visibly.

"Seen them! When?"

"Just noo. I saw them a' as weel as I see you and the lave. It's the guid God, may be, that sends the vision to save you frae death. So, ye maun heed the warning, and not put your life in peril by riding up there, where they're waitin' for ye in the gloaming."

"What is the matter with this child?" exclaimed Lieutenant Woodville, turning to a friend in the little crowd. The man, for answer, merely touched his forehead significantly. "Indeed! So young!" replied the officer. Then, laying his hand gently on the head of the boy, and smiling

pityingly into his wild beseeching eyes, he said, "But indeed I must go, prophet of evil. Indians or no Indians, a soldier must obey orders, you know. Come, dry your tears, and I will bring you a pretty plume for your soldier-cap when I return. Adieu, friends, until to-morrow!"

Saying this, he bent to loosen Angus's hands from the stirrup; but the child clung convulsively, shrieking out his warnings and entreaties, until his father broke through the crowd, and bore him forcibly away.

Lieutenant Woodville galloped off, with gay words of farewell; but, as some noticed, with an unusual shadow on his handsome face.

Mrs. Lindsay took Angus in her arms, and strove to soothe him in her quiet, loving way. Yet the child would not be comforted. He hid his face in her bosom, sobbing and shuddering, but saying nothing for several minutes. Then he shrieked out — "There! There! Oh, mither, they hae killed him! I hae seen him fa' frae his horse. I see him noo, lying amang the briars, wi' the red bluid rinning frae his head, down on to his braw soldier-coat. Oh, mither, I could na help it; he would na believe the vision!"

After this, the repose of a sad certainty seemed to come upon the child, and, sobbing more and more softly, he fell asleep; but not until the return of Lieutenant Woodville's horse, with an empty

saddle stained with blood, had brought terrible confirmation of the vision. Next morning, the body of the unfortunate young officer was found in the dark pass, near the falls of Tekaharawa. He had been shot and scalped by Brant himself.

As may be supposed, this tragic verification of Angus Lindsay's prophecy excited surprise and speculation, and caused the child to be regarded with a strange interest, which, though not unfriendly, had in it too much of superstitious dread to be altogether kindly.

The boy instinctively shrank from it, and grew more sad and reserved day by day. Some regarded the prediction as naturally resulting from the omnipresent fear of savages — common to settlers' children — taking more vivid form in the imagination of a nervous and sickly boy, and the fate of Lieutenant Woodville as merely a remarkable coincidence. But, more shook their heads with solemn meaning, declaring the lad a young wizard; and went so far as to intimate that the real wizard was the lad's father, whose haughty and melancholy reserve was little understood by the honest settlers, and that poor little Angus was his victim: the one possessed.

The expression of this feeling — not in words, but in a sort of distrustful avoidance — made Mrs. Lindsay consent to the proposition of her husband to return to their home for the

harvest. Several families were venturing on this hazardous step, encouraged by the temporary tranquillity of the country, and thinking that their savage enemies had quenched their blood-thirst at Wyoming, — thus rather taking courage than warning by that fearful massacre.

The Lindsays found their home as they had left it three months before; nothing had been molested; they all speedily fell into their old in-door and out-door duties and amusements. And so passed a few weeks of quiet happiness. Captain Lindsay and his man always took their arms with them to the harvest-fields, which were in sight of the house. The two elder sons usually worked with their father. On the last day of the harvest, when little remained to be done, the boys asked permission to go to a stream, about two miles away, to angle for trout.

In his moody abstraction, or fearlessness, Captain Lindsay consented, and the boys set out in high glee. Little Archie, who was also with his father for that day, begged to be taken with them; but the lads did not wish to be so encumbered, and hurried away. Just as they were passing from the clearing into the little cow-path leading through the woods to the creek, Angus looked back and saw the child standing by his father, in tears, gazing wistfully after his elder brothers.

“Ah, Douglas,” exclaimed he, “let us tak’ Archie wi’ us. See how the puir bairn is greeting.”

“No, no; he’ll only fright the trout, and we canna wait. Come awa.”

The lads reached the creek in safety, crept stealthily along its shaded bank, selected their places in silence, and flung their bait upon the water. Douglas seemed to enjoy the sport keenly, but Angus was remorseful for having said nay to his little brother’s entreaty.

“Oh, Douglas!” he exclaimed, at last, “I canna forget Archie’s tearfu’, wistfu’ face. I’m sae sorry we left him!”

“Dinna fash yer head about Archie, but mind yer fish!” replied Douglas impatiently.

Angus was silent for another half-hour. Then he suddenly gave a short, quick cry, made a start forward, and peered anxiously down into the water.

“What noo?” said Douglas, petulantly, for the cry and movement had scared a fine trout that seemed just about to take his hook.

“Oh, brother,” answered Angus, trembling, “I ha’ seen Archie’s bonnie face in the burn, and it had sic a pale, frightened look. I doubt something awfu’ has happened! Let us gang hame.”

Douglas laughed as he replied, “It’s yer own face ye saw in the burn, and no Archie’s. How could it be his, when he’s maist twa mile awa?”

"I dinna ken, Douglas," replied Angus, humbly, "but I maun believe it was Archie's face. There it comes again! And father's, and Davie's! Oh, brother, the Indians!"

Shrieking out these words, the poor boy staggered backward and fainted. Douglas, though a good deal alarmed, had sufficient presence of mind to apply nature's remedy, fortunately near at hand; and under a copious sprinkling of cold water, Angus speedily revived. Douglas no longer resisted his entreaties, but silently gathering up their fishing tackle, and taking their string of trout, set out for home, walking slowly, and supporting the trembling steps of his brother. As they neared the borders of the clearing, where they were to come in sight of the harvest-fields and their home, Angus absolutely shook, and even the cheek of the bold Douglas grew white.

The first sight which met their eyes, on their emerging from the wood, was their house in flames, with a party of fiendish savages dancing and howling around it. The boys shrank back into the wood; and, crouching down together beneath a thick growth of underbrush, lay sobbing and shuddering in their grief and terror.

At length, Angus gave a start and whispered joyfully, "Oh, brother, I've seen mither, and wee Effie, and Jenny — an'

they're a' safe — hid away in the bushes, like us."

"But do you see father, and Archie, and auld Davie?" asked Douglas, believing, at last, in the second-sight of his young brother.

"No, no," replied Angus, mournfully, "I canna see them ony mair. They maun be a' dead, Douglas."

"I'll no believe that," said the elder brother, proudly; "father and Davy baith had their arms wi' them. Davie is no' a bad fighter, and ye ken a braver soldier could na be found in a' the world than father."

They lay thus, talking in fearful whispers, and weeping silently, until the shouts of the savages died away, and silence fell with the twilight, over the little valley. Then, slowly and cautiously they crept from their hiding-place, and stole through the harvest-fields to the spot where they had left their father and little brother, and Davie.

And they were all there — dead. They appeared to have fallen together — faithful old Davie lay across his master's knees, which he seemed embracing in death. Little Archie had evidently lingered longest alive; his flesh was yet soft and slightly warm, and he had crept to his father's arms, and lay partly across his breast.

All, even to the sinless baby, had been tomahawked. Yet bathed in blood, as they were, the poor boys could not believe

them dead, but clasped their stiffened hands, and kissed their lips, felt for their heart-beats, and called them by their names in every accent of love and sorrow. At last, finding all their frenzied efforts vain, they abandoned themselves utterly to grief.

The moon rose upon them thus — weeping wildly over their murdered father and brother — stained with their blood, and shuddering with their death-chill. Never did the moon look on a more desolate group. Captain Lindsay's brow seemed more awfully stern in its light, and his unclosed eyes shone with an icy gleam. Archie's still tearful face showed most piteously sad; while the agonised faces of the two young mourners, now bent over their dead, now lifted despairingly toward heaven, seemed to have grown strangely old in that time of terror, and horror, and bitter grieving. Thus the hours wore on; and, at last, from utter exhaustion, they slept — the living with the dead.

They were wakened by the warm sunlight and the birds who sang — how strange it seemed! — as gaily as ever, in the neighbouring wood. The boys raised their heads and looked, each into the other's sad face, and then on the dead, in the blank, speechless anguish of their renewed grief. Douglas was the first to speak. "Come brother," he said, in a calm tone, "we maun be men noo, let us gang back to the fort:

may be we shall find mither there, wi' Jenny and the bairnie, 'gin you're sure ye saw them a' in yer vision."

"But we canna' leave these here to their lane," said Angus.

"We maun leave them; we are no' big enough to bury them; but we'll cover them ower wi' leaves and the branches o' the pines, and when we get to the fort, we'll ask the soldiers to come and make graves for them. Come wi' me, Angus, dear."

Angus took Douglas's hand, and rose; but soon staggered and fell, murmuring, "Oh, brother! I'm sair faint and ill. I think I am dying. Stay wi' me a little while, and then ye may cover us a' up together and gang awa'."

"Dinna say sic sorrowfu' things, Angus; yer no dying, puir laddie; yer but fainting wi' hunger, and I the same," said Douglas, in a tone of hopeless despondency. Just at the moment, his eye fell on a small hand-basket, in which the labourers were accustomed to take their luncheon to the harvest-field. It was now lying where the dead had left it, against a pile of wheat-sheaves, and was found to contain some fragments of bread and meat, of which they partook.

Somewhat refreshed, the boys set about their melancholy duty. They did not attempt to move the bodies from the positions in which they had found them; they left little Archie on his father's

breast, and faithful old Davie with his face hid against his master's knees.

Douglas took out his pocket-knife to sever a lock of hair from his father's and his little brother's heads, for mementos. "Oh! dinna tak' that lock, Douglas," said Angus, with a shudder, "did ye na see the bluid on it?"

Alas! it was difficult to find a lock on the head of either father or child not darkened and stiffened with gore.

When they had taken the last look, the last kiss, and had completed their mound of boughs and leaves, the two children knelt beside it, and prayed. Surely the God of the fatherless was near them. Better in His sight, their pious care of the dead, than the most pompous funeral obsequies: sweeter to Him, the simple prayer they sobbed into his ear, than the grandest requiem.

It was nearly noon when the boys left the little valley, and took their way toward the fort. They had first visited the ruins of their house, and searched around them and the garden, diligently, but vainly, for any trace of their mother, and nurse, and sister. From a tree in the little orchard, they filled their basket with apples, and set forth.

They had advanced but a mile or two on the dark, winding, forest path, when they heard before them the sound of footsteps and voices. In their sudden terror, thinking only of savages,

they fled into the thickest recesses of the wood. When their alarm had passed, and they sought to regain the path, they found to their grief and dismay that they had lost it. Still they kept on — apparently at random — but angel-guided, it seemed, in the direction of the fort. Yet night came upon them in the dense, gloomy wood; and, at last, very weary and sorrowful, they sank down, murmured their broken prayers, and clasped in each other's arms fell into a chill and troubled sleep.

Douglas was awakened in the early morning, by a touch on his shoulder. He sprang to his feet, and confronted — Brant! Behind the chief stood a small band of savage attendants, eagerly eyeing the young "pale-faces," as though their fingers itched to be among their curls.

"Who are you?" asked the warrior, sternly.

"I am Douglas Lindsay; and this is my brother, Angus Lindsay."

"Is Captain Lindsay your father?"

"He *was* our father," replied Douglas with a passionate burst of tears; "but ye ken weel enough we hae no father noo, sin' ye've murdered him. Ay, and puir auld Davie, and the wee bairn Archie, ye divils!"

"No, boy," replied Brant, in a not ungentle tone, "we did not murder your father. I am sorry to hear he has been killed. He was a brave man, and never took

part with the rebels. I promised him my protection. It must have been some of Captain Butler's men: they are about now. I would have risked my life to have saved his. I will protect his children. Where were you going?"

"To the fort," put in little Angus, eagerly, "may be we shall find mither and Effie, and Jenny a' there. Oh! Mister Thayendenaga, tak' us to the fort, if it's no' too far, for we hae lost our way."

Brant — who was an educated man, and had little of the Indian in his appearance or speech — smiled to hear himself addressed by his pompous Indian name (a stroke of policy on the lad's part), and replied: "That is easy to do. Cherry Valley is just over the hill; only a little way off. Let us go."

Saying this, and briefly commanding his warriors to remain where they were, until he should return — an order received in sullen silence by the savages, who glared ferociously upon their lost prey — the chief strode forward through the forest, followed by the two boys. When they reached the brow of the hill overlooking the settlement, he paused and said, "I had better not go any further. I will wait here till I see you safe. Good bye! Tell your mother that Brant did not kill her brave husband. Say he's sorry about it — go."

The children sought to express their thanks, but he waved them

away, and stood with folded arms under the shade of a gigantic oak, watching them as they descended the hill.

Mrs. Lindsay's part in the sad story is soon told. On the day of the massacre she heard the firing in the harvest-field, and, from the windows of the house, witnessed the brief struggle of her husband and Davie with their foes. The fearful sight at first benumbed every faculty — but one cry from her baby roused her from her stupor of grief and terror. She snatched the infant from the cradle, and rushed with it into the woods, followed by Jenny, the maid. The two women concealed themselves so effectually in the thick underbrush, that they remained undiscovered, though the shouts of the savages came to their ears with horrible distinctness, and even the blaze of their burning home reddened the sunlight that struggled through the thick foliage above them.

When, at length, the party left the little valley, it passed within a few yards of the fugitives. Oh! how fervently the mother thanked God that her baby slept tranquilly on her bosom, and by no cry betrayed their hiding-place! They did not venture to leave their leafy sanctuary until evening. They were on the side of the clearing opposite the harvest-fields, and near the road leading to Cherry Valley. This they found, and set out at once for the

settlement, which they reached in safety about midnight, and were kindly received at one of the fortified houses. The next day a party of brave men, moved by the passionate entreaties of the two women, set out on what was thought a hopeless search for Captain Lindsay, his sons, and servant. They reached the harvest-fields safely, found there the bodies as they had been left, hastily buried them; and, after vainly seeking for the missing boys, returned to Cherry Valley, taking a dread certainty and a faint hope to the afflicted wife and mother.

Prostrated by her fearful bereavement, yet not wholly despairing, worn with cruel anxieties and fatigues, Mrs. Lindsay at last slept, watched over by her faithful nurse. She awoke in the early morning, raised herself eagerly from her pillow, looked around, and then sank back in tears.

"Oh, Jenny," said she, "I hae had sic a blessed dream! I dreamed I saw my twa boys — only twa noo, Jenny — my brave Douglas, and the bonnie Angus — coming over the hill wi' the sunrise. But they 'll no' come ony mair — they are a' taken frae me — a' but this wee bit bairnie," she murmured, pressing her babe to her bosom, and sprinkling its brow with the bitter baptism of her tears. For some minutes she lay thus, weeping with all that fresh realisation of sorrow and desolation which comes with the

first awakening from sleep after a great bereavement. Then she arose and tottered away from the bed, saying, "Lift the window, Jenny. I maun look on the hill o' my dream."

Jenny obeyed, and supported her mistress, as she looked out on the lovely landscape, kindling in the light of an August morning. "Ah, Jenny," she said, "it is a' as I dreamed — the yellow corn on the hill-side, and the dark pines above — the soft blue of the sky — the clouds a' rosy and golden, and the glory o' the sunlight spread a' abroad, like the smile o' the Lord on this wicked and waefu' world. And, — look! — look! Oh, mercifu' God, — there are the bairns!"

This history, fortunately, has nothing to do with the terrible massacres and burnings, which, a few months later, desolated Cherry Valley and the neighbouring settlements. Mrs. Lindsay and her children were then safe in the city of New York. Immediately on the close of the war they returned to their friends in Scotland.

Among the Highlands, Angus Lindsay lost his extreme delicacy of health, with it, gradually, his mysterious faculty; yet he was ever singularly sensitive, thoughtful, and imaginative; and when he grew into manhood, though not recognised as a seer or a prophet, he was accorded a title which comprehended the greatest attributes of both — Poet.

Mrs. Lindsay returned to the family estate with her children; but the widow of her husband's friend was not deprived of her sad sanctuary, to which she had finally a dearer, if not a more sacred right, as the home of her daughter, the wife of Douglas Lindsay.

WILD COURT TAMED.

IN October last we described a Heathen Court — Wild Court, in Great Wild Street, Drury Lane — which it was proposed to convert and civilise. The Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes had obtained leases of thirteen out of the fifteen or sixteen capacious houses whereof it is composed; five leases for twenty-one years, and the rest for thirty, at a ground-rent of not quite two hundred pounds a-year. As we before said, in their early days, these houses in Wild Court seemed to have been well tenanted; they were built when Drury Lane was almost a fashionable thoroughfare, and were probably tenanted as chambers by lawyers. They contained, therefore, well-proportioned rooms, had solid staircases, and in other respects seemed to admit rather easily of conversion into decent and well-ordered dwellings. We need not repeat what we have already said of the condition into which they had sunk before the alterations were attempted. One does not

easily forget such facts as that there were open troughs of ordure passing through the upper rooms into a half-stagnant open sewer in the parapet, immediately below the uppermost windows; that the cellars were full of refuse filth; that the open stairs were the night haunt of the filthy, and the backyards of a morning ankle deep in all abomination. We have now to add to the preceding report that what we saw was not by one-tenth so horrible as what is found to have been lurking there unseen. It was thought to be an exaggeration when the sanitary reformers used to aver that there lies stagnant under London as much filth as would make a lake six feet in depth, a mile long, and a thousand feet across. We begin to believe that this calculation was very much indeed under the truth.

Wild Court, as we said at the time, did not by any means impress us as the most squalid or the filthiest place we knew in the metropolis. It was indeed far from that, and it was tenanted by people, certainly poor, but by a whole grade more prosperous than they are commonly to be found in Rotherhithe or Bethnal Green. And here, though there were only thirteen houses, all calculation was defeated by the filth that was found under them. The active business of conversion was begun in February; and from February to April, the carting away of corrupt matter was the main process; actually

more time being consumed in that work than in the whole business of reconstruction by bricklayers, carpenters, plumbers, and others workmen. We are inclined to turn with loathing from details that we must express — for very shame's sake — with the utmost brevity. There were more cesspools than houses, sixteen cesspools to the thirteen houses, each or some of them sixteen feet deep and about five feet square. Out of these, before they were filled up and obliterated, there had to be taken one hundred and fifty loads, all be it remembered lying under thirteen houses; and that was but a fraction of the evil; for, in addition to that, from under the same thirteen houses, there were removed three hundred and thirty cart-loads of accumulated filth, animal and vegetable, collected in the basements and elsewhere, including vermin. The vermin lay hidden in crusts five and six inches thick, comprising, according to a fair and sober estimate made by an eye-witness and superintendent, a ton of bugs.

If all calculation is exceeded in this way, by the discoveries made on excavation under only thirteen houses in a court of scarcely more than average filthiness, who dares to reflect upon the whole mass of abominations that lies at the roots of London!

In Wild Court, as it used to be, there lived two hundred families, numbering in all — apart from the unlicensed crowd that

nestled at night on its staircases — a thousand people. In Wild Court as it is to be — omitting the house or two at one end, which the society has not yet been able to obtain — there will be accommodation for a hundred families, or between three and four hundred people in a hundred and eight rooms. Already eighty-three families are in occupation of ninety-two well ventilated, decently appointed rooms. Twenty-two were tenants of the court in its days of filth, who abide by it in its days of decency; the rest are new-comers. They submit to a few simple rules for the preservation of wholesomeness, which forms part of their contract with the society. They are, as weekly tenants, to pay their rents every Monday morning, and with exemplary punctuality they do it. After two or three months' working, the arrears due from the eighty families are not found to amount to fourteen shillings, and even that does not represent loss, but very recent debts, that will be wiped out in a week or two.

The cost of reconstruction has exceeded the original estimate. The vast accumulation of filth was not only a source of expense for quicklime and disinfectants, but it had rotted the foundations of the houses to an extent which made it sometimes necessary that they should be strengthened by new masonry. The lower walls are still impregnated with a foul moisture; and it is impossible until next year to convert

the basement storeys into airy and well-lighted workshops for such tenants overhead as may require them. But, notwithstanding the defeat of previous calculation in this manner, experience thus far goes to show that the profit realised upon the outlay incurred by transforming foul dens into wholesome dwellings, will not in this case fall short of twelve per cent, the rents being rather below than above those paid (or left owing) formerly.

The transformation, we were glad to find on visiting the premises, has been effected in the wisest way. Nothing has been done for mere effect, with a view to the creation of a show place. A large water-tank at the top of each house supplies the tap and the water-closet. Upon the little gallery attached to each floor of each house there is not only the tap over its own drain, for water supply, and perfectly distinct from that of the water-closet, but there is also a shoot by which all dust and refuse may be poured into a covered bin below, and enough of surrounding railing to be used by the people of that floor, for the drying of such little stocks of linen as they wash for themselves in a place appointed for the purpose. These railings, and the back yard common to all, form a sufficient drying-ground, and supersede the use of the drying-poles which are thrust out of window, and, when duly festooned, obstruct what circulation of air might otherwise be pos-

sible in most of our close London courts.

The internal arrangement of these houses is very simple. Most of the rooms are of good size and height, and as the majority of those people who inhabit places of this kind can afford the rent of one room only, wooden partitions, not reaching entirely to the ceiling — put up, without any additional charge, to the tenant — shut off a space on one side of every large room so occupied. A decent arrangement for the sleeping accommodation of the family is thus made possible. Single rooms are not willingly let to families numbering more than four, and no tenants are allowed to admit lodgers, or to give sleeping accommodation to more than the number agreed upon when they entered. Nor are they suffered to keep animals in their apartments. Each tenant's room must be scrubbed at least once every week. A superintendent lives upon the spot, who is to have access to all the apartments, and right of interference for the preservation of the property, and the maintenance of the conditions under which alone it is possible for the houses to continue wholesome. Beyond that, there is no attempt to exercise control.

The quality of the rooms, according to the original plan, is lowered a little as one mounts the stairs, and thus a variation occurs in the rents, the price diminishing as one ascends; the sale of charge also, and for the

same reason, is lower for back than for front rooms. The rent of the front rooms varies from between three shillings and two and threepence. The rent of the back rooms varies between half-a-crown and one and eightpence. The provision of a decent room for one and eightpence is the fulfilment of a condition most essential to be borne in mind by those who would serve society to the best purpose in providing better dwellings for the poor. The single room provided for the highest price — three shillings, is airy and spacious, provided with an excellent fireplace, cup-boarded, and well-partitioned. Throughout the houses, indeed, the fireplaces are good, and there is not one room without an ample cupboard. There are ventilators in the doors and walls, and a grating in the centre of each ceiling communicates, by a large pipe, with the outer air. No ornamental work whatever has been introduced; the rooms are precisely such rooms as their tenants have been used to feel at home in, with the one vast difference, that they are clean and wholesome.

Some tenants with large families, or better means than others, occupy two rooms; but the majority, as we have said, content themselves per force, with one. They all seem to be able to earn their living without falling into any serious straits. Half of them, or more than half, are costermongers: the rest are

tailors or shoemakers; one, we observed, called his ground-floor room a dairy. Every room contained the necessary articles of furniture: in one of the cheap upper rooms — through which an open sewer ran when we last saw it — a clean and healthy woman was perfuming the air with beans and bacon. Somebody, in a room below, scented his entire floor with a stock of lavender. We will not affirm that we smelt nothing whatever, worse than this, for it is one thing to erect water tanks, another thing to get an efficient water supply out of a London company. An occasional hitch in the matter of water will occur even to the rich, since nobody has power to protect himself, and a temporary difficulty in this respect happened to be afflicting Wild Court when we paid our visit. In the way of all wholesomeness and cleanliness stands that which should be made their main support — the system of water supply in this metropolis; which is as bad as trading companies can make it.

It is not much to say, that in the short time since Wild Court was reconstructed there has been no case of fever in it; it is more to say, that not only the superintendent notices, but the tenants themselves notice, the change made even by so short an experience of good lodging, in the aspect of the children. Health has come to their cheeks, light is at home in their eyes, they are more brisk, active, and happy at

their play. Of their elders, we saw none who looked discontented, and there is no reason to doubt that they will, in due course of events, come by the

"Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness."

POOR ANGELICA.

IN the fasta of gifted, beautiful, good, wronged, and unhappy woman, there are few names that shine with so bright and pure a lustre as that of Angelica Kauffmann. The flower of her life was spent in this country; but she is scarcely remembered in it now, even among the members and lovers of the profession which she adorned. Those who wish to know anything definite concerning a lady who was the pet of the English aristocracy, and the cynosure of English painters for some years of the past century, must turn to foreign sources, and hear from foreign lips and pens the praises of poor Angelica. Though undeniably a foreigner, she had as undeniable a right to be mentioned in the records of British painters as those other foreigners domiciliated among us at the same epoch: Listard, Zucchi, Zoffani, Bartolozzi, Cipriani, Roubiliac, Michael Moser, Nollekens, Louthembourg, Zucarelli, Vibares, and Fuseli. Of all these worthies of the easel there are copious memoirs and ana extant, yet the published (English) notices of Angelica

would not fill half this page. In Sir William Beechey's Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds, there is no mention whatsoever made of my heroine; nor, which is more to be wondered at, is she named in Mr. Allan Cunningham's excellent Life of Sir Joshua. Yet Angelica painted the president's portrait; and the president himself, it is darkly said, was desirous on his part of possessing not only the portrait of his fair limner, but the original itself. Even the garrulous, tittle-tattling, busybody, Boswell, has nothing to say, in his Life of Johnson, of the catastrophe of Angelica's life; although it was town talk for weeks, and although the sinister finger of public suspicion pointed at no less a man than Johnson's greatest friend JOSHUA REYNOLDS, as cognisant of, if not accessory to, the conspiracy by which the happiness of Angelica Kauffmann was blasted. In Smith's Nollekens and his Times there is a silly bit of improbable scandal about the fair painter. In Knowles's Life of Fuseli we learn in half-a-dozen meagre lines that that eccentric genius was introduced to Madame Kauffmann on his first coming to England, and that he was very nearly becoming enamoured of her; but that this desirable consummation was prevented by Miss Mary Moser, daughter of the keeper of the Royal Academy (appropriately a Swiss), becoming enamoured of him. Stupid, woeful Mr. Pilkington has a brief memoir of

Angelica. Wolcot, better known as Peter Pindar, once, and once only, alludes to her. In Chalmer's Biographical Dictionary there is a notice of Angelica about equal, in compass and ability, to that we frequently find of a deceased commissioner of inland revenue in a weekly newspaper. In the vast catalogue of the Museum Library I can only discover one reference to Angelica Kauffmann, personally, that being a stupid epistle to her, written in seventeen hundred and eighty-one by one Mr. G. Keate. I have been thus minute in my English researches, in order to avoid the imputation of having gone abroad, when I might have fared better at home. I might have spared myself some labour too; for my travels in search of Angelica in foreign parts have been tedious and painful. That which M. Artaud, in that great caravanserai of celebrities the Biographie Universelle, has to say about her is of the driest; and a Herr Bockshammer, a German, from whom I expected great things, merely referred me to another A. Kauffmann, not at all angelical; but connected with a head-splitting treatise on the human mind.

I will try to paint my poor Angelica. Calumny, envy, biographers who lie by their silence, cannot deny that she was a creature marvellously endowed. She was a painter, a musician; she would have made an excellent tragic actress; she embroidered; she danced; she was facund in

expression, infinite in variety; she was good, amiable, and virtuous: full of grace, vivacity, and wit. Fancy Venus without her mole; fancy Minerva without her ægis (which was, you may be sure, her ugliness). Fancy Ninon de l'Enclos with the virtue of Madame de Sévigné. Fancy a Rachel Esmond with the wit of a Becky Sharp. Fancy a woman as gifted as Sappho, but not a good-for-nothing; as wise as Queen Elizabeth, but no tyrant; as brave as Charlotte, Countess of Derby, but no blood-spiller for revenge; as unhappy as Clarissa Harlowe, but no prude; as virtuous as Pamela, but no calculator; as fair as my own darling Clementina, but no fool. Fancy all this, and fancy too, if you like, that I am in love with the ghost of Angelica Kauffmann, and am talking nonsense.

She was born (to return to reason) in the year seventeen hundred and forty-one, at Coire, the capital of the Grisons, a wild and picturesque district which extends along the right bank of the Rhine to the Lake of Constance. She was baptised Marie-Anne-Angélique-Catherine. Angelica would have been, enough for posterity to love her by. But, though rich in names, she was born to poverty in every other respect. Her father, John Joseph Kauffmann, was an artist, with talents below mediocrity, and his earnings proportionately meagre. He came, as all the Kauffmanns before him did, from Schwarzen-

burg, in the canton of Voralberg, and appears to have travelled about the surrounding cantons in something nearly approaching the character of an artistic tinker, mending a picture here, copying one there, painting a sign for this gasthof keeper, and decorating a dining-room for that proprietor of a château. These nomadic excursions were ordinarily performed on foot. In one of his visits to Coire, where he was detained for some time, he happened, very naturally, to fall over head and ears with a Protestant damsel named Cléofe; nor was it either so very unnatural that Fräulein Cléofe should also fall in love with him. She loved him indeed so well as to adopt his religion, the Roman Catholic; upon which the church blessed their union, and they were married. Hence Marie-Anne-Angélique-Catherine, and hence this narrative.

If Goodman Kauffmann had really been a tinker, instead of a travelling painter, it is probable that his little daughter would very soon have been initiated into the mysteries of burning her fingers with hot solder, drumming with her infantile fists upon battered pots, and blackening her young face with cinders from the extinguished brazier. We all learn the vocation of our parents so early. I saw the other hot, sunny evening, a fat undertaker in a fever-breeding street near Soho, leaning against the door-jambs of his shop (where

the fasces of mutes' staves are), smoking his pipe contentedly. He was a lusty man, and smoked his pipe with a jocund face; but his eyes were turned into his shady shop, where his little daughter — as I live it is true, and she was not more than nine years old — was knocking nails into a coffin on tressels. She missed her aim now and then, but went on, on the whole, swimmingly, to the great contentment of her sire, and there was in his face — though it was a fat face, and a greasy face, and a pimpled face — so beneficent an expression of love and fatherly pride, that I could forgive him his raven-like laugh, and the ghastly game he had set his daughter to.

So it was with little Angelica. Her first playthings were paint-brushes, bladders of colours, maul-sticks, and unstrained canvases; and there is no doubt that on many occasions she became quite a little Joseph, and had, if not a coat, at least a pinafore of many colours.

Kauffmann, an honest, simple-minded fellow, knowing nothing but his art, and not much of that, cherished the unselfish hope that in teaching his child, he might soon teach her to surpass him. The wish — not an unfrequent event in the annals of art — was soon realised. As Raffaele surpassed Perugino, and Michael Angelo surpassed Ghirlandajo, their masters, so Angelica speedily surpassed her father, and left him far behind. But it did not

happen with him as it did with a certain master of the present day, who one day turned his pupil neck and heels out of his studio, crying, "You know more than I do. Go to the devil!" The father was delighted at his daughter's marvellous progress. Sensible of the obstacles opposed to a thorough study of drawing and anatomy in the case of females, he strenuously directed Angelica's faculties to the study of colour. Very early she became initiated in those wondrous secrets of *chiar' oscuro* which produce relief, and extenuate, if they do not redeem, the want of severity and correctness. At nine years of age, Angelica was a little prodigy.

In those days Father Kauffmann, urged perhaps by the necessity of opening up a new prospect in Life's diggings, quitted Coire, and established himself at Morbegno in the Valteline. Here he stopped till seventeen hundred and fifty-two, when, the artistic diggings being again exhausted, he removed to Como, intending to reside there permanently. The Bishop of Como, Monsignore Nevroni, had heard of the little painter prodigy, then only eleven years of age, and signified his gracious intention of sitting to her for his portrait. The prodigy succeeded to perfection, and she was soon overwhelmed with *Mæcenases*. The dignified clergy, who, to their honour be it said, have ever been the most generous patrons

of art in Italy, were the first to offer Angelica commissions. She painted the Archbishop of Milan, Cardinal Pozzobonelli, Count Firmiani, Rinaldo d'Este, Duke of Modena, and the Duchess of Massa-Carrara, and "many more," as the bard of the coronation sings. John Joseph Kauffmann's little daughter was welcome in palazzo, convent, and villa.

I am glad, seeing that Angelica was a prodigy, that J. J. Kauffmann did not in any way resemble that to me most odious character, the ordinary prodigy's father. There was the little prodigy with flaxen curls, in a black velvet tunic, with thunder and lightning buttons, who used to play on the harp so divinely, and used to be lifted in at carriage windows for countesses to kiss; and had at home a horrible, snuffy, Italian monster of a father, who ate up the poor child's earnings; who drank absinthe till he was mad, and pulled his miserable son's flaxen hair till he was tired; who was insufferably lazy, unimaginably proud, mean, vain, and dirty — a profligate and a cheat — who was fit for no place but the galleys, from which I believe he came, and to which I devoutly hope he returned. Miserable little dancing, singing, guitar-playing, painting, pianoforte-thumping, horse-riding, poem-reciting prodigies have I known; — unfortunate little objects with heads much too large, with weary eyes,

with dark bistre circles round them; with rachitic limbs, with a timid cowering aspect. I never knew but one prodigy's father who was good for anything, and he was a prodigy himself — an acrobat — and threw his son about as though he loved him. The rest, — not only fathers, but mothers, brothers, and uncles, — were all bad.

But J. J. Kauffmann loved his daughter dearly; and, though she was a prodigy, was kind to her. He delighted in sounding her praises. He petted her: he loved to vary her gentle name of Angelica into all the charming diminutives of which it was susceptible. He called her his Angela, his Angelina, his Angelinetta. He was a widower now, and his strange old turn for vagabondising came over him with redoubled force. The father and daughter — strange pair, so ill-assorted in age, so well in love — went trouping about the Grisons, literally picking up bread with the tips of their pencils. Once Angelica was entrusted, alone, to paint, in fresco, an altar-piece for a village church; and a pleasant sight it must have been to watch the fragile little girl perched on the summit of a lofty scaffolding, gracefully, piously, painting angels and lambs and doves and winged heads: while, on the pavement beneath, honest J. J. Kauffmann was expatiating on his daughter's excellences to the pleased curate and the gaping villagers; or, more likely still,

was himself watching the progress of those skilful, nimble little fingers up above — his arms folded, his head thrown back, tears in his eyes, and pride and joy in his heart.

The poor fellow knew he could never hope to leave his daughter a considerable inheritance. Money, he had none to give her. He gave her instead, and nearly starved himself to give her, the most brilliant education that could be procured. He held out the apple of science, and his pretty daughter was only too ready to bite at it with all her white teeth. Besides her rare aptitude for painting, she was passionately fond of, and had a surprising talent for, music. Her voice was pure, sweet, of great compass; her execution full of soul. Valiantly she essayed and conquered the most difficult of the grand old Italian pieces. These she sang, accompanying herself on the clavecin; and often would she sing from memory some dear and simple Tyrolean ballad to amuse her father, melancholy in his widowhood.

But painting and music, and the soul of a poet, and the form of a queen, how did these agree with poor father Kauffmann's domestic arrangements? Alas! the roof was humble, the bed was hard, the sheets were coarse, the bread was dark and sour when won. Then, while the little girl lay on the rugged pallet, or mended her scanty wardrobe, there would come up — half un-

bidden, half ardently desired — resplendent day-dreams, gorgeous visions of Apelles, the friend of kings, of Titian in his palace, of Rubens an ambassador with fifty gentlemen riding in his train, of Anthony Vandyke knighted by royalty, and respected by learning, and courted by beauty, of Rafaele the divine, all but invested with the purple pallium of the sacred college, of Velasquez with his golden key — Apotador, Major to King Philip — master of the revels at the Isle of Pheasants — as handsome, rich, and proud, as any of the thousand nobles there. Who could help such dreams? The prizes in Art's lottery are few, but what can equal them in splendour and glory that dies not easily?

At sixteen years of age, Angelica was a brunette, rather pale than otherwise. She had blue eyes, long black hair, which fell in tresses over her polished shoulders, and which she could never be prevailed upon to powder, long beautiful hands, and coral lips. At twenty, Angelica was at Milan, where her voice and beauty were nearly the cause of her career as an artist being brought to an end. She was passionately solicited to appear on the lyric stage. Managers made her tempting offers; nobles sent her flattering notes; ladies approved; bishops and archbishops even gave a half assent; nay J. J. Kauffmann himself could not disguise his eagerness for the syren voice of his Angeli-

netta to be heard at the Scala. But Angelica herself was true to her art. She knew how jealous a mistress Art is; with a sigh, but bravely and resolutely, she bade farewell to music, and resumed her artistic studies with renewed energy.

After having visited Parma and Florence, she arrived in Rome, in seventeen hundred and sixty-three. Next year she visited Naples, and in the next year, Venice; painting everywhere, and received everywhere with brilliant and flattering homage. Six years of travel among the masterpieces of Italian art, and constant practice and application, had ripened her talent, had enlarged her experience, had given a firmer grasp both to her mind and her hand. Her reputation spread much in Germany, most in Italy; though the Italians were much better able to appreciate her talent than to reward it. But, in the eighteenth century, the two favourite amusements prevalent among the aristocracy of the island of Britain were the grand tour and patronage. No lord or baronet's education was complete till (accompanied by a reverend bear-leader) he had passed the Alps and studied each several continental vice on its own peculiar soil. But when he reached Rome, he had done with vice, and went in for virtù. He fell into the hands of the antiquaries, virtuosi, and curiosity dealers of Rome with about the same result, to his pocket, as if he had fallen

into the hands of the brigands of Terracina.

Some demon whispered, Visto, have a taste.

But the demon of virtù was not satisfied with the possession of taste by Visto. He insisted that he should also have a painter, a sculptor, a medallist, or an enamellist; and scarcely a lord or baronet arrived in England from the grand tour without bringing with him French cooks, French dancers, poodles, broken statues, chaplains, led captains, Dresden china, Buhl cabinets, Viennese clocks, and Florentine jewellery — some Italian artist, with a long name ending in elli, who was to be patronised by my lord; to paint the portraits of my lord's connections; to chisel out a colossal group for the vestibule of my lord's country-house; or to execute colossal monuments to departed British valour for Westminster Abbey by my lord's recommendation. Sometimes the patronised elli turned out well; was really clever; made money, and became eventually an English R. A.; but much more frequently he was Signor Donkeyelli, atrociously incapable, conceited and worthless. He quarelled with his patron, my lord, was cast off, and subsided into some wretched court near St. Martin's Lane, which he pervaded with stubbly jaws, a ragged duffel coat, and a shabby hat cocked nine-bauble-square. He haunted French cook-shops, and painted clock-faces,

tavern-signs, anything. He ended miserably, sometimes in the workhouse, sometimes at Tyburn for stabbing a fellow-countryman in a night-cellar.

My poor Angelica did not escape the wide-spread snare of the age — patronage; but she fell, in the first instance, into good hands. Some rich English families residing at Venice made her very handsome offers to come to England. She hesitated; but, while making up her mind, thought there could be no harm in undertaking the study of the English language. In this she was very successful. Meanwhile, Father Kauffmann was recalled to Germany by some urgent family affairs. In this conjuncture, an English lady, but the widow of a Dutch admiral, Lady Mary Veertvoort, offered to become her chaperon to England. The invitation was gratefully accepted, and was promptly put in execution.

Angelica Kauffmann arrived in London on the twenty-second of June, seventeen hundred and sixty-six. She took up her residence with Lady Mary Veertvoort in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. The good old lady treated her like her own daughter, petted her, made much of her, and initiated her into all the little secrets of English comfort. Before she had been long in this country, she was introduced by the Marquis of Exeter to the man who then occupied, without rivalry and without dissent, the throne

of English art. Fortunate in his profession, easy in circumstances, liberal in his mode of living cultivated in mind, fascinating in manners, the friendship of Joshua Reynolds was a thing of general desideration. To all it was pleasant — to many it was valuable.

Lord Exeter's introduction was speedily productive of a cordial intimacy between Angelica and Reynolds. He painted Angelica's portrait: she painted his. On the establishment of the Royal Academy, she was enrolled among its members, — a rare honour for a lady. But, the friendship of Sir Joshua soon ripened into a warmer feeling. He became vehemently in love with her. There is no evidence, or indeed reason, to suppose that Reynolds's intentions towards Angelica Kauffmann were anything but honourable. There was no striking disparity between their ages. The fame of Angelica bid fair in time to equal his own, and bring with it a commensurate fortune; yet, for some inexplicable reason — probably through an aversion or a caprice as inexplicable — Angelica discouraged his advances. To avoid his importunities, she even fled from the protection of Lady Mary Veertvoort, and established herself in a house in Golden Square, where she was soon afterwards joined by her father.

At the commencement of the year seventeen sixty-seven, Angelica Kauffmann shared — with

pees of superabundant floweriness, shoe-heels of vividest scarlet, and china monsters of superlative ugliness — the mighty privilege of being the fashion. Madame de Pompadour was the fashion in France just then, so was Buhl furniture, Boucher's pictures, and the Baron de Holbach's atheism; so, in England were "drums," *ridottos*, Junius's Letters, and burnings of Lord Bute's jack-boots in effigy. The beautiful Duchess of Devonshire — she who had even refused Reynolds the favour of transferring her lineaments to canvas — commissioned the fair Tyrolean to execute her portrait, together with that of Lady Duncannon. Soon came a presentation at St. James's; next a commission from George the Third for his portrait, and that of the young Prince of Wales. After this, Angelica became doubly, triply, fashionable. She painted at this time a picture of Venus attired by the Graces — a dangerous subject. Some of the critics grumbled of course, and muttered that Cupid wouldn't have known his own mother in the picture; but decorous royalty applauded, and (oh dear, how decorous!) aristocracy patronised, and the critics were dumb.

So, all went merry as a marriage bell with J. J. Kauffmann's daughter. A magnificent portrait of the Duchess of Brunswick, put the seal to the patent of her reputation. No fashionable assembly was complete with-

out her presence. In the world of fashion, the world of art, the world of literature, she was sought after, courted, idolised. One young nobleman, it is stated, fell into a state of melancholy madness because she refused to paint his portrait. Officers in the Guards fought for a ribbon that had dropped from her corsage at a birth-night ball. The reigning toasts condescended to be jealous of her, and hinted that the beauty of "these foreign women" was often fictitious, and never lasting. Dowagers, more accustomed to the use of paint than even she was, hoped that she was "quite correct," and shook their powdered old heads, and croaked about Papists and female emissaries of the Pretender. Scandal of course, was on the alert. Sir Benjamin Backbite called on Lady Sneerwell in his sedan-chair. Mrs. Candour was closeted with Mr. Marplot; and old Doctor Basilio, the Spanish music-master of Leicester Fields, talked toothless scandal with his patron, Don Bartolo of St. Mary-Axe. The worst stories that the scandalmongers could invent were but two in number, and are harmless enough to be told here. One was, that Angelica was in the habit of attending, dressed in boy's clothes, the Royal Academy Life School; the second story — dreadful accusation! — was that Angelica was a flirt, an arrant coquette; and that one evening at Rome, being at the opera with two English artists, one of whom was Mr.

Dance (afterwards Sir Nathaniel Dance Holland, the painter of Garrick in Richard the Third), she had allowed both gentlemen gently to encircle her waist with their arms — at the same time: nay, more, that folding her own white waxen arms on the ledge of the opera box, and finding naturally a palpitating artist's hand on either side, she had positively given each hand a squeeze, also at the same time: thereby leading each artist to believe that he was the favoured suitor. I don't believe my Angelica ever did anything of the kind.

Scandal, jealousy, reigning toasts, and withered dowagers notwithstanding, Angelica continued the fashion. Still the carriages blocked up Golden Square; still she was courted by the noble and wealthy; still ardent young Oxford bachelors and buckish students of the Temple wrote epistles in heroic verse to her; still she was the talk of the coffee-houses and studios; still from time to time the favoured few who gained admission to Lady Mary Veertvoort's evening concerts were charmed by Angelica's songs — by the grand Italian pieces, and the simple, plaintive, Tyrolean airs of old; — still all went merry as a marriage bell.

In seventeen sixty-eight there appeared in the most fashionable circles of London a man, young, handsome, distinguished, accomplished in manners, brilliant in conversation, the bearer of a

noble name, and the possessor of a princely fortune. He dressed splendidly, played freely, lost good-humouredly, took to racing, cock-fighting, masquerade-giving, and other fashionable amusements of the time, with much kindness and spirit. He speedily became the fashion himself, but he did not oust Angelica from her throne: he reigned with her, a twin-planet. This was the Count Frederic de Horn, the representative of a noble Swedish family, who had been for some time expected in England. Whether my poor, poor little Angelica really loved him; whether she was dazzled by his embroidery, his diamond star, his glittering buckles, his green riband, his title, his handsome face and specious tongue, will never be known; but she became speedily his bride. For my part I think she was seized by one of those short madnesses of frivolity to which all beautiful women are subject. You know not why, they know not why themselves, but they melt the pearl of their happiness in vinegar as the Egyptian queen did: she in the wantonness of wealth; they in the wasteful extravagance of youth, the consciousness of beauty, the impatience of control, and the momentary hatred of wise counsel.

Angelica Kauffmann was married in January seventy hundred and sixty-eight, with great state and splendour, to the man of her choice. Half London witnessed

their union: rich were the presents showered upon the bride, multifarious the good wishes for the health and prosperity of the young couple. And all went merry as a marriage bell — till the bell rang out, first in vague rumours, then in more accredited reports, at last as an incontrovertible miserable truth, that another Count de Horn had arrived in England to expose and punish an impostor and swindler who had robbed him of his property and his name — till it was discovered that Angelica Kauffmann had married the man so sought — a low-born cutpurse, the footman of the Count!

Poor Angelica, indeed! This bell tolled the knell of her happiness on earth. The fraudulent marriage was annulled as far as possible, by a deed of separation dated the tenth of February, seventeen hundred and sixty-eight; a small annuity was secured to the wretched impostor, on condition that he should quit England and not return thereto. He took his money and went abroad. Eventually he died in obscurity.

Numberless conjectures have been made as to whether this unfortunate marriage was merely a genteel swindling speculation on the part of the Count de Horn's lacquey, or whether it was the result of a deep-laid conspiracy against the happiness and honour of Angelica. A French novelist, who has written a romance on the events of my heroine's life, in-

vents a very dexterous, though very improbable, fable of a certain Lord Baronnet, member of the chamber of Commons, whose hand had been refused by Angelica, and who in mean and paltry revenge, discovered, tutored, fitted out, and launched into society, the rascally fellow who had been recently discharged from the service of the Count de Horn, and whose name he impudently assumed. Another novelist makes out the false count to have been a young man, simple, credulous, and timid — lowly-born, it is true, but still sincerely enamoured of Angelica (like the Claude Melnotte of Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons*). He is even led to believe that he is the real Prince of Como — we beg pardon: Count de Horn — imagines that a mysterious veil envelopes the circumstances of his birth; but, when the truth is discovered, and he finds that he has been made the tool of designing villains, he testifies the utmost remorse, and is desirous of making every reparation in his power. A third author, M. Dessalles Regis, not only avers the premeditated guilt of false count, but alludes to a dark rumour that the Beauséant of the drama, the villain who had dressed up this lay-figure in velvet and gold lace to tempt Angelica to destruction, was no other than her rejected lover, Sir Joshua Reynolds. For my part, I incline to the first hypothesis. I believe the footman to have been a scoundrel.

A long period of entire mental and bodily prostration followed the ill-starred marriage. J. J. Kauffmann, good fellow, comforted his daughter as well as he was able; but his panacea for her grief, both of mind and body, was Italy. He was weary of England, fogs, fashions, false counts — there was no danger of spurious nobility abroad; for could not any one with a hundred a-year of his own be a count if he liked? Still Angelica remained several years more in this country; still painting, still patronised, but living almost entirely in retirement. When the death of her husband the footman placed her hand at liberty, she bestowed it on an old and faithful friend, Antonio Zucchi, a painter of architecture; and, five days afterwards, the husband, wife, and father embarked for Venice. Zucchi was a tender husband; but he was a wayward, chimerical, visionary man, and wasted the greatest part of his wife's fortune in idle speculations. He died in seventeen hundred and ninety-five, leaving her little or nothing. The remainder of poor Angelica's life was passed, if not in poverty, at least in circumstances straitened to one who, after the first hardships of her wandering youth, had lived in splendour and freedom, and the companionship of the great. But she lived meekly, was a good woman, and went on painting to the last.

Angelica Kauffmann died a lingering death at Rome, on the

fifth of November, eighteen hundred and five. On the seventh, she was buried in the church of St. Andrea delle Frate; the academicians of St. Luke followed the bier, and the entire ceremony was under the direction of Canova. As at the funeral of Rafaele Sanzio, the two last pictures she had painted were carried in the procession; on the coffin there was a model of her right hand in plaster, the fingers crisped, as though it held a pencil.

This was the last on earth of Angelica Kauffmann. Young, beautiful, amiable, gifted by nature with the rarest predilections, consecrated to the most charming of human occupations, run after, caressed, celebrated among the most eminent of her contemporaries, she would appear to have possessed everything that is most desirable in this life. One little thing she wanted to fill up the measure of her existence, and that was happiness. This is man's life. There is no block of marble so white but you shall find a blue vein in it, and the snow-flake from heaven shall not rest a second on the earth without becoming tinged with its impurities.

SOMETHING LIKE A DRAMATIC AUTHOR.

JOHNSON -- we call him Johnson, because that is not his name, and we would rather not be personal -- Johnson called upon us

the other day, on purpose to present us with a neatly-bound copy of his collected works. We were extremely busy at the time, and so we told him, but Johnson was not easily got rid of. Assuring us he would not detain us many seconds, he took a seat, and -- as the time-piece on our mantle-piece can witness -- entertained us for one hour and ten minutes with the story of his grievances.

Johnson had written, he assured us, no less than five successful plays -- all of which had been acted, and all applauded to the echo. "And now, sir," he continued. "What's the use of it? Five plays, sir, all successful! And yet, sir, every of them forgotten! Here, sir," and Johnson dealt a vigorous blow on the unconscious and neglected volume. "Here, sir, I bring them out in a collected form, and not a copy has been asked for! Depend upon it, sir, it's all up with the drama. There was a time when men who wrote but one play gained celebrity, and here, sir, I've written five, sir -- Five!"

We condoled with him as we best could, and tried to hold out brilliant visions of the justice to be done to him by generations yet unborn: but it was useless; Johnson would not be comforted. Grateful, however, for our sympathy, he did the kindest thing he could have done. He left us. Not, though, till we had given the most solemn promise that we would at our very earliest leisure read through the whole of the

collected works, from title-page to Finis.

We placed the copy of the works of Johnson on the shelf behind us, and there for several days it stayed as unmolested and unnoticed as its thousand brethren that still encumbered the warehouses of Johnson's publisher. One morning, however, we thought that we would look at it, and see what Johnson really had produced, for we confess we had forgotten the very names of his plays quite as completely as it seemed the public had. Accordingly, we looked along our shelves for it; but for some time in vain. The volume was a thin one, and must, we supposed, have slipped behind its bulkier neighbours. We were just giving up our search as hopeless, when all at once we caught a sight of it, and in such company, that it made us smile despite ourselves, as we remembered the poor fellow's sad complaints, that he — the author of no less a number than five plays — was still unread — forgotten!

Johnson was squeezed between two volumes of the works of Lope de Vega!

The accidental juxtaposition of the two dramatists was certainly a somewhat strange one. Poor Johnson! We had promised him posthumous and undying fame for his five dramas — his, "Five, sir — Five!" as he so proudly dwelt upon their number; and, for the life of us, we could not help laughing at our pro-

phesy, as we asked ourselves, how many plays of all the hundreds the great Spaniard wrote, are heard of now. Nay, how many were there that even long survived their author. A percentage, truly, most disheartening to Johnson!

At once, we mentally ran over all we knew of Lope de Vega — the "Prodigy of Nature," the "King of Comedy," the "Spanish Phoenix," as he was styled by his various critics — the man whose name became admitted into the Spanish language as an adjective expressing the extreme of excellence. At once we turned to different memoirs of the poet, and looked over the astounding arithmetical calculations that in different lands, at different times, have been made to state the number of his works. And if the reader does not know already, we should like to hear him guess how many plays he thinks it possible that Lope de Vega wrote. We have prepared him, doubtless, to suppose the number large, but in spite of all our warnings, we defy the boldest guesser to come near the truth. Let him think of a number that may seem preposterous. It will be much below the mark. Nay, let him even work out that mysterious problem in mental arithmetic which we remember puzzling over in our schoolboy days, and having thought of a number, double it, add ten to it, and so on — we forget exactly, the true formula. Still will the total, in

all probability, fall considerably short of the number of plays composed by Lope de Vega.

The lowest calculation that seems based on anything like solid grounds, is that given by M. Damas Hinard, in an admirable memoir of the poet, prefixed to a French translation of his plays; or rather some of his plays, for we should like to see the man who could translate them all, in one lifetime, supposing all to be extant. M. Hinard informs us — a statement in which Schah, the German historian of the Spanish drama, and others coincide — that Lope de Vega wrote the prodigious number of fifteen hundred plays!

Fifteen hundred plays! Written by one man's hand — conceived by one man's brain! Well may another of his biographers, Mr. G. H. Lewes, say, "It really takes one's breath away to hear of such achievements." But we have not yet done. At the imminent risk of having our veracity impugned, we must go on to tell what else Lope de Vega wrote. As though the fifteen hundred plays were not enough for one man's work, we find he wrote besides about three hundred interludes and autos sacramentales (a species of dramatic composition resembling our ancient miracle-plays); ten epic poems; one burlesque poem, called *La Gatomaquia*; various descriptive and didactic poems; a host of sonnets, romances, odes, elegies, and epistles; se-

veral works written in mingled prose and verse; eight prose novels; not to mention other prose writings, or his numerous prefaces and dedications! What a labour for one lifetime! Were it for nothing more than the stupendous quantity of his productions—leaving quality altogether out of the consideration—Lope de Vega would be one of the greatest wonders in the whole history of literature.

And yet his wonderful rapidity was not a mere flow of words unhampered by ideas. In speaking of the quantity of his productions without regard to quality, we would by no means insinuate that in the latter respect they would not bear examination. We will not, it is true, go to such lengths as his friend and pupil, Montalvan, does, when he declares that if the works of Lope de Vega were placed in one scale, and those of all ancient and modern poets in the other, the weight of the former would not only decide the comparison in point of quality, but would also "be a fair emblem of the superiority in point of merit of Lope's verses over those of all other poets together." But setting aside the exaggerations of his devoted admirer, this much is pretty certain: not only did Lope de Vega actually produce fifteen hundred dramas, but they were — as our friend Johnson tells us his own five were — all successful! They delighted all Spain, charmed even the sombre spirit of Philip

the Second, and — sure test of success —

In present dramas, as in plays gone by, they brought in money to the theatres' treasuries, and secured a competence to their author.

We have already stated that the number of his works given above is that recorded by M. Damas Hinard, and others. But, as if this were not sufficiently miraculous, some of his biographers adopt a considerably higher figure. Montalvan, above alluded to, asserts in his *Fama Postuma* (a work published in honour of Lope de Vega, in sixteen hundred and thirty-six, a few months only after the poet's death) that he had written EIGHTEEN hundred plays, and FOUR hundred autos sacramentales! This is the number also quoted by Lord Holland, in his *Life of Lope de Vega*, published in eighteen hundred and six.

Bouterwek, in the volume of his *Geschichte der Poesie und Beredsamkeit*, which treats on Spanish literature (published about eighteen hundred and eight) surpasses even Montalvan in his estimate of Lope de Vega's fecundity. He says that "Lope de Vega required no more than four-and-twenty hours to write a versified drama of three acts in redondillas, interspersed with sonnets, tercets, and octaves, and from beginning to end abounding in intrigues, prodigies, or interesting situations. This astonishing facility enabled him to

supply the Spanish theatre with upwards of TWO THOUSAND original dramas." He tells us that the theatrical managers would wait at Lope's elbow, carrying off the acts as fast as he could write them, not giving the poet time even to revise his work; and that, immediately upon one play being finished, a fresh applicant would arrive to prevail on him to commence a new piece! A wholesale manufactory of dramas, truly! What would friend Johnson think of orders coming in like this?

Another calculation Bouterwek goes into, as to the amount of paper Lope used. He tells us, "According to his own (Lope's) testimony, he wrote on an average five sheets per day; it has therefore been computed that the number of sheets which he composed during his life must have amounted to one hundred and thirty-three thousand, two hundred and twenty-five." This computation, however, strikes us as somewhat doubtful, inasmuch as it proceeds on the supposition that Lope's average of five sheets per diem extended throughout the whole seventy-three years of his existence, commencing at his birth — when for a day or two, at least, he would not do much, precocious though we know him to have been — and finishing with his death. We should hardly think that Lope quite meant this when he laid down the average, though really we feel so bewildered amongst all these high figures, that we know not exactly

what to think. We feel as if we were working out sums in astronomy, and calculating distances of stars, instead of reckoning a literary man's productions. However, come we at once to the last grand total — right or wrong. Bouterwek says it is estimated, "that allowing for the deduction of a small portion of prose, Lope de Vega must have written upwards of twenty-one million three hundred thousand verses."

Lord Holland also adopts this estimate, but, like all the rest of them, manages still to magnify it, even while he quotes. He tells us "twenty-one million three hundred thousand of his lines are said to be actually printed." And yet we find Lope de Vega himself, in the *Eclogue to Claudio*, one of his latest works, declaring that, large as is the quantity of his printed works, those which still remain unprinted are even yet more numerous. So, if we take Lord Holland's statement of the quantity actually printed, and remembering that the printed portion is not half of what Lope de Vega wrote altogether, —

But no. We must refrain. We are getting once more into the high numbers, and we begin already to feel giddy. So we must let Lord Holland, Bouterwek, Montalvan, and the rest, say what they please; we cannot possibly keep pace with them, but must needs content ourselves with the very moderate figure we commenced with, and say that

Lope de Vega, after all, wrote only fifteen hundred plays.

For this quantity, however — marvellous, nay incredible, as it may seem — pretty conclusive evidence may be advanced. It would be tedious to enumerate all the facts which tend to prove it. Two will suffice. In the first place, that number was given by Doctor Fernando Cardoso, the intimate friend of Lope de Vega, in the funeral speech he made over the poet's grave. It is just possible, we grant, that on so solemn, and yet so exciting, an occasion as a funeral oration, the orator may be induced to speak more highly of his friend departed than, perhaps, strictest truth would warrant. Nay, we have heard it said, that even sculptured epitaphs have been known, ere now, in some slight manner to exaggerate the merits of the dead. But figures will not stand this sort of thing. There is a stern matter-of-fact principle about figures — an absence of all poetry, sympathy, or feeling — that at once suppresses anything like trifling with them. Orators may win men to anything, but figures know that two and two are four, and they will stick to it, say what you will. Therefore, however anxious the doctor may have been to make the most of his subject, he would hardly, we should say, have ventured on the hazardous experiment of "cooking the accounts," at a time when his arithmetic could be immediately set right by simple re-

ference to the files of play-bills. Managers did keep some accounts, we suppose, even in those days.

Still less safely could Lope de Vega himself in his own lifetime have ventured on exaggeration in this matter, and so we feel we must, at least, place some reliance on the statements he, from time to time, put out of his own progress. He was in the habit of publishing at various periods, in the prefaces to his new works, either a list or an account of the number of his plays then written. Accordingly, we find the figure regularly advancing from the year sixteen hundred and three, when, in the prologue to his *Peligrino*, he gives a catalogue of three hundred and thirty-seven plays; to the list contained in his *Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias*, published in sixteen hundred and nine, when they amounted to four hundred and eighty-three; to that given with a new volume of his plays, in sixteen hundred and eighteen, when they had reached the number of eight hundred; to a list of nine hundred plays, in the year sixteen hundred and twenty; to one of a thousand and seventy in the year sixteen hundred and twenty-five; and, lastly, in his *Eclogue to Claudio* (sixteen hundred and thirty), he says: "But if I come now to tell you of the infinite number of comic fables, you will be astonished to hear that I have composed fifteen hundred."

Pero si ahora el numero infinito.
De las fabulas comicas intento
* * * * *
Mil y quinientas fabula admira.

Is our account of Lope de Vega's labours yet sufficiently miraculous? Shall we now leave him with his fifteen hundred plays, and other works, content to let our readers wonder that he did so much? Or shall we risk their incredulity by telling them that he did more? We feel half tempted to go on, and in a brief sketch of some of his adventures and occupations to show how much of his life, of little more than threescore years and ten, must have been taken up by other matters than this mighty mass of literary work. For Lope de Vega was a soldier, a secretary, an alchemist, a priest; he married twice, and had a family; he studied and became proficient in the Latin, Italian, French, and Portuguese tongues, and yet found time to write his fifteen hundred plays!

Our readers may suppose he was not long about anything he took in hand. In fact, if we believe his friend, Montalvan, he began at once as he intended to go on — almost we may say from his cradle. We are told that he understood Latin at the ripe age of five; and also, much about the same time commenced composing Spanish verses, which he dictated to his playfellows to write down for him — for he became an author before he had learned to write. He sold his

verses too (the clever dog!) for toys and sweetmeats. How rarely do we find the genius and the man of business thus combined! Between eleven and twelve years of age, he himself informs us, in his *New Art of Dramatic Writing* (*Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias*), he had written several petites comédies, in the antique Spanish form of four short acts. At fourteen years of age (*Anno Domini* fifteen hundred and seventy-six) he ran away from college to see the world; and, in the following year, entered the army, serving both in Portugal and in Africa, under the Marquis of Santa Cruz. The next year he came home again, and engaged himself as page and secretary to the Bishop of Avila, working away, of course, at his poetry all the while, as none but Lope de Vega or a steam-engine could work, and producing, amongst various other things, a pastoral comedy in three acts, called *La Pastoral de Jacinto*, the author-soldier-secretary being then sixteen years of age! Sent by his patron, the bishop, to the university of Alcalá, he went to work at the solid fare of philosophy, theology, and mathematics, taking at the same time, by way of a relish, the Italian, Portuguese and French languages. But even all this was insufficient for his voracious appetite. So — to carry out the simile — he flew to the occult sciences, as to a lump of bread and cheese to finish up with. And now he was never happy but

when in the midst of crucibles, furnaces, and alembics. If any one could have found out the grand secret, it would surely have been Lope de Vega. He didn't; so we must needs suppose the alchemists were labouring under a mistake.

Next, Lope de Vega fell in love. Some say with one lady; some say with two. We should incline to think the latter — one at a time could hardly be enough for him. He didn't marry them, nor either of them. Some time afterwards, thinking it time to settle down in life, he made his mind up to become a priest. He underwent the necessary preparations, and was on the very eve of being ordained, when he fell in love again. The church and priestly vows were no more to be thought of. He married. This was in fifteen hundred and eighty-four.

Scarcely was he married, however, than — just by way of a change — he got into prison, owing to a duel. He escaped, of course; it was not likely he could wait until his time of imprisonment was over. He went to Valencia, remained there some time writing, until upon the death of his wife he flew once more to battle, for excitement, and embarked on board the *Invincible Armada*, which Philip the Second was then fitting out to invade the English coasts. The *Invincible Armada* being thoroughly destroyed, Lope next visited Italy, spending some years in Naples, Parma, and Milan. Re-

turning once more to Madrid, he married again, and by his second wife was soon made a happy father.

Now he was writing in earnest for the stage, poverty and himself, as he tells us, "having entered into partnership as traders in verses;" and a very large proportion of his plays were the production of this trading firm during the tranquil years of his second marriage. He lost his second wife in the year sixteen hundred and seven, some sixteen years after he had married her, and then he joined the Inquisition, and finally became a priest.

His priestly duties were numerous, but even yet he managed to find time for the theatre, and the very year that he was made a priest (sixteen hundred and nine) he wrote his *Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias*, and we would rather not venture upon saying how many plays.

But we are not writing the life of Lope de Vega. We have already gone at a much greater length than we intended into the story of his travels and adventures. One more short anecdote in illustration of the wonderful rapidity of Lope's pen, and we have done. We find it in Montalvan.

The writer for the theatre at Madrid was at one time at such a loss for comedies that the doors of the Theatre de la Cruz were shut; but as it was in the Carnival, he was extremely anxious on the subject, so Lope and his

friend Montalvan were applied to, and they agreed to compose a joint comedy as fast as possible. It was the Tercera Orden de San Francisco, and is the very one in which Arias acted the part of the Saint (we beg the pardon of leading tragedians now living — the criticism is Montalvan's, not our own) more naturally than was ever witnessed on the stage. The first act fell to Lope's lot, the second to Montalvan's. These were despatched in two days, and the third act was to be divided equally between the two authors, each doing eight leaves. Montalvan went home at night, and being well aware that he could not equal Lope in the execution, he thought (misguided Montalvan!) that he would try and beat him in the despatch of the business. For this purpose he got up at two o'clock in the morning, and managed to complete his portion of the act by eleven. Montalvan then went out — not a little proud of what he'd done, no doubt — to look for Lope. He found him in his garden, very deeply occupied with an orange-tree that had been frost-bitten in the night. What! not at work? Montalvan doubtless thought he'd got him now! He asked him how he had got on with his task, when Lope answered,

"I set about it at five; but I finished the act an hour ago; took a bit of ham for breakfast, wrote an epistle of fifty triplets; and have watered the whole of

the garden, which has not a little fatigued me."

Then, taking out the papers, he read to his collaborateur the eight leaves and the triplets, "a circumstance," Montalvan adds, "that would have astonished me, had I not known the fertility of his genius, and the dominion he had over the rhymes of our language."

Well might it have astonished him, indeed! It would have surprised us, if anything could. But then it can't — at least when it relates to Lope de Vega.

And now, out of all the astounding number of his works, how many are there that are ever heard of now? Lord Holland mentioned nine that were still played in his time. More, many more than these are read. But yet how small a portion of the mighty whole!

Poor Johnson! Your collected works must form a very much more bulky volume, before you've any right to grumble.

FLAGS.

THE flags of all nations are all primarily associated with the army and navy, the troops of soldiers and the fleets of ships. They are signals, however much they may afterwards become trophies of honour and gallantry. Each nation manages to have such flags as may be readily distinguished from those of other nations: and among those of any one nation a wide diversity exists

in the sizes, the shapes, the patterns, and the colours, by virtue of which they may be made to signify different things and to convey different intelligence. The terms flag, pendant, ensign, jack, colours, have different conventional meanings in the language of soldiers and sailors. A military man seldom applies the word flag, except to the small flags attached to baggage-wagons, to distinguish them one from another. What the world usually calls a soldier's flag, he calls his colours; and of these there are many kinds, as camp-colours, field-colours, guard-colours.

We must, however, follow a fleet out upon the ocean to appreciate the true value of red, white, and blue — the true significance of any bright colours. As to national colours, on land, it matters little what they are. If our allied friends the French choose to adopt the red, white, and blue — be it so; and if we would hang out red, white, and blue in their honour — be it so. Optical philosophers tell us that red, yellow, and blue are complementary each to the other two; and if we choose to change vowel e into vowel i, and hang out red, white, and blue as complimentary to France — be it so.

The naval value of brightly-coloured flags may be understood when we consider the relation which the various ships of a fleet bear to each other. A fleet being at sea, the captains must

all receive orders from one fountain-head — the admiral in command. This admiral has no messengers, no aides-de-camp, who can rattle off in a few minutes to convey orders; he is on board one of the ships, far distant, perhaps, from many others, with an intervening sea so rough that no small messenger-boats could live in it. But, although circumstances are against any such mode of communication, visible signals are available with considerable advantage. The ships being all on one general level, each is visible from all the others, except under some special circumstances; and the captains manage, at any rate, that each ship shall be in view of the admiral's ship.

Here, at once, comes before us the value of red, white, and blue — signals made by means of colours — a chromatic language. James the Second has the reputation of first embodying into a code a system of signals made by coloured flags. The thing was done in a piecemeal manner before his time, but he rendered the useful service of bringing it into form, and the existing system is only an extension of that which he devised. It is believed that at the Battle of the Hogue the code of signals was first used in its complete form to convey both sailing and fighting instructions. There are two different principles on which signals, whether of sounds or colours, may be conveyed. In

one system, the signal is known at once to express a definite order, or to convey a definite piece of information, according to a code of rules previously learned in a book. In the other system, any particular signal relates only to a particular number; and the meaning of this number can only be known to those who have access to a particular hook, wherein certain conventional meanings of numbers are set down. Some of the orders are given and sentences transmitted, by the former method, referring to manœuvres which are not required to be kept secret, and which are understood by most officers and experienced seamen; but the rest are of the other class. A signal officer may tell his captain that the admiral exhibits a particular number as a signal, but it does not follow that that officer knows the meaning of the number. There is a cipher — a code of signals adopted by the Admiralty — which is made known to few or many of the officers, according to the exigencies of the case. Hence there have been many codes of signals proposed by inventors, each of whom claims to have attained greater simplicity and comprehensiveness than any of the others. We have one now before us, in which the author, by combining various small flags in various ways, contrives to express nearly sixteen hundred words and sentences, such as are likely to be most useful at sea.

One combination, for instance, expresses bricks, another potatoes, another cannon-balls; seven little flags, particularly disposed, convey the information — Weather has been variable, with rain and dry weather, at the place I came from; while eight little flags, under a certain arrangement, seem to have the magniloquent power of Lord Burleigh's shake of the head, for they imply — Try to pick up something floating in my wake, though you should be obliged to yaw a little out of your course. The flags differ in size, shape, colour, pattern, and arrangement; and it thus arises that so many different combinations may be made by a few flags. Every ship takes out a number of little flags for signals, whatever may be the code by which those signals receive interpretation. The British government, and probably other governments in like manner, have many flag signals which are not made publicly known.

The colours of ship signals are connected in a curious way with the arrangement of the ships in a fleet. If the fleet be small, it is divided into three squadrons, which — from certain arrangements in the order of sailing — are called respectively the centre, van, and rear squadrons; but if it be large, each squadron is further grouped into three divisions; insomuch that there may be nine divisions, forming three squadrons, and three squadrons

forming the grand fleet. Now, the colour and position of certain flags assist in distinguishing these squadrons and divisions one from another. Admirals are flag-officers; captains are not. The rank of every admiral is denoted by the colour and position of his flag; and thus the flags indicate both the divisions of the fleet and the admirals who command those divisions.

The red, white, and blue, as the admiral's honorary colours, are thus distributed. There are, in the first place, three ranks or gradations of these officers — admiral being the highest, vice-admiral the next, and rear-admiral the lowest. In each grade, too, there are three degrees, named after the red, white, and blue, respectively. Thus there are nine kinds of admirals — three times three; as there are nine divisions in a large fleet, three times three. Each admiral, for the time being, belongs to some one of the nine classes in particular, and not to any of the others. An admiral is higher in rank, and receives higher full-pay and half-pay than a vice-admiral or a rear-admiral; and a vice-admiral is in like manner higher in rank and pay than a rear-admiral. Every vice-admiral has been a rear-admiral; and every admiral has been a vice-admiral, and before that a rear-admiral. There are certain matters of precedence connected with all this, of no small moment in the estimation of officers;

thus, an admiral stands on a level in dignity with a general; while a vice-admiral is equal only to a lieutenant-general, and a rear-admiral only to a major-general. The lowest of the nine classes is rear-admiral of the blue.

The manner in which an admiral hoists his flag denotes his rank. The standard, the gorgeous flag of England, is hoisted only when the sovereign is on board; the Admiralty flag, figured with an anchor of hope, is especially indicative of the Board of Admiralty; one especial officer, called the admiral of the fleet; and the highest of all the admirals, hoists the Union flag, which was first adopted soon after the union of Scotland with England, and which contains the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick. And admiral hangs out a red, a white, or a blue flag, according to his designation, at the main-top of his ship; a vice-admiral hoists it on the fore-top; while a rear-admiral shows colours on the mizen-top. The position of the flag thus denotes his rank, while its colour denotes the squadron to which he belongs.

The red, white, and blue, even without other colours, can obviously convey a vast number of definite bits of information. We have just seen that they denote, simply as colours, three groups of admirals; while by the mast on which they are placed, the precedence or dignity of the admirals in each group is indicated.

By minute changes of arranging flags on different parts of a ship, an admiral in command may denote an order addressed to the whole fleet, or to the whole of the division in one squadron, or to the whole of the ships in one division, or to one single ship; while the colours and combinations of flags may convey the particulars of the order. In a great fleet, during action, certain look-out frigates are purposely left to watch the admiral's ship, to observe every signal, and to transmit those signals to ships not in a favourable position to see them otherwise. As the outermost ships of a fleet are often some miles distant from the innermost, the colours of the flags (if flag signals be used) are purposely so chosen as to remain visible through a great mass of atmosphere. Red, white, yellow, and blue, are found to be the most conspicuous; but as yellow is apt to be confounded at a distance with dirty white, or white with dirty yellow, three are practically better than four; and thus we have a sound philosophy for the use of red, white, and blue. If these three be too few to ring the changes upon, then come all the varieties of stripes, spots, and checks, by which red, white, and blue can be combined in the same flag. The present French red, white, and blue is a good example of conspicuous effect produced by the simplest possible combination of the three colours in the same flag.

Our royal standard has a ground-work, in some parts red and in others blue, with yellow or golden lions, and harps, and so forth. Our Admiralty flag has a yellow anchor on a red ground. Our Union flag has a blue ground, red rectangular stripes, and white diagonals. Our red and blue admiral's flags are plain. Many of the other English flags have a plain ground colour over five-sixths of the surface, but with a cross of stripes in one corner. So it is throughout most of the nations of Europe; the colours on the naval flags are generally red, white (or yellow), and blue. Even his holiness the Pope has one flag with a white lamb and a white cross on a red ground; and another with a yellow St. Peter on a red ground. King Bomba has a yellow griffin on a white ground. Hamburgh has a white castle on a red ground. Venice has an amiable-looking yellow lion on a red ground, holding a yellow sword in one paw, and a white book in another. Bremen has a sort of red and white chessboard, with six times nine squares instead of eight times eight; and so on. Everywhere we find red, white, and blue, or red, yellow, and blue; and we may be certain that something better than mere freak determines the selection of such colours as signals.

We have before said that the disposition of the flags gives a large number of varieties to the meanings attached to the three

colours. There is a book of general signals, belonging to the Royal Navy, containing about a thousand of the most general orders relating to action, sailing, manœuvring, and other sea movements; and yet there are seldom more than three flags used to express any one signal. Some signals depend more on the colours of the flags than on their number or form; some more especially on their number; while distant signals are often made with square and triangular flags, without reference to their colours. Another book of signals contains the vocabulary signals, each indicated by a combination of three flags. The signals conveyed, or symbols represented comprise the letters of the alphabet, and useful words and sentences relating to military terms, geographical terms, and the names of ships.

Captain Marryat, many years ago, devised a set of symbols available for merchant ships, which has been adopted by Lloyd's, the Shipowners' Society, and other bodies. There are ten flags, to indicate the ten numerals, and containing certain definite arrangements of the bright colours. Combinations of three or four of these indicate numbers up to ten thousand. There is a code of signals, containing the names of British men-of-war, those of French men-of-war, those of American men-of-war, those of British merchant ships; the names of light-houses, head-

lands, ports, and harbours; a vocabulary of single words; and a list of sentences useful to seaman. The number altogether is prodigious, amounting, in one of the editions of the code, to more than forty thousand distinct signals; — and all due to the red, white (or yellow), and blue, taken in relation to number, and sizes, and shapes, and positions!

THE CARVER'S COLLEGE.

As evidence of the pitiable ignorance in which a large number of the inhabitants of this intelligent country are at present languishing respecting the most essential branch of the social duties of life, the following harrowing cases have recently come to light: —

A. B. is a married lady; age not given. Has been married five years. Her husband has been in the habit, during that time, of giving dinner parties, to strengthen, as he says, his professional connections. Doesn't believe, for her part, that they ever did any good, and thinks balls much more likely. (Here the witness began to wander, and was brought back with difficulty to the matter of investigation). During the whole of her married life has been compelled to carve at table in consequence of Mr. B.'s deplorable ignorance. Is in delicate health, and is advised by her medical attendant to

breakfast in her own apartment; but is compelled to descend every morning, to protect the symmetry of the ham from his all-maiming hands. Mr. B. is considered a well-informed man, but cannot carve a fowl. Took what they call honours, she believes, at college, but doesn't know the difference between a mayonnaise and a marinade. Is of opinion that the government ought to do something in the matter, and is satisfied that the evil is of wide growth.

C. D. is a young gentleman, aged twenty-four. Goes to dinner-parties sometimes, but oftener to balls. Can carve, of course; has done so frequently. Don't mean to say he is a good carver. (This witness gave his evidence with considerable hesitation.) Can carve fowls at supper. Of course he can; he's sure he can; has done so hundreds of times. Admits that they had been previously cut up and tied together with white satin ribbon. Well, then! carved them, in fact, by untying the ribbon. Has offered, at a dinner party, to relieve his hostess of a partridge. Hasn't done so often. On her declining, upon the plea of not wishing to trouble him, has not repeated the offer. Doesn't think he was bound to have done so. Can help potatoes, of course, but admits doubts about asparagus. Would use a spoon for both purposes. Thinks carving a bore, and ought always to be done at the sideboard. (Here the witness became so rest-

less, that any further examination was found impracticable.)

In order to remedy the deplorable state of social ignorance evinced by these and other equally distressing cases it is proposed that a carver's college, supported by donations and annual subscriptions, be founded in a central situation, and select classes opened for the instruction of adult pupils.

The course will commence with instruction in the art of cutting bread, and will proceed, by easy stages, until the removal of the back-bone of a hare shall be to him, as Butler has it,

No more difficult
Than to a blackbird 't is to whistle.

Arrangements might be made for securing a supply of jointed wooden fowls, practicable raised pies, and other culinary dummies upon which the first essays of the uninitiated might be made, at a trifling pecuniary out-lay. It might also be desirable to engage the services of some eminent comparative anatomist, to deliver a course of lectures on the structure of the lower orders of the animal world.

As soon as the students shall have become theoretically acquainted with the ordinary duties of the table, arrangements might be made for apprenticing them, for limited periods, to some dining-room keeper of eminence, with a view to afford them an opportunity of acquiring a practical knowledge of the subject by ex-

perimentalising upon real rounds of beef and genuine legs of mutton, until they should have attained that self-confidence which is so necessary in a carver, and which practice alone can insure. It would be only just to the apprentice to provide specially in the indentures that he should not be required, under any circumstances, to eat any of his own journeywork. As evidence of progress, it might be desirable to deposit, in the windows of the society's offices, two sirloins of beef, the one showing the carving capabilities of the student on his first joining the society, the other exhibiting his progress after six lessons.

When, by theoretical instruction, practical experience, and emulative excitement, the undergraduates shall have become so far versed in the ordinary duties of the table as to know what gastronomy requires to be cut thick, and what thin; when they shall have learnt in which direction to obtain the best cut of venison, and how to divide the ribs from the shoulder in a forequarter of lamb; in short, when acquainted with the more ordinary and elemental branches of the art; it is proposed that select carving ré-unions should be held in the college hall, at which they should enjoy opportunities of displaying their adroitness. It might be well that the neophytes should be required, on these occasions, to cut up large geese and fowl of mature years, on small dishes, from very

low chairs, with knives of the bluntest description. Mysterious side-dishes might also be handed round; which it should be their duty to dispense with as much coolness as if they knew what they were made of; and they should be expected to maintain an easy, unembarrassed flow of small talk, even when in the agonies of dissecting a tough old ptarmigan.

The course of study should conclude with a series of lectures on those refinements of the art, a knowledge of which is indispensable to the reputation of an accomplished carver. During the course, observations would naturally be directed to the prevalence and character of second-day dishes, with a view to place the student in a position to detect at a glance whether a dish had ever done duty in any other shape. He would thus be enabled to trace the mulligatawney soup of to-day back to the curried chicken of yesterday, and again to the boiled fowl of the day before. Some hints might likewise be given on physiognomy in connection with carving, by which the carver could be enabled to discriminate between the honoured guest, to whom it would be proper to offer the wing, from the victim who might, without offence, be put off with the drumstick.

It is confidently believed that, by these means, the day may yet arrive when thousands of our benighted countrymen and

countrywomen will be so well skilled in the art of carving, as to be able to define "joints innumerable in the smallest chick that ever broke the heart of a brood hen," and supply fourteen people handsomely, from a single pheasant, still retaining the leg for himself.

THE INVALID'S MOTHER.

TO THE SUN, AT LISBON.

O SUN! whose universal smile
Brightens the various lands,
From burning Egypt's fruitful Nile
And Lybia's desert sands —

To where some frozen Lapland hut,
Dingy, and cold, and low,
Bids half its gleaming surface jut
In light above the snow;

I loved thee, as a careless child,
Where English meadows spread
Their cowslip blossoms sweet and wild
By Thames' translucent bed!

Now, with a still and serious hope,
I watch thy rays once more,
And cast life's anxious horoscope
Upon a foreign shore.

O sun! that beam'd to Camöen's eyes
Bright as thou dost to mine,
That calmly yet shall set and rise,
On life and death to shine.

O sun! that many an eager heart
With false hope hath beguiled,
Deal gently with me, ere we part,
And heal the alien's child!

A stranger stands on Tagus' banks,
And looks o'er Tagus' wave,
Oh! shall we leave here joy and thanks,
Or weep beside a grave?

Dear rivers of my native land,
Where paler sunshine gleams,
On your green margin shall we stand
And laugh beside your streams;

And talk of foreign flowers and climes
Whose glorious radiance shed
Such pleasure o'er these travell'd times,—
Or shall we mourn our dead?

No answer comes! Beyond the sea,
Beyond those azure skies,
A speck in God's eternity,
Our unseen future lies!

And not as one who braves His will,
(Which, murmur we or not,
Must guide our onward course, and still
Decide the dreaded lot):

But with a deep, mysterious awe,
I see that orb of light,
Which first by His creative law
Divided day from night;

Which, looking down upon the earth
With strong life-teeming rays,
Compels the diamond's star-like birth,
The red gold's sultry blaze;

Or bids some gentle fragile flower
Burst from its calyx cold,
To bloom, like man, its little hour,
Then sink beneath the mould.

O sun! thou cherisher of life,
Thou opposite of death,
Dissolver of the frost-bound strife
That seals up Nature's breath!

Nurse of the poor man's orphan'd brood,
God of the harvest fields,
Ripener of all earth grants for food,
And all her beauty yields;

Deliverer of the prison'd streams
From winter's joyless reign;
Awakener from mournful dreams
To sound and sense again.

They fable of the pleasant things; —
To bear our loved to thee,
The great ships spread their strong white
wings,
Like angels o'er the sea;

And daily in thy heavenly glow
Our sick and weak we set;
Watch for the end of anxious woe,
And sigh, "Not yet — not yet!"

O sun! look down on me and mine
From that o'erarching sky;
Emblem of God's great glory shine,
And His all-pitying eye;

Lest when I on that glory gaze,
Mine eyes through tears look out,
Like one who sees with sore amaze
And faint distressful doubt,

The changed face of some faithless friend,
Who promised generous aid,
Was trusted, tried, and in the end,
The trembling hope betray'd.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

FROM BUCHAREST TO KRAIOVA.

FANCY an agreeable community of gipsies playing at civilisation, and my reader will not have an erroneous idea of Bucharest. Life is nowhere so free from vain restraints and troublesome formalities. There are no grave worshipful persons about, to shame merry folks into being staid and serious. A true Wallachian looks upon flirtation as the business of life. This may be varied now and then by dancing, gambling, and official peculation; but these are merely casual diversions, and the true-bred Wallachian returns to the first occupation with a quickened sense of enjoyment. He is indeed a political intriguer by nature; but, after all, politics are merely an amusement to him, and he would give up the schemes of half a life-time for the smile of some bedizened old coquette of forty-nine. He is not ambitious; but he likes place for its profits; for the temporary advantage which it gives him over his rivals in love affairs, and over the neighbours who desire to rob him in some way — as most of

them do. Every Wallachian nobleman believes devoutly that he has a right to hold some public office, at least once during his life, to divorce his wife when he pleases, and to outwit his neighbour. He would bear the utmost extreme of want and poverty however rather than follow any trade. Recently the prejudice entertained among the nobility against the learned professions, is happily melting away. I take it, they consented to be instructed by the Greeks in this respect; so it is pleasant to add that the present minister — or, it would be more correct to say, director — of the interior, was a doctor of medicine, and that by far the greatest man in the country, lived long in exile on the honorable earnings of a small professorship in Moldavia.

I know no race of men more winning and interesting than the Roumans, or of conduct more thoroughly objectionable. The men are mostly slight, dark, gipsy-looking fellows, with keen, restless eyes. They are as active as wild men. They are almost as strong and fearless as their old Dacian fore-fathers. But they consider it the height of fashion and good taste to affect an exaggerated effeminacy of demeanour and habits. It is delightful to see some wellknit gentleman, with a sweeping moustache six or seven inches long, a nervous frame, and the glance of a hawk, whose right place would undoubtedly be at

the head of a troop of irregular cavalry, placing his trust in eau de Cologne and cambric handkerchiefs, or waltzing with a six-dandy power fifty times round a room which he could clear from one end to the other at a single bound. But conversation, however carefully subdued, breaks out now and then in strange fiery sallies. There is a racy, fine-flavoured smack about it, which speaks of keen wits and hearty animal enjoyment in the midst of the most artificial scenes. Extraordinary intimacies exist among them. Friends are fond of calling each other by some pungent nickname that would torture the ears of a used-up gentleman of the West: a nickname usually derived from some odd act of roguery, which has of course been found out. They walk into each other's houses unannounced. They stay as long as they please, joining in the meals and occupations of the family, and talking, dancing, singing eternally. They are always combining and arranging practical jokes of an elsewhere unheard-of nature. The ladies enter keenly into this sport, and distinguish themselves in it. A gentleman of the French nation who was visiting, not long ago, at the house of a great Boyard, was delighted at the attentions of a lady who formed one of the company. Before the evening was over she implored him to write to her. The enraptured Gaul complied; and, on going

out to dinner on the following day, learned to his dismay that his letter was the general topic of conversation in polite society, and had been handed about by his fair friend to all her acquaintances.

Two other stories are worthy of the Decameron. A lady of high rank sent her confidential servant to pay her milliner's bill. It amounted to one hundred and sixty ducats, or about eighty pounds of our money. The roguish servant dressed himself smartly and sought the milliner. She was one of the belles of the city. He made love to her; and, in earnest of his wealth and liberality pressed the hundred and sixty ducats into her eager hand. He became her accepted lover. A few days afterwards, the milliner saw him behind the carriage of one of her best customers; he let down the steps; the lady tripped in, and casually mentioned the recent payment of her bill. The milliner blushed denial; the varlet grinned; the story got wind, and was considered one of the best jokes of the season by all parties.

The Wallachians, however, sometimes meet their masters in practical joking. A Russian major made fierce love to a Wallachian lady noted for gambling and gallantries.

"I want three thousand ducats," said the lady pleasantly.

"Here they are," answered the major with great politeness, "but I shall be at home to-

morrow morning, and the least you can do is to call and thank me." The lady went. The major locked the door and quietly departed about his business. In the course of the day there was an unceasing search made for the lost lady. She was traced to the house of the Russian major. Her husband followed, and asked for his wife.

"Wife!" sneered the major, "I have indeed a woman here somewhere, but she is my slave. I have bought her for three thousand ducats. If she is your wife, pay me back the ducats and you shall have her."

The exceeding wit of this jest supplied laughter among all classes for months, and the major became one of the most popular men in the country — such things seem incredible, yet such things are.

It is odd to hobanob across the table with a man in diamond studs who has just committed a burglary; to exchange jests with a card-sharper; and to look round on a company of well-dressed ladies, who are each and all the subject of some astounding history.

The state of Wallachia is a fine example of Turco-Russian rule. The principles of despotic government have been here pushed just as far as they will go. This is the result: — You cannot extinguish men's minds utterly, but you can most thoroughly pervert them. The Wallachians were made by nature a shrewd,

active, energetic people. They were formed to be a race of hardy agriculturists, and keen adventurous traders. But,

"Alas!" said a Boyard, mournfully, to me, "we have never known ten years of quiet and peace for centuries."

Their prosperity by no means agreed with the immediate designs of Russia. They were looked upon by the Turks as aliens and unbelievers. The Austrians eyed them with the lust of conquest. They were made the battle-ground of the endless wars between the Czar and the Sultan. In their most halcyon days they received the melancholy name of the Peru of the Greeks. They were plundered by every party in turn. After supporting for months the harassing burthen of a Russian army, down swept the Turks upon them. Then came a venal Hospodar, with his tribe of hungry sycophants; till public virtue and private worth were paralysed and stricken down. Such also might have been the doom brought upon the whole of the Turkish empire, had Russia been able to effect the conquest of Constantinople.

What if peace had been only another name for Russian triumph? The imagination positively refuses to grasp the scene of unspeakable horrors which would have ensued. It is not so much despotism that dismays us; the government of a wise despot has often been mild and kindly,

but Russian despotism is diabolical. It degrades God's image — the very nature and the soul of man. This is not a mere figure of speech; it is not an ungenerous and illiberal sneer at Russia, because we are at war with her; it is merely a plain, indisputable fact. The countries under Russian sway are unquestionably the worst and most immoral countries in the world. Everything is in the hands of a nobility, gay and brilliant indeed, but most entirely unprincipled. The commonalty, the great mass of the people, not only groan under insufferable tyranny and hardships, blows, scourgings, unutterable wrongs; but they are forbidden to exercise the intellect and powers which God has given them, and they are substantially cut off from the great family of mankind.

And how has all this ended? Russian despots have carried out their theory of government to the full; for several generations, the vast empire of Russia has been swayed altogether by the will or caprice of one man. It has been, as a French writer wittily observed, an absolutism tempered by assassination. What has been the result? The wily secresy of her councils has been confounded; the boasted might of her armies has melted away; the czars have denied their subjects all right to inquire into grievances, and the government has been cheated in every conceivable manner accordingly.

The object she has laboured to attain so long eludes her grasp as she stretches out her hand to seize it; and the power she has built up by fraud, cunning, and manifold oppressions, has been contemptuously disputed and pushed down when it threatened to become mischievous. The disciplined slaves who man her armies have never dared to look a host of knights and freemen fairly in the face; and the tricks of her boasted diplomacy have been indignantly unveiled, defied, and despised.

To return to Bucharest. The Austrians swarm over the country, and every hour brings the travelling carriage of some general officer thundering in from Vienna; or a white-coated regiment, travel-stained and way-sore, piping and taboring down the broken streets of the Wallachian capital. Wallachia is beginning to look almost as Austrian as poor Hungary. There are Austrian hotels, Austrian soldiers, Austrian carriages, everywhere.

There is no getting away from Bucharest without a great many formalities; a passport must be issued, signed and countersigned. I am obliged to spend the whole day about it. Towards three o'clock in the afternoon I find myself at the Austrian police-office; it is filled with a rabble rout of Jew pedlars, Wallachian gents setting out to study at Paris, sly sharp-nosed men who seem always prowling about these countries (probably for no good)

an Armenian banker or two, and a few professional Greek gaming-table cheats, who have been just ordered out of the country, and are going to try and sneak across the frontier with their gains and news to Russia. The officiating chief functionary is an Austrian sergeant of infantry; he has the slight disadvantage of not being able to read; he cannot also conceive it possible that a gentleman should come about his own passport, when he might send his servant. The attraction which even an Austrian police-office may possess for a student of manners never enters into his head; he therefore leaves me for half-an-hour perfectly unnoticed, and at last turns to me with an abrupt grunt, and holds out his hand. I take off my hat with all the respect due to an imperial royal apostolic sergeant of infantry, and give him my passport ready opened. I am aware that an imperial royal apostolic sergeant of infantry is a person to be conciliated; I address him, therefore, with proper reverence. He asks who and what I am, as if he were discharging an imperial royal apostolic blunderbuss at my head; I venture to refer him to my passport; he is holding it, however, upside down, and repeats his interrogatory in a voice of thunder. I am taken aback at these proceedings, and before I can reply he has doubled up the passport, and thrust it into my hand; he will have nothing more to do with me; I run a narrow risk of being

bundled neck and crop out of the office. Fortunately, I am accompanied by one of the gentlemen employed at her Majesty's consulate; he whispers something into the ear of the imperial royal apostolic sergeant of infantry. In a moment his whole bearing and demeanour is altered. I am Herr Graff, Herr Graden. Will I walk into the next room, and wait till my passport is prepared? The next room is more comfortable; it has a fire, and the Herr Kanzlei-director (an imperial royal apostolic superannuated captain of course), will be glad to see me. Oh, dear me! how I did blush for Austria, and seem to walk on hot coals, as I slunk shrinking into the next room. A mere honest, inoffensive nobody, who desires to travel — maybe on some useful errand — is stopped for the veriest trifle, or in any case subjected to the caprice of a hound; a gentleman, forsooth, has only to twirl his moustaches, and my poor friends have been taught to bow down before him. Woe is me! it is a mighty fine thing to look at the drama of life in Austria from a private box; but it is a most fearful and shocking position to be in the pit or the galleries.

A heavy snow-storm is falling; I cannot see across the way, and the fur-clad coachman and brisk little horses of my carriage look cloudy and indistinct, as I wrap myself in an immense black bearskin cloak (price twenty-five ducats), and prepare to

scud about on my parting errands.

They are concluded at last. I have been summoned in haste to England; there is no public carriage for several days, so I have been obliged to buy one; it has cost fifty pounds; I am fortunate in a lucky chance which enables me to get it at the price. I have been obliged to buy a large sheepskin coat for my servant, who would otherwise run a fair chance of being frozen to death during the journey. I am obliged to lay in a small stock of provisions, as I shall be able to get nothing to eat on the road, and I may be snowed up. Lastly, I have to pay my hotel-bill. My rooms — two small rooms on the entresol or semi-first-floor — are charged about six shillings a-day. The little carriage and pair which I have used for the last month (walking and visiting, or going out at night, being absolutely impossible) has cost fifty golden ducats, which, with a gratuity to the coachman, makes about twenty-six pounds English money. I am consoled: an Austrian general officer of my acquaintance pays sixty ducats, or thirty pounds, a month; the hire of these little carriages having just doubled since the outbreak of the war. The few travelling necessities which I shall have to buy will also cost enormous prices, as the navigation of the Danube is stopped, and every manufactured thing has to come overland from Paris or Vienna.

The Wallachians manufacture nothing. Posting, I am told, is cheap; but I shall require fourteen horses, ten for my own carriage, a Viennese chariot, and four for my courier. My posting expenses, therefore, will cost thirteen ducats, or say six pounds ten, between Bucharest and Kraiova, a journey of twenty-four hours; and this despite a government order for horses, which will diminish the ordinary expense considerably.

These little details will enable the reader to form some estimate of the expense of travelling in these countries, and may make him bless the invention of railways and steamboats. It is proper to add, however, that I travelled in great haste, and on a sudden emergency. If I had been able to wait a few days, I might have made my journey in a public conveyance. I must have undergone, however, in so doing, a mild species of martyrdom — cold, hunger, delays, bad smells, break-downs, interruptions, Austrian policemen, passport showing, cross-questioning, annoyance, and the very imminent danger of robbery. Persons who appear poor and insignificant in these countries have no chance; while comfort and safety are only to be purchased at a lavish expense.

The journey between Bucharest and Kraiova was pleasant enough. I found the atmosphere much clearer in the country than at Bucharest; although there are no coal smoke or tall cloudy chim-

neys in that small metropolis. We went at a most cheerful pace, and the wheels hummed along the frozen roads, and the feet of the galloping little horses seemed to clatter quite a pleasant tune. A courier preceded me in a post-cart (a sort of wheel-barrow) to order horses, so that they were always drawn out, ready harnessed, as I galloped up, and we were seldom more than three or four minutes changing. In truth, the Wallachian post-houses offer small temptations to delay a traveller. The peasantry are, I think, without exception, the dirtiest race of people I ever saw. They look like chimney-sweeps; and the scattered houses on the roadside are the foulest, blackest, poorest, smokiest, and most uncomfortable I have beheld. It should be added, however, that the better villages do not lie on the roadside at all; and a wayfarer who fancies himself wandering on through an endless uncultivated waste of moor and bog, would be surprised to learn that, just out of his sight, glistens many a pleasant homestead and gay Boyard's house. We passed (as well as I remember) but one village of any importance between Bucharest and Kraiova. It swarmed with Austrian soldiers; but they seemed to keep altogether apart from the inhabitants, and to loiter about the streets disconsolate enough; poking their walking-sticks into puddles, and philosophically chewing the mouthpieces of their

cigar-holders. Let the men in possession of a neighbour's house put as bold a face as they will upon matters, there is an uncomfortable feeling in it, after all. The very servants look askant at them as if there was something uncanny in the business. In short, I hardly knew which to pity most: the Austrian army of occupation, or the people whom their necessities and exactions so sorely oppress.

OLD SCANDINAVIAN HEROES.

STRINNHOLM, the Swedish historian, presents a portraiture of the old Scandinavian heroes, so different in some respects from that which we are accustomed to associate with "the bloody Danes," as to render it well worthy of our attention. More particularly when we remember that it is to these old Scandinavians that we owe a portion of our own national character — perhaps some of its stronger elements — its indomitable will, its perseverance, and, above all, its courage and love of adventure. So far we are proud to acknowledge inherited qualities from these fearless and stern northmen.

Strinnholm says: Belief in the better nature of humanity, or faith in human virtue, was one of the great and beautiful features which distinguished the old northern character. It was with them no unusual thing for quarrels to

cease, or reconciliation to take place, in consequence of a man referring his cause to his adversary, and leaving it to him to decide upon the terms of peace, and the compensation or fine which he demanded or was himself inclined to offer. The same noble sentiment expressed by this manly confidence in each other's justice evinced itself in all other circumstances of life. Out of many incidents given by Strinnholm to prove this, we select the following:

An Icelander named Thorsten Fagre killed one of his countrymen named Einer, who had behaved towards him in a faithless manner. The father of Einer, supported by one Thorgils, determined to avenge the death of his son. Thorgils, however, fell in the conflict; Thorsten Fagre escaped, but was declared outlaw by the Ting. Nevertheless, after five years he returned, went to the father of Thorgils, and laid his head upon his knee, which was a symbolical mode of expressing that he placed his life in his hands.

"I will not strike off thy head," said the old man. "It is better where it is. But thou shalt manage my estates during my pleasure."

Another Icelander, named Gisle Illugeson, went from Iceland to Norway in pursuit of Giafald, the murderer of his father, who was at that time one of the herdsmen of King Magnus Barfot, with whom he was a great favourite.

One day, when the king was travelling on the road to Nidaros with a considerable number of attendants, among whom was Giafald, Gisle, seizing a favourable moment, rushed forward and gave him his death-blow. This was a most serious offence. Gisle was seized, put in fetters, and cast into prison. At that time, three ships of Iceland lay in Nidaros harbour, one of which was commanded by Teit, the son of Bishop Gissur; and the number of Icelanders residing in the city was about three hundred. These met together to take into consideration what was best to be done; but they could not agree among themselves until Teit took up the matter and addressed them thus:

"It would not be any honour to us if our countryman and bold foster-brother should be killed; but we all know the uncertainty of meddling in such matters, and putting life and property in danger; nevertheless, my advice is, that we go to the Ting, and there, as men who are not afraid of our lives, whether we sink or swim, bring forward our business by a foreman." All replied that they agreed to his words, and chose him as foreman; after which they went to the bath. In the meantime, most of these proceedings were carried to the Ting. On hearing this, Teit hastened out of the bath-house in merely his shirt and linen breeches, with a gold band round his brows; and, throwing on

a red and brown striped cloak, lined with grey fur, hurried away. In a moment all the Icelanders had assembled, and, rushing off to the prison to be beforehand with the Ting's people, broke open the prison doors, fetched out Gisle, knocked off his fetters, and placing him in the midst of them, hurried him off to the court.

When the Ting had assembled, and a great deal had been said on the subject — one party urgently pleading the cause of the criminal, and the other as urgently demanding the most severe punishment for his unheard-of offence — Gisle himself came forward and prayed permission to say a few words. The king granted this permission, and he said: "I will begin from the time of my father's murder, which Giafald committed when I was six years old, and my brother Thormod nine. We were both together when our father was murdered. Giafald said that we two brothers ought also to be killed; and, sir, it is almost a shame to tell it, but I cried."

"Thou hast gained some courage since then," interrupted the king.

"I will not deny," continued Gisle, "that I have for a long time had my eye on Giafald with hostile intentions. Twice was the occasion favourable to me; but in the one case I was prevented by regard to the church, and in the second by the evening bell. I have made a song about

you, king, which I should like you to hear."

"Sing it and welcome," said the king.

Gisle repeated the song rapidly. After that he turned to Teit, and said:

"You have shown much courage on my account; but I will no longer place you in danger. I submit myself to the king's power, and offer him my head."

He laid aside his weapon, crossed the Tingcourt, and placed his head upon the king's knee, with these words: "Do what you like with my head. I shall thank you if you forgive me, and make me useful in any way you may think fitting."

To this the king replied: "Keep thy head; and sit down at the table in Giafald's place. His fare and his wages shall be thine, and thou shalt do his service."

The same confidence in the noble humanity of his enemy was shown by the Norwegian Thorsten, son of Ketill Raumur, when only eighteen years of age. The incident is well worthy of record, if it were only for the curious picture of life and manners which it presents:—

The forest between Raumsdale and Uppland, in Norway, was infested by a formidable robber, who made the road unsafe for travellers. Young Thorsten, who wished to distinguish himself by some brave action, went thither to put a stop to this mischief. Advancing on his way, he saw a

footpath which turned off from the main road, and led into the depth of the forest. After following this path for some time he arrived at a large, well-built cottage. He found it to contain large coffers and great store of goods. The bed which stood there was so much larger and so much broader than any which Thorsten had seen before, that he thought to himself the man for whom it was intended must be very large and tall indeed. Hand-some coverlets were thrown over the bed; and the table, which stood in the room, was spread with a clean cloth, on which were placed excellent meat and good drink.

Towards evening a loud noise was heard outside, and a tall, large, and very good-looking man entered, kindled the fire, washed himself, dried himself on a clean towel, and sat down to eat and drink, and then went to rest.

Thorsten — who had concealed himself behind some large packages, and who had silently watched the man's proceedings — stepped softly forth as soon as he was soundly asleep; and, taking up his own sword smote it with all his strength into his breast. The man started up hastily, and, seizing Thorsten, lifted him upon the bed, and laid him between himself and the wall. The man asked him his parentage and name; on learning which he said, "Least of all have I deserved this from thee or thy

father, for I never did either of you any harm. Thou hast been too hasty, and I have been too dilatory; for I have intended for some time to give up this way of life. It is in my power to let thee now either live or die, and, if I should treat thee as thou deservest, thou wouldst have no opportunity to tell of this our meeting. But it may be that some good will come of it, and therefore I will spare thy life. I am called Jökul, and am the son of Ingemund Jarl of Götaland. According to the custom of high-born men, although in a manner which may not contribute to my honour, I have endeavoured to acquire property; though I had even now determined to pursue this course no longer. And see now, if I should do a great kindness by granting to thee thy life, thou must go to my father. But endeavour, in the first place, to have a little private talk with my mother Vigdis. Tell her all that has happened; greet her most affectionately from me, and beseech of her to obtain the goodwill and the friendship of the Jarl for thee, so that he may give thee his daughter, my sister Thordis, in marriage. Thou must deliver this gold ring to my mother, as an undoubted token that I have sent thee. And, if my death should cause her great sorrow, I hope nevertheless that she will pay more regard to my prayer than to thy deed; and thus I feel a presentiment that thou wilt become a happy man. And, when thou shalt have sons and sons' sons, let not my name die out; and the honour which I expect by this means shall be an equivalent for the life which I give thee. Now, draw the sword from my breast, and thus shall our conversation come to an end!"

Thorsten did as he was desired, and Jökul gave up the ghost.

Thorsten now returned to his father's house; and, one day he said to his father, that he would go to Götaland to Ingemund Jarl, as he had promised Jökul. Ketill Raumur warned him of his danger, but Thorsten replied:

"That which I have promised to Jökul I will perform, though it should cost me my life."

He set off, therefore, to Götaland, and arrived at the Jarl's house early in the morning, when the Jarl, according to the custom of honourable men, was gone out to the chase. Thorsten with his attendants entered into the drinking room, and presently the wife of the Jarl came in, as was her wont, to see if anybody had arrived. When she saw that there were strangers, she asked them whence they came. Thorsten replied, that he had something to say to her privately. She bade him follow her to an inner room. When they were alone he said: "I bring thee the news of thy son Jökul's murder."

"That is sorrowful news," she exclaimed.

Thorsten then related to her all

that had taken place between her son and himself.

"Thou must be a bold man," said Vigdis. "Nevertheless I believe every word which thou hast told me; and, as Jökul gave thee thy life, it shall be my advice that thou still retain it; and for the sake of Jökul's prayer I will present thy cause to the Jarl. In the meantime thou hadst better keep out of sight."

When the Jarl returned, Vigdis went to him and said:

"I have news for thee which concerns us both."

"Is it of the death of my son Jökul?" asked he.

She acknowledged that it was.

"He has not died of any sickness?" inquired the Jarl.

"Thou art right," replied she.

"He has been killed, and he showed the true spirit of a man in his last moments. He spared the life of his murderer, and has sent him hither into our charge, with an unquestionable token, and with the desire that thou wilt grant him peace and forgive his offence, however sore it be. Possibly, even, he might become a support for thee; for which reason thou wouldst make him thy son-in-law, and give him thy daughter in marriage. Such were Jökul's wishes, who prayed that thou wouldst not leave his last desire unfulfilled. How faithfully the man has kept his word may be seen by his leaving his own home to put himself in the power of his enemy. Behold here the token which Jökul has sent."

And with these words she drew forth the gold ring.

The Jarl heaved a deep sigh, and said, "Thou hast made a bold speech. Thou wishest that I should do honour to the man who has murdered my son."

"There are two things to be taken into consideration," she replied; "first, Jökul's wishes and the man's evident truth and fidelity; secondly, thy own advancing years, which make an assistant necessary to thee, for which purpose he seems well fitted."

"Thou seem'st to take up the cause of this man with great earnestness," said the Jarl, "and I observe that thou art pleased with him. I will now see him, that I may judge for myself whether his appearance promises any good thing."

Thorsten was brought in, and placed before the Jarl.

"Sir," said he, "my affair is altogether in your hands. You know what errand it was which brought me hither. I beseech for reconciliation; but I have no fear, whatever your determination may be. Yet it is the wont of great chiefs to grant life to him who gives himself up into their power."

"I am pleased with thee," said the Jarl. "I grant thee thy life; and the best remedy for the loss of my son is, that thou take his place. That is to say, if thou wilt stay with me."

Thorsten thanked the Jarl,

and abode for some time with him. So greatly did he win his favour, that he gave him his daughter Thordis for wife, and wished that he would never leave him.

To this Thorsten replied: "I thank you, and promise to remain with you as long as you live; but after your death, the people of this place will scarcely allow me to hold the office of chief. Besides which, every one must follow his own fate." The Jarl said that he was right; and Thorsten, after his death, removed to his father's estate, in Raumsdale, in Norway. His son Ingemund, after his death, removed to Iceland, where he became a man of much consequence. When he had attained to a great age, his friend, Sæmund,* came to him, one day, and said:

"I am here to tell thee, foster-brother, that a person is come to my house who has not a very good name, and with whom it is difficult to keep on good terms. Nevertheless, he is a kinsman of mine. His name is Hrolleif, and I would beg of thee to let him and his mother be at thy house."

"They are not people of good repute," replied Ingemund; "nevertheless, as thou mightest take it unneighbourly of me to refuse, I will oblige thee."

Hrolleif was a wild and disorderly character, so that Inge-

* The celebrated Sæmund, the compiler of the Edda.

mund, after a few years, was obliged to turn him out of his house; but he allowed him, nevertheless, to live upon a little farm. Some time after this, a dispute arose between one of Ingemund's sons and Hrolleif about a fish-pond; and, as the quarrel ran very high, Ingemund, accompanied by one of his house-servants, rode down to the water-side, to divide the combatants, when a spear, thrown by Hrolleif, pierced him. The old man, concealing his wound, returned home, his sons being absent. Arrived here, he said to his servant: "Thou hast served me faithfully for a long time; do now that which I command thee. Go to Hrolleif, and say to him that I expect, before this time to-morrow, my sons will demand their father's blood at his hands. I counsel him therefore, immediately to hasten away."

With the help of his servant he went in, seated himself on his chair of state, and forbade lights to be brought into the room till his sons' return. When they came back, and lights were taken in, they beheld Ingemund sitting dead on his chair of state with the spear in his body.

Jökul, one of the sons, a strong, ardent, and high-spirited youth, exclaimed, "left us instantly set off and slay Hrolleif!"

"Thou little knowest our father's disposition," replied another of the sons, the sensible and mild-tempered Thorsten.

"Was it for this, that he endeavoured to save him? We must therefore act with deliberation, not rashness. It must be our consolation that there is a great difference between our father and Hrolleif, and that our father now enjoys happiness in the presence of Him who created the sun!"

The same noble disposition was shown by another northman, Askel Gode. During a skirmish, he warned the leader of the

enemy not to venture upon the ice, which was unsafe. When he, nevertheless, did so, and lost his life in consequence, one of his near kinsmen sought for revenge; and, seizing the opportunity when Askel was driving in a sledge, gave him his death-blow. Old Askel concealed his wound until his murderer had made his escape, and then admonished his children not to avenge his death.



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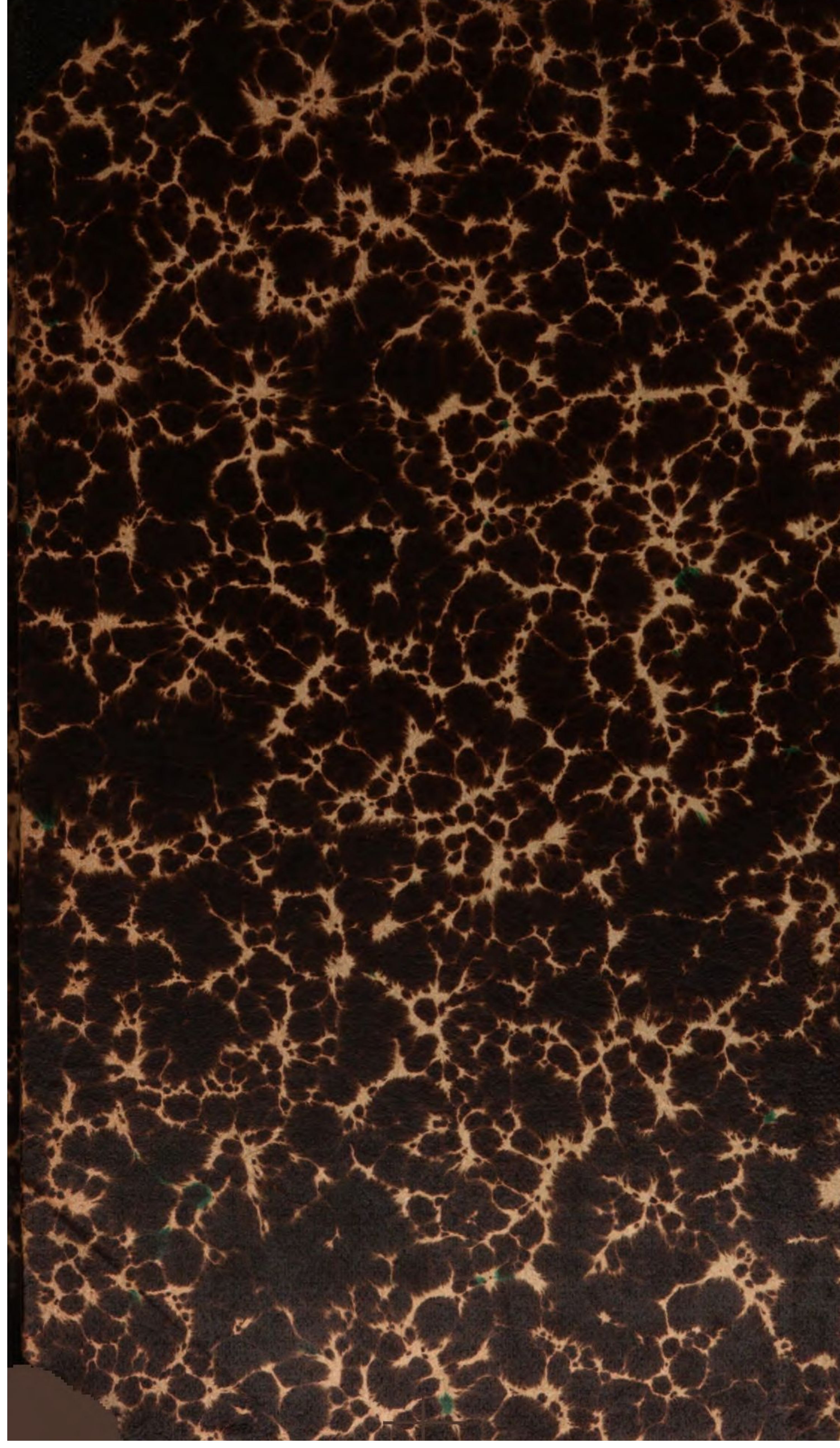
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